

# MUSEUM

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JANUARY, 1827.

*From the Quarterly Review.*

1. *Britton's Cathedral Antiquities.*
2. *A Brief Memoir of the Life and Writings of John Britton, F.S.A. F.R.S.L. &c.*

If you ask a well-educated American when he visits England, what objects in the mother-country have impressed him most, he will answer—its cathedrals. He is not surprised at the activity and enterprise which he finds among us, for these are characteristics of his own countrymen not less than of ours. The wealth, the domestic comforts, the refinements, and the elegances of life, which have extended themselves to the remotest parts of the island, excite in him pleasure rather than admiration, because for these also he is prepared, and may have seen them existing in as high a degree, only not so generally diffused, in the better part of the United States. In these things, as in our arts and science and literature, he sees, if not what the Americans are, what they may hope to be; while in whatever relates to national resources and national power, the comparison may call forth a sense of ambitious anticipation, perhaps of rivalry.—But place him in York Minster, or Westminster Abbey, and he no longer thinks of comparing England with America; the *religion loci* makes itself felt; it awakens in him an ancestral feeling of which he was before unconscious, and he then begins to understand that, in the thoughts and emotions which carry us back to past ages, and connect us with the generations which are gone, there is something more soothing, more salutary for the heart, and more elevating also, than in all the anticipations with which a young and emulous nation looks onward to the future. We have heard more than one American say that it is worth crossing the Atlantic to see some of our cathedrals.

The pride with which we now regard these stately monuments of antiquity is one proof of national improvement in feeling as well as in taste and knowledge. There was a strange insensibility to their beauty as works of art till the last reign: but this was not peculiar to England. When the *Délices de la Grande Bretagne* were published, at the beginning of the last century, York and Canterbury were the only cathedrals which were allowed a place among the numerous prints in that work, though a whole volume is filled with bird's-eye views *des belles et magnifiques maisons de*

*campagne*. The book is the more valuable for this, because it has preserved perishable features, most of which have already past away. But the taste of the age is curiously exemplified when such edifices as Lincoln and Wells and Lichfield are overlooked, and a plan given of Marshal Tallard's garden at Nottingham, with its parterres of turf cut into squares, circles, semi-circles and ovals, *et ce qui fait dans son tout ce qu'on appelle Gazon-coupé*, and variegated by divisions of red sand, yellow sand, pulverized shells, pulverized coal, dust from the lead mines, and gravel walks of every procurable variety of colour! In an age when the court of France gave the law in taste, when the Isola Bella was the admiration of travellers, and when Marshal Tallard's garden was represented to foreigners as one of the beauties of England, it is no wonder if there were little feeling for the sublimities of art, and less for those of nature. The cathedrals in Roman Catholic countries were crowded with tinsel and trumpery, as incongruous to the character of the edifice, as to the spirit and letter of the Gospel. In England they were not, indeed, disgraced with dolls as large as life, in full dress, and with waxen representations of legs, arms, and other less-mentionable parts, hung up beside them in honour, *ex rotu*, of their wonder-working virtue; but they were disfigured in other ways. Whatever was done, either to repair, or with the intention of improving them, was equally inconsistent in design and inferior in execution. When a seat, or monument, or screen, was put up, the saw and the hammer were employed to remove any inconvenient projection, however beautiful or curious. Sometimes a smooth surface was produced by plastering over the most elaborate sculpture; and the parts which were not thus effaced were covered with coats of white lime, varied occasionally with a colouring of red or yellow ochre, till the old work of the chisel was half filled up with repeated incrustations. Every improvement was in the spirit of those times when alterations of Shakspeare were perpetrated, not merely with impunity, but with applause, by Shadwell, Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber. The debasement, indeed, of our ecclesiastical architecture which immediately ensued upon the Reformation, is only less disgraceful than the destruction to which so many venerable edifices were condemned by the brutal rapacity of their lay possessors.—

That glorious and elevating art had attained its highest perfection, and no degradation was ever more rapid or more complete. But the Reformation was not in any degree the cause of this; it was produced by the spirit, or rather the taste, of the age, and was shown as decidedly in those kingdoms where the papal religion maintained its ground, as in England and the other reformed countries. The new churches and convents which were erected were in the basest style; and, when any alterations were made in a cathedral, they proved, abroad as well as at home, that the architects, while the finest models were before their eyes, were not only incapable of imitating, but of understanding, and even of admiring what they saw.

Our cathedrals had, however, by the mercy of God, been rescued from the Puritans, who, if their reign had continued, and their wishes had been fulfilled, would have reduced them to the state of Elgin, and St. Andrew's, and Melrose: their proper service was duly performed in them; their establishments were filled with becoming respect to character and attainments; and it must not be supposed that all feeling connected with the edifices themselves was confined to the Jack Daws, the Tom Hearnes, and the Brown Willises. Those highly-gifted minds which can resist the contagion of false taste are few in any generation; but there are whole classes who are not within the sphere of its influence. While the Town and the Wits, as they called themselves, regarded all the works of the dark ages (those of architects, chroniclers and poets alike) as altogether barbarous, these classes were in a healthier, and therefore a more gracious state: their opinions were unsophisticated; they regarded these works of their forefathers with admiration and reverence; and, instead of exalting their own times above all preceding ages, they were conscious of the humiliating truth that they should leave no such monuments to posterity. The temper of mind which leads men to deprecate and vilify what they ought to admire is an acquired sin. Admiration is like devotion, a natural as well as a generous feeling; and men must be corrupted before they become vain, and fastidious, and irreligious.

There is an anecdote related of Philip II., that, observing one day at mass a person who behaved with great irreverence, he said the man must be either a Jew or a Sacristan. If Philip had asked himself wherefore such indevotion characterized the Sacristans, it might have induced a train of thought little favourable to that system of priesthood which he was supporting by armies abroad and autos-da-fe at home. It was not familiarity with the place, nor with the ceremony, which occasioned this want of respect, but the knowledge of what was behind the scenes. They whose business lies with observances and ceremonials are prone to exaggerate the importance of the forms in which their lives are past, attaching significance to the veriest trifles of punctilious performance. This is one effect of those avocations which contract the mind; and Philip would have had no difficulty in detecting the counteracting cause, if he had ventured to investigate it. The natural effect of local habitude is to produce local attachment. Every

one knows how strongly this is exemplified by those who have grown old in the service of great families, or great establishments of any kind. And in great churches we have seen vergers so conformed to their place and office, that, if some miracle had transmuted them into stone, they might have taken their station in a niche or upon a monument with perfect fitness, and would have deemed it, had consciousness been left them, a sort of humble apotheosis to be there.

But such edifices produce a wider influence, operating in various ways upon different dispositions. The impression which they make upon a thoughtful and hopeful mind in early life has undoubtedly determined many to that course of study whereby they have elevated themselves to high stations in the English Church, while they fulfilled their duty to their own and to succeeding generations. Westminster Abbey was the ultimate object of Nelson's ambition; it was in his thoughts whenever he went into battle, as the last home of all his earthly hopes. Chatterton would have been a poet, wherever he might have been born and bred, but it was Redcliff Church that made him call up the ghost of Rowley; and in that mood which local circumstances fostered he composed all those pieces by which he will be remembered. If the same influence, acting upon aptitudes of a different kind, has not created architects also, to rival the works which they admire, it is because the present state of society affords no opportunity for them. Otherwise the same feeling which induces and enables antiquaries to describe and artists to delineate the great monuments of elder times would assuredly take this direction; and it would be found that, in this also, the most magnificent of the arts, we are not inferior to our forefathers. As far as opportunity has been given this has been shown.

The humble passion of the antiquary, into which little or no ambition enters, but where patience and labour bring with them their own reward, is awakened and fostered by the same circumstance. Browne Willis, the first person who undertook a detailed and general survey of the English cathedrals, acquired his love for this pursuit by passing many of his idle hours in the Abbey when a Westminster boy. That abbey was open to the boys till of late years, when they were deprived of a liberty which produced some injury to the monuments, and some annoyance to the visitors and showmen. Browne Willis, who became one of the oddest of all odd men, had his share of peculiarities as a boy. The monuments were his books, and before he left school he imbibed there a love of churches and church antiquities which fixed the bent of his after-life. He was a great repairer of churches and steeples, attended cathedrals and churches, whenever he could so time his visits, upon their dedication days; and when he went to Bath would lodge no where but in the Abbey-house. A lively lady described him as having, with one of the honestest hearts in the world, one of the oddest heads that ever dropt from the moon. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England: it was more unintelligible than if he had learned to write by copying the inscriptions upon old

tombstones. He wore three or four coats at once, each being of a different generation, and over them an old blue cloak lined with black fustian, all of which were girt with a leather belt, giving him the appearance of a beggar, for which he was often taken in the course of his enthusiastic wanderings. His weather-beaten wig was of a colour for which language affords no name ; his slouched hat, having passed the stage between black and brown, was in the same predicament as the wig ; and the lower part of his equipments had obtained for him in his own neighbourhood the appellation of Old Wrinkle-Boots, for, during the wear and tear and repair of forty years, the said boots had contracted as many wrinkles as their quantum of calf-skin would contain, and consequently did not reach half up the legs which they once covered. Being far too deeply engrossed with past ages to bestow any portion of his thoughts and cares upon the present, he suffered a fair fortune to be deteriorated by neglecting his worldly affairs. And having lived long enough to hold a distinguished place among antiquaries himself, he left behind him the character of a diligent and faithful antiquary, in which he will long continue to be remembered. Reputations of this class are not like those of fashionable authors, which come like shadows, and so depart ; they keep their place, and make up in duration for what they want in extensiveness.

Browne Willis did not complete his Survey of the Cathedrals. The work became the property of Osberne, the bookseller whom Johnson immortalised by knocking him down with a folio. Osberne advertised it as comprehending accounts of all, and the author, considering this as an unwarrantable artifice, exposed the puff by a counter-advertisement. The task which he left imperfect has been undertaken by Mr. Britton, who has contributed more than any other person to the illustration of our architectural antiquities. In what manner he was led to the pursuit of these studies he has explained in a singular fragment of auto-biography, interesting enough to make us wish it had been upon a more extensive scale. The circumstances of his early life were as unlikely to give his persevering and enterprising disposition such a direction, as those in which Browne Willis was placed were likely to foster a passion for such pursuits in a temper which was predisposed for them. Born in a Wiltshire village, and with the strongest desire to learn, having been taught nothing more than to read, write, and cipher at some wretched schools, at the age of fourteen the misfortunes of his family threw him upon the world, and he was apprenticed for six years by an uncle to a wine-merchant in London—a destination in which his comfort, health and interest seem to have been as little consulted as his inclination and talents.

"These six years," says he, "were dragged on as a lengthened and galling chain ; for my health, always weakly, was greatly impaired by constant confinement in damp, murky cellars. My occupation was a continued series of bodily labour, without mental excitement or amusement. Every succeeding day presented only a dull monotonous repetition of the for-

mer ; there appeared nothing to learn, and no prospect of reward or advancement beyond that of a common servant. The porters in the business learnt as much as the apprentice ; yet they were rewarded by annual or weekly salaries. I felt my situation irksome and miserable, and ventured to remonstrate with my master and uncle, but without any remission of labour or improvement in comfort. My health becoming more and more reduced, with scarcely a prospect of recovery, my master at length gave up about half a year of my service, presented me with two guineas, instead of twenty, which he had engaged to do, and sent me into the world to shift for myself."

During the term of what he calls legal English slavery, his daily business was to bottle off and cork a certain number of dozens of wine ; and the only reading in which he could indulge was in the cellar by candle-light, at occasional intervals, not of leisure, but of time abstracted, or rather won, from this employment. In order to gain this time, and compensate for it, it was necessary for him to labour with more activity, and devise the most rapid modes of getting through his task, which, with all his exertions, generally required from ten to eleven hours, and he had then three or four for reading. In the morning too he 'stole an occasional half-hour between seven and eight o'clock to look at the sky, breathe a little fresh air,' (that is, fresh in comparison with the under-ground atmosphere in which his days were past,) and visit two book-stalls, which fortunately happened to be near the subterranean scene of his diurnal immurement. Book-stalls are among the things to be regretted of which modern improvements are depriving us ; and this is felt by many a lover of books, who used to direct his course in the streets of London, not by the shortest line, but so as to take in the greatest number of them in his round. Their diminution is a less evil to the mere collectors, and even to those collectors of a better class who value a volume not for its rarity but for its intrinsic worth, than it is to those persons whom Milton denominates *stall-readers*. To poor scholars and poor lovers of learning they were as tables spread in the wilderness. Mr. Britton's reading was of course irregular and miscellaneous. The perpetual sense of ill-health led him to medical and anatomical books ; and he is inclined to think that he learnt to understand his constitutional tendencies to disease, apt to combat or manage them successfully, by studying Curnaro on Long Life, Tissot's Essay on the Diseases incident to sedentary People, Cheeelden's Anatomy, Quincy's Dispensatory, Buchan's Domestic Medicine, and sundry Treatises on Consumption. It is well for him that he escaped any serious injury in the process, physical books being the most dangerous that any person can take to perusing—except metaphysical ones ;—for it is indeed a less evil to injure the constitution by ignorant treatment, and to induce valetudinarian feelings and habits, than to sophisticate the understanding and to poison the mind." Our

\* Goethe has well said, 'he who thinks too much of his body becomes sick ; he who does the same by his mind becomes mad.'

cellar student possessed in his cheerful and hopeful temper a counteracting principle; and he had healthier studies also. Derham's Astro-and-Physico-Theology and Ray's Wisdom of God manifested in the works of the Creation, gave his thoughts and sentiments a natural and beneficial direction. He became familiar with Dr. Dodd's Thoughts in Prison, which, out of prison, could not have been read in a more appropriate place than a London cellar by candle-light; and for lighter reading, in the intervals of bottling and corking, he had Smollet, and Fielding, and Sterne.

For the use of many of these books he was indebted to a friend with whom he fortunately became acquainted in his morning walks. This person, whose name was Essex, obtained a respectable livelihood by painting the figures on watch faces; an occupation which, while it constantly employed his hands and eyes, left his mind at full leisure either for conversation or for listening while another read. He seems to have been one of those rare men whom it is useful to know, or even to hear of, who evince that the love of true knowledge is not incompatible with humble industry, and that its tendency is to make us contented and happy in our station. Mr. Britton was beholden to him for both friendly offices and salutary advice; and at his shop he became acquainted with Dr. Towers and with Mr. Brayley. With the latter, now well known as an antiquarian and topographical writer, he commenced his literary adventures by publishing, as a partnership concern, a song of Mr. Brayley's composition upon the hair-powder tax, then just imposed. The Guinea Pig was its title. Relying upon the popularity of the subject, they printed it on fine wove paper, priced it one penny, being double the usual cost, and entered it at Stationer's Hall. The precaution was of no avail, as the laws do not execute themselves. One Evans, a noted printer of ballads in Long Lane, pirated this property, and boasted, whilst the sale was yet ripe, that he had sold upwards of seventy thousand copies. The fact is not less remarkable than certain, that although the business of a bookseller and publisher is, when properly conducted, the most liberal of all trades, as it might be supposed and ought to be, there is no other trade in which so much open and impudent rascality is practised by the lower members.

Mr. Britton speaks playfully of this piracy, and may now indeed very well think the anecdote worth what it cost him; but the injury was no slight one when it was inflicted. The little prize which he had gained in the lottery of publication, and of which he was thus robbed, would have been a most seasonable aid for one who, when released from his indentures, found himself adrift upon the world with a *zizanum* of two guineas as his remuneration for five years and a half of candle-light service in the wine vaults. He had, however, hope, ardour, enterprise, frugality, and perseverance, the best qualifications for acquiring wealth, or, which is better than wealth,—independence and contentment.

'The vicissitudes which I experienced,' he says, 'after being released from my cell,—the privations I endured,—my pedestrian journey from London to Plymouth and back,—my pre-

dilection for theatrical amusements, reading, and debating societies,—and my occupations in wine-cellars, counting-houses, and law-offices, would collectively afford a series of not uninteresting events, and subjects both for reflection and for description.'

The fear of being thought trifling or egotistical has withheld him from entering into the details of these his struggles in life. But we may regard him that details of this kind carry with them an interest to which no fiction can attain; and that the memoirs of a man who, from such circumstances and through such difficulties, has made his way to a station of comfort and respectability in life, is one of the most useful lessons that could be put into the hands of the young.

While leading this unsettled and hazardous life, the desire of employing his pen more agreeably than in counting-houses and law-offices, a desire which has proved ruinous to so many an unfortunate adventurer, led him almost by accident into the path for which he was best qualified, not indeed by acquirements, but by the disposition and patience and tact which would supply their want. An essay which he had written for the Sporting Magazine was the means of introducing him to Mr. Wheble, the proprietor of that journal. Wheble had, in the year 1784, at Salisbury, where he then lived, issued proposals for publishing the Beauties of Wiltshire, in two volumes, embellished with engravings, the price to be ten shillings, and half the money paid at the time of subscribing. Removing to London, and being fully occupied in business there, he had never found leisure to discharge an engagement which, in fact, he was little able to perform; but he had received a few subscriptions, and therefore felt himself bound to the performance. And upon falling in with Mr. Britton, and finding that he was a Wiltshire man, as if that were sufficient qualification, he urged him to undertake the task in his stead. 'I had neither studied the subject,' says Britton, 'nor was I acquainted with any person to whom I could apply for advice or assistance, yet without either rudder, compass, or chart, I was hardly enough to put to sea; and was more indebted to the flowing tide of chance, and to the fair wind of indulgence, that I ever reached a safe port, than to any skill or talents of my own.' Wheble had never obtained any material information for the undertaking, and the only printed materials with which he furnished him was the account of Wiltshire in the Magna Britannia, which the aspirant found not only wholly uninteresting but almost unintelligible. Shortly afterwards Mr. Hood, then a publisher in the Poultry, engaged him to write or compile, for the publisher was indifferent which, the Beauties of England and Wales;—with so little regard to the qualifications of the persons employed on them, or to the quality of the work which they may be expected to produce, are such undertakings projected and executed. We could mention works of greater pith and moment, concerning which the speculators have been as imprudent, or rather as careless, in their choice—and not so fortunate.

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than his employers. Notwithstanding the buoyancy of his spirits, and that confidence which he owed to a happy temper, and without which the execution of such a work must have appeared to him utterly impossible, he was conscious in himself that an apprenticeship spent in bottling and corking wine was not the best course of preparation for a topographical writer. Pratt's *Gleanings* and Mr. Warner's *Walks in Wales* were at that time new and popular books, and he had read also the *Travels in England* of Moritz, the Prussian, who relates, with such pleasant simplicity, his perils in travelling on the outside of a stage-coach, and his sufferings when, for the sake of securing himself, he got into the basket. These books made him envious of what he admired, and with the view of qualifying himself for the task which he had undertaken, he past the summer and autumn of 1799 with his friend Mr. Brayley, who was to be the associate of his literary labours, in a pedestrian tour from London, by way of the midland and western counties, into North Wales, through that part of the principality, and home by Cheshire. On their return their first business was to fulfil the engagement with Wheble; the *Beauties of Wiltsshire* accordingly were published in two volumes, executed in a very different manner and upon a different scale of expense from what the original proposals had promised. Two volumes, however, did not complete the survey of the county, and five and twenty years had elapsed before Mr. Britton found leisure to compose and publish a concluding volume, as superior to the former in all respects as these were to what had been projected in 1784. They then began the *Beauties of England and Wales*, and having seriously begun the work, began also for the first time to apprehend the difficulty and the importance of the task which they had undertaken. The publisher cared nothing for this, and urged them to hasten the performance. He only required the *Beauties*, he said; much original matter was not necessary for such works, and there were plenty of books which they might copy or abridge. But Britton and his associate were actuated by a better spirit; they could not satisfy themselves as easily as they might have satisfied their employer, who only wanted a work that would sell; it was not enough for them to do their work, unless they could do it satisfactorily and creditably to themselves; they had attached themselves to literature as their vocation, so they felt that they had a character to attain and support; and, somewhat to the surprise of the bookseller, they came to the conclusion that places ought to be visited before they were described, and that it was the duty of an author to make himself well acquainted with the subject upon which he intended to write. They therefore set about their work diligently and in the right way, and as they acquired knowledge acquired also a love of the pursuits wherein they had engaged.

This brought on another difference of opinion with the unfortunate publisher. The book was likely not only to be better than he had bargained for, but also of a different kind. His authors were for introducing antiquarian subjects and views of our architectural antiquities;

but the publisher opined that the *Beauties* of a country consisted in picturesque scenes and gentlemen's seats, and that antiquities and natural curiosities ought not to be introduced.—The title of the work was the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' and what had *Antiquities* to do among *Beauties*? On their parts it was pleaded, that antiquities were necessarily included in the other part of the title, which promised 'Delineations, topographical, historical, and descriptive.' This was not a mere difference of opinion *de gustibus*, which being proverbially said to be not disputable, is nevertheless eternally disputed; it was a practical question. Differences, in the angry sense of the word, 'and even warm contentions,' arose between the parties, and the result was, that Mr. Britton planned his work upon the *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*; found publishers to engage with him in it upon his own views,—and in the course of nine years produced the most beautiful work of its kind that had ever till then appeared. That work led to his *Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Ecclesiastical Architecture of Great Britain*, and to his series of *Cathedral Histories*, eight of which have now been published, and which is still in progress.

When Browne Willis published his *Survey of the Cathedrals*, the arts of design and engraving were in a low state in this country; France and Holland at that time greatly excelling us in both. In his days it would have been thought impossible that the graver should be able to represent the picturesque forms and effects of such edifices, so as to convey no inadequate representation of the place, and something even of the feeling which the church itself would impress. Even in a later generation, when the task of delineating the ruined castles and religious houses in this kingdom was undertaken by Grose, mere fidelity was all that was attempted in his delineations. The surprising improvement which has been made in both these arts could not be more strikingly exemplified than by a comparison of those works with the corresponding ones of Mr. Britton, in which the designs are as much more faithful as they are more beautiful, (so far have the artists been from sacrificing exactitude to picturesqueness,) and the engravers have shown that the utmost strength and richness of effect are compatible with the utmost precision and minutest accuracy. This is not said for the purpose of depreciating men whose meritorious labours have well entitled them to our gratitude; and one of whom has preserved for us the forms of very many interesting objects, which, in the short lapse of less than half a century, time has in some instances sadly injured, and in others totally destroyed. In many cases their destruction has been accelerated by that brutal temper which chooses to exercise the right of property in defiance and contempt of public feeling. Within the memory of man part of the most venerable pile of ruins in this island has been pulled down for the worthy object of employing the materials in mending the turnpike road! In another place it was thought cheaper to erect some new buildings with the spoils of a ruined castle, than to purchase stones for them from the quarry. One of the

walls of the castle was therefore thrown down, and there it lies at this day, the cement having been found so firm as effectually to disappoint the perpetrators of this mischief.

Mr. Britton, in the Preface to the Cathedrals, compares the feelings of an author upon commencing and concluding a great work, such as the one which he has undertaken, with those of an architect upon laying the foundation of a great edifice, and upon seeing it completed. Should it be a mournful or a consolatory thought that the book may easily outlast the building? He has seen a notable exemplification of this in his own account of Fontill Abbey; before it had been published three years down fell Vathek's Tower. But we were thinking of structures which cannot so well be spared. Since the commencement of the present century Westminster Abbey has been endangered by fire, and the cathedral at Rouen seriously injured by the same cause. The most remarkable church in Portugal, as connected with the history and antiquities of that kingdom, has been burnt by the French, under special orders from their commander Massena, when he was determined to inflict every evil in his power upon a people whom he was unable to subdue. Many other churches and convents were destroyed by the same spirit of ferocious barbarity in Spain, and among others the monastery of S. Juan de la Peña, which was the burial-place of the kings of Navarre. In our own country, where, by God's blessing, we have been so long preserved from all the immediate calamities and devastations of war, time is making itself felt by these venerable monuments of former ages, and what time has spared has in some cases been destroyed by presumptuous alterations. 'It cannot but be regretted,' Mr. Britton says, 'that these national objects are fast moulder away, or so much changed by modern innovations, that in many instances their original features can scarcely be ascertained.'

Few poetical conceits have made their fortune so well as Joachim de Bellay's upon the Tiber and the ruins of Rome:—

*Rome de Rome est le seul monument,  
Et Rome Rome a vaincu seulement.  
Le Tybre seul, qui vers la mer s'enfuit,  
Reste de Rome. O mondaine inconstance!  
Ce qui est ferme, est par le temps détruit,  
Et ce qui fuit, au temps fait résistance.*

It has been better expressed by Spenser in English, and by Quevedo in Spanish, than it is in the original. A greater poet than Bellay might have been proud of two such translators. The conceit would hardly have been thus po-

\* Rome now of Rome is the only funeral,  
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;  
Ne ought save Tyber, hastening to his fall,  
Remaine of all. O world's inconstancy!  
That which is firm doth fit and fall away,  
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.'

t Solo el Tybre quedó, cuya corriente,  
Si Ciudad la regó, ya sepultura.  
La llora con funesto son doliente.  
O Roma en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura,  
Habí que era firme, y solamente  
Lo fugitivo permanece, y dura.'

pular, unless it had sprung from a feeling so natural that all must recognise it in themselves. Man himself is not more short-lived when compared with some of his own material works, than the most durable of those works are in comparison with the great features of nature,—which, perishable as they themselves are, assume nevertheless a character of duration and even permanency, when measured by the short span of our mortal existence, or by the oldest and proudest monuments of human power. To how many casualties are those monuments liable! The lightning shatters, and the earthquake overthrows them. Lightning sets a cathedral in flames: or the same catastrophe is produced by a plumber's kettle, or a heap of shavings, the carelessness of a base workman, or the villainy of an incendiary when actuated by mere malignity, or seeking an opportunity of plunder. In the wars of former ages such edifices, even when not held sacred, were safe from any other injury than might be inflicted in forcing their doors; but bombs and rockets are not discriminative; and in the employment of these dreadful means, injury is done which the very besiegers regret after their success, and even at the time would gladly not have committed, had it been in their power to choose.

But a worse danger than that of foreign war, or of all other injuries, whether arising from natural or accidental causes, is from the madness of the people. When the idolatry of the Romish church, and the impudent impostures of the Romish clergy provoked the Reformation, the reformers, on the first eruption of their zeal, contented themselves with demolishing the images and shrines which were the objects of superstitious veneration. The impulse which hurried them to this *storm-heeldery*, as the Flemings, among whom it began at Ypres, call this iconoclasm of the sixteenth century, was purely zealous, and the demolition proceeded no farther. Other passions soon mingled themselves with zeal—other purposes were covered under its semblance, and thus, with the pretext of doing the Lord's work, that havoc was committed which did so much serious injury to the Protestant cause, and entailed upon it the undeserved reproach of having produced excesses and crimes, for which it only afforded the occasion. Fearful proof has been given in our own days how easily that disposition for destruction and sacrilegious plunder may be excited among the multitude, even in countries which are apparently the least prepared for it. It is but to cross the Channel, and we may see ruins at St. Omer which shall induce more melancholy thoughts than the sight of Melrose or Malmesbury, for this devastation was the work of yesterday: and however the spirit which produced it may seem to be allayed in France, it is strong in other parts, where its operations may affect us more nearly. Throughout that country, and throughout the Catholic Netherlands, where certainly the Romish religion has the strongest hold upon the people, that spirit found nothing to impede its free course during the first years of the French Revolution. The traveller may now look in vain for the Chapel of the Sangreal at Bruges, for the Cathedral Church of

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**St. Lambert at Liege**, and for those religious houses in the Low Countries, whose names occur so frequently in the history of the middle ages. The monasteries which formerly adorned the banks of the Rhine, now, with the unsightliness of violent, recent, and naked ruins, deform the scene which they once embellished. Sculptured fragments from demolished churches and convents are in many places to be seen by the wayside; in others, elaborate tombstones have been laid down as pavements in the streets, or converted into tables in public pleasure-gardens! If Mabilon and his followers had delayed their searchers half a century, the invaluable records which they collected would have perished with the buildings wherein they were preserved. It is now too late to wish that artists as well as antiquaries had been employed in those most useful missions; and that edifices of such importance in the history of civilization and of the general church, had been preserved in such delineations as those which are now lying before us of the English cathedrals.

In a survey of our cathedrals the arrangement must needs be arbitrary, for there would be as little advantage in chronological as in alphabetical order. It was, therefore, reason enough for beginning with Salisbury that Mr. Britton was a Wiltshire man. The history of any one will show how many interesting and important circumstances have occurred in relation with these venerable structures, and as Salisbury comes first in this beautiful series, we will take Salisbury for our example.

As in the first ages of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons, the limits of a parish were those of the estate in which the church was founded and endowed, so the dioceses were of the same extent as the respective kingdoms of the Heptarchy: and in the frequent changes to which those petty and turbulent states were liable, the title and privileges of royalty seem to have been assumed by any chieftain who had a cathedral in his dominions. Winchester was the original see among the West Saxons: this was divided and subdivided, and Wiltshire is believed to have been included in the diocese of Sherbourne for some two centuries, when, in pursuance of Alfred's intentions for restoring order in ecclesiastical affairs, a synod was held under Edward the Elder; and the two bishoprics of Dorchester (in Oxfordshire) and Sherbourne were divided into five. One of these was for Wiltshire: the seat of the bishop was unsettled, and is said to have been alternately at Wilton, Sonning, and Ramsbury, near Marlborough. The savage Odo, who bears so conspicuous a part in the tragedy of Edwy and Elgiva, held the see while it was in this state, before he was promoted to Canterbury. Herman de Lotharingia would have removed the episcopal seat from Wilton to Malmesbury. Edward the Confessor consented to this, which indeed appears to have been a fitting measure; the Monks of Malmesbury, however, were not disposed to be under any episcopal governance. Earl Godwin, for weighty reasons it may be suspected, exerted his all-commanding influence in their behalf, and Herman retired in disgust to St. Bertin's monastery at St. Omer, which was during

many ages the general asylum for all disgraced or turbulent English prelates. Here, whether from pious or politic motives, he took the habit himself, and being thus connected with the powerful body against which he had found how difficult it was to contend, he returned to England, and was instrumental in two great changes; one was the union of his diocese with that of Sherbourne, the other was the removal of the combined sees to Sarum.

This was done in pursuance of a canon made with Lanfranc's authority in the ninth year of the Conqueror's reign. And at Sarum, Herman began a Cathedral, which was completed by his successor Osmond, "for the salvation of the souls of King William and his queen Matilda; of his son William, king of the English, and also (he says in the charter) for the salvation of his own soul." Osmond, who was Count of Seex in Normandy, had accompanied William the Conqueror in his invasion, and partaking largely of the spoils of England, had been made Earl of Dorset, and held the high office of chancellor. Normandy, also, it is said, was at one time chiefly governed by his authority and advice. Romish writers represent him as flying naked out of Egypt, carrying with him nothing of its desires or spirit into the sanctuary, choosing to become poor in the house of the Lord; and as being forced from his beloved obscurity and solitude to take the bishopric of Sarum. Naked, however, he had not retired, for he retained his ample possessions; and it is probable that his being appointed to the see was in accordance with his own wishes and intentions, that he might be in a situation to dispose of them with the best effect according to his heart's desire, and exercise his talents with the advantage of authority in the church as he had heretofore employed them in the service of the state. He completed the church which his predecessor had begun, and endowed the see with those ample estates which had fallen to his share in the conquest. He collected thither men of learning from all parts, and retained as well as invited them by his liberality. He formed a library, such as libraries then were, and enriched it literally with the works of his own hands, transcribing books for it, and binding them himself. And he compiled that ritual so well known in English Church history as the Use of Sarum.

St. Osmond (for he was canonized in the fifteenth century) had a most unsaintly successor in Roger, who obtained Henry Beaufort's favour by the rapidity with which he got through a mass; that prince saying no man could be so fit a chaplain for soldiers as one who performed his work with such despatch. It appears from Villanueva's Memoirs that this accomplishment has lost none of its value in later times; that in Spain, immediately before its revolution, a mass of twenty minutes was thought intolerable, even by persons who had the reputation of respecting the ceremonies of their church: there were some who got through the service in twelve minutes, others in nine; and two priests who, aspiring to greater perfection, hurried it over, the one in seven minutes, the other in five, were proceeded against for irreverence. Roger was

more prudent: chance had thrown this opportunity of recommending himself in his way, Henry, serving under his brother William, happening to enter his church near Caen, as it lay on his road. And when the royal youth, says William of Newbury, said "follow me," he adhered as closely to him as Peter did to his heavenly Lord uttering a similar command; for Peter leaving his vessel followed the King of Kings; he leaving his church followed the prince, and being appointed chaplain to him and his troops, became a "blind leader of the blind." The old historian might have added that many men who have attained high stations by better deserts have not employed their wealth and power so well; for this prelate, though literally of the church militant, was a magnificent person; and among other works of the same kind rebuilt the church at Sarum, which had been injured by storms and fire, and beautified it so greatly, that it yielded to none in England at that time. His fortunes are as illustrative of his age, and as tragic, as Wolsey's. Having served Henry ably and faithfully, bringing into order the affairs of his household, when prince, and of his treasury when king, and possessing the full favour and entire confidence of that monarch, who seldom misbentowled either, he sided with the usurper Stephen, in violation of his duty and of his oath; became one of the castle-builders of that turbulent and miserable reign, and received the righteous reward of unprincipled ambition. Stephen seems to have dealt with him as Turkish governors with the Jews when they let the sponge fill before they squeeze. "By God's birth," the usurper said more than once to his companions, "I would give him half England if he asked for it: till the time be ripe, he shall tire of asking before I tire of giving." When the time was ripe, he took advantage of an accidental quarrel between the bishop's retainers and those of the Earl of Brittany concerning quarters, to seize Roger and his nephew the Bishop of Lincoln, and the chancellor, who, though called his nephew, is significantly said to have been something more. The castles which he had built at Malmesbury and Sherborne, and that which he had strengthened at Sarum, were surrendered to the king; but that which he had erected at Devizes was defended by another member of the episcopal family, his nephew the Bishop of Ely. There are two statements concerning the means by which he was reduced to give up; one is, that Roger voluntarily declared he would take no food till the castle was surrendered to the king, thinking that, for natural compassion and gratitude, the prelate would overcome his own haughty spirit, and make the sacrifice which was required. But this, though upon the highest contemporary authority, is less consistent with the circumstances and character of all parties, and therefore less probable than the statement that Stephen ordered Roger and the Bishop of Lincoln to be kept without food till the castle should be given up, and moreover threatened to hang the chancellor. The Bishop of Ely must have very well known that his uncle would not, like a Bramin, commit suicide in this manner, and in that knowledge he might safely have held out. But if

the threat were from the king, Stephen, though less cruel than many of his contemporaries, was yet a man to keep his word in such a case; and, therefore, after they had been three days in this fearful fast, he surrendered to save their lives. Roger, however, was broken hearted, and when, in the course of a few months, he died, his fate was ascribed not to the inveterateague from which, in Malmesbury's words, he escaped by the kindness of death, but to grief and indignation for the injuries he had received. This remarkable man had then cause to wish that he had performed the service deliberately and devoutly when Prince Henry entered his church, and that he had employed his life in laying up treasures for himself, not upon earth, but in heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal. The plate and money which had been saved from the king's rapacity, he had hoped to convert to his own use in the other world, by obtaining credit for its amount in due form, according to the Romish belief, upon the celestial treasury: and having devoted it to the completion of his church at Sarum, he placed it upon the altar, in the hope that Stephen might be restrained by fear of sacrilege from laying hands on it. But of this also he was plundered, and his last earthly affliction was to see himself disappointed in this last hope of salvation. "To me," says William of Malmesbury, "it appears that God exhibited him to the rich as an example of the instability of fortune, in order that men should not trust in uncertain riches. Was there any thing adjacent to his possessions which he desired? he would obtain it either by treaty or purchase; and if that failed, by force. He erected splendid mansions on all his estates with unrivalled magnificence, in merely maintaining which his successors will toil in vain. His cathedral he dignified to the utmost with matchless adornments, and buildings in which no expense was spared. It was wonderful to behold in this man what abundant authority attended, and flowed, as it were, to his hand. He was sensible of his power, and somewhat more harshly than be seemed such a character, abused the favour of heaven. But" says the contemporary historian, "the height of his calamity, even I cannot help commiserating; that, wretched as he appeared to many, there were very few who pitied him, so much envy and hatred had his excessive power drawn on him, and undeservedly too, from some of the very persons whom he had advanced to honour."

Such prelates as this Bishop of Sarum must not be condemned too severely; at least, while their ambition is rightly imputed to them as a sin for its inconsistency with the spirit and duties of their profession, it should be remembered how beneficially their profession modified the worldly passion. We compare them, for condemnation, with what, as Christian ministers, they ought to have been; but in extenuation they should also be compared with the temporal barons of their age. If Roger had been fortunate enough to have had a biographer such as Wolsey found in his faithful Cavendish, unquestionably it would then have appeared that there was much to admire in a man who, in the best regulated of the Norman

reigns, held the highest judicial office in this kingdom, brought the treasury into order after Rufus's prodigal and reckless government, and was entrusted with full power by a most able and discerning king during his own frequent and long absences in Normandy. He resembled Wolsey not less in his love of letters than in his unrivalled magnificence; for it is expressly stated that when his two nephews were raised to the sees of Lincoln and Ely, it was because they were men of noted learning and industry by virtue of the education which he had given them.

Roger left the church which he was rebuilding incomplete; and in that state it probably remained under the two succeeding bishops, the first of whom was embroiled in the disputes between Becket and the king, taking the constitutional part against that high-minded and unforgiving primate; and the second went with Cœur-de-Lion to the Holy Land, there like "that good Christian the Bishop D. Hieronymo, that perfect one with the shaven crown," to smite the Saracens, for the love of charity, with both hands. Under Herbert Poore, the third in succession, pauper in name, but rich in possessions, it was determined to remove the cathedral. Two or three centuries ago, cities were as commonly and easily removed in Spanish America; as governments are at this time changed, and constitutions framed in the same countries. There was little inconvenience in those American removals, and no other expense than that of the compulsory labour which the unhappy Indians performed. But the reasons must have been weighty which induced the clergy of Sarum to this determination. The church which Roger had rebuilt, though incomplete, is said to have been not inferior in beauty to any in England, at a time when ecclesiastical architecture had just attained perfection. To commence another building upon a new site was a work of such cost, that, wealthy as the bishop was, and largely as the liberality of the age might be counted on, it could not be effected without a heavy sacrifice on the part of the members of the church. The motives for this removal are specified in the bull whereby it was authorized. It was alleged, the Pope said,

"That forasmuch as your church is built within the compass of the fortifications of Sarum, it is subject to so many inconveniences and oppressions, that you cannot reside in the same without great corporal peril; for being situated on a lofty place, it is, as it were, continually shaken by the collision of the winds, so that whilst you are celebrating the divine offices you cannot hear one another, the place itself is so noisy; and besides, the persons resident there suffer such perpetual oppressions, that they are hardly able to keep in repair the roof of the church, which is constantly torn by tempestuous winds: they are also forced to buy water at as great a price as would be sufficient to purchase the common drink of the country; nor is there any access open to the same without the license of the castellan. So that it happens that on Ash Wednesday, when the Lord's Supper is administered, at the time of Synods and celebration of orders, and on other solemn days, the faithful being willing to visit

the said church, entrance is denied them by the keepers of the castle, saying that thereby the fortress is in danger; besides, you have not there houses sufficient for you, whereby you are forced to rent several of the laity; and that on account of these and other inconveniences many absent themselves from the service of the said church."

These inconveniences having been sufficiently proved, Pope Honorius authorized them to remove the church to a more convenient place, "but saving to every person, as well secular as ecclesiastical, his rights; and the privileges, dignities, and all the liberties of the said church, to remain in their state and force." And if any one should presume to infringe, or rashly to oppose, the tenor of this grant, "be it known to him," said the Pope, "that he will incur the indignation of Almighty God, and of the blessed saints, Peter and Paul, his Apostles."

To St. Peter and St. Paul it should seem to be of very little importance whether Salisbury Cathedral stood upon the hill at Old Sarum, or in the valley two miles distant. But it was of great importance to the clergy of that church that they should be settled where there was no divided authority; and to the country also it was of great moment that the cathedral should be fixed where a city might grow round it, which the want of water rendered impossible at the former site. Wherefore then had the former site been chosen? The reason, though it has not been assigned, may with much probability be conjectured. The cathedral at Sarum was founded soon after the conquest, when the government, which depended solely upon its own strength, was far from secure, and the people, suffering grievously under their new lords, were at any time ready for revolt if a leader had arisen. Herman, the founder, had connected himself with the Norman government; and his attempted usurpation at Malmesbury may have made him unpopular with the monks in that country, as this connexion had made him with the West Saxons. It seems likely therefore that the site was chosen for the sake of protection from that castle, the vicinity of which became afterwards a sufficient reason for abandoning it. The natural disadvantages of the spot must have been well known, but disregarded for the sake of security. That motive had ceased to operate; the local inconveniences were irremediable, even if the adventitious ones had been obviated; and the removal therefore was effected, the Pope, as has been seen, reserving to the people of Old Sarum their rights, one of which is pretty remarkable at this day.

A full account of the new foundation was drawn up by the dean William de Wanda. It was the foundation of Salisbury as well as of the cathedral; and as we have no other record so circumstantial of the origin of an English city, the detail possesses more than a local interest. The site to which they removed could not have been better chosen in all respects; the land was part of the bishop's 'emparailias, a broad vale where the Wily and the Bourne join the Avon, and lose their names in that clear and beautiful stream. The soil is a fine

black mould resting on a substratum of gravel; so that, with all the advantage of being well watered, it is at once dry and fertile, and near enough the Downs to enjoy the benefit of that salubrious air, which renders Wiltshire eminently one of the healthiest counties in Great Britain. Attracted by these advantages, persons enough had already settled there to form a village at Harnham, now a suburb. The canons and vicars engaged to contribute each one-fourth of his income, for seven years, toward the expenses of erecting the new cathedral. But this was not the only share of the burden which they took upon themselves; their own habitations were also to be built upon an agreement, that the heirs of the first builders only, as well canons as vicars, should receive two parts of the just value of what should actually be built, the third part being yielded for the land. The appointment and collation of these houses, after the first vacancy and sale, was to be the bishop's; but the relations of the deceased to whom he should have assigned his two-thirds were to remain in possession till they received payment. But for the church they reckoned largely upon eleemosynary aid; preachers were sent about to solicit contributions, and all who should contribute, either in gifts or labour, toward the work, were rewarded with indulgences, that is to say, drafts payable in Purgatory. In the days of Romish darkness, these were carefully deposited in the coffin with those who were rich enough to purchase them, just as the Russian priests used to provide a corpse with testimonials, "to the end that St. Peter, upon sight of them, might not deny the bearer the opening of the gate to eternal bliss." During the sacrilegious spoliation under Somerset's protectorate, caskets full of such papers were found in the graves!

A piece of ground, called Merrifield, having been chosen for the site, the first business was to erect and consecrate a wooden chapel for temporary use, and then to consecrate a cemetery adjoining. The primate, the young king Henry VIII., and all the other chief persons of the realm, were invited to attend when the foundation should be laid, as at an event which was not unfitly deemed to be of national importance. It appears, however, that the former were not present, but a great concourse assembled from all parts. Mass was performed by the bishop in the temporary chapel, after which he went to the ground barefoot, in procession with the clergy, singing the litany. There, after consecrating the ground, he addressed the people, and then laid the first stone in the name of the Pope, the second in that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the third for himself. The fourth was laid by William Longspee, Earl of Sarum; the fifth by Ela de Vitri, his wife. Then the nobles who were present laid each a stone; and after them the dean, the chapter, the chancellor, the treasurer, and the archdeacons and canons of the church of Sarum, in their turn, "the people weeping for joy, and contributing thereto their alms with a ready mind, according to the ability which God had given them." Several nobles on their return from Wales (where the king was then concluding a treaty with Llew-

elyn ap Jorwerth) repaired to Sarum to partake in the merit of the work which was going on, and laying each a stone, bound themselves to some special contribution for seven years. In the course of five the building was so far advanced that all the canons were cited to be present at the first celebration of mass. On the eve preceding, a previous ceremony was performed by the bishop in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, (that Stephen Langton who acted so noble a part in obtaining Magna Charta from the King, and maintaining it against the Pope,) and of Henry, Archbishop of Dublin. The bishop consecrated an altar in the east to the Trinity and All Saints. At this altar the mass of the Virgin Mary was to be sung every day from that time forth, for which service he offered two silver basins and as many silver candlesticks, the bequest of the noble lady Gundria de Warren; they are supposed to have been removed from the church at Old Sarum, having been the bequest of a daughter of William the Conqueror. And on his own part, he gave thirty marks of silver yearly to the priests who should officiate, and ten marks for the lamps which should be kept burning there. He consecrated also an altar in the north part of the church to St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles; and one in the south to St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, and All Martyrs. On the morrow, being Michaelmas day, Archbishop Langton preached to a great assemblage of persons; then went into the new church and performed the first mass there, Otto the nuncio being present, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the bishops of Durham, Bath, Chester, Rochester, and Evreux in Normandy.

In the course of the week the young king arrived, with the justiciary Hubert de Burgh; and Henry, after hearing the mass of the Virgin, offered ten marks of silver and a piece of silk; and Hubert made a vow that he would give a gold Text for the service of the altar, with certain precious stones, and more precious relics of divers saints, in honour of the blessed Virgin. The Text was a copy of the four Gospels, for the service of the altar; in the richer churches it was sometimes elaborately adorned with gold and ivory, and, as appears to have been the case in this instance, written in letters of gold. This gift of the justiciary produced from the young king the offering of a ruby ring, that both the gold of the ring, and the stone might be employed to adorn the covers of the text; at the same time he gave a gold cup weighing ten marks. The said Text was presented first by proxy for Hubert, and afterwards offered by himself in person on the altar, with great devotion. At this time the bishop obtained leave that the oblations made there during the next seven years should be appropriated to the building, except such as might expressly be given for the perpetual ornament and honour of the church: after the expiration of that time the oblations of all the altars were to be applied to the common use, according to the ancient custom of the church of Sarum. It appears also that the plate and other valuables which had been offered were to remain in his custody for those seven years, after which they were to be given up to the treasurer; but it is not apparent for what rea-

son he should have chosen to have them in his keeping during this time. The king confirmed by charter to the new church all the liberties and privileges which had belonged to the old cathedral, as the pope had done, and granted some fresh immunities. The charter declared that New Salisbury should be for ever a free city, and that its citizens should be quit, throughout the land, of toll, portage, passage, pedage, lastage, stallage, carriage, and all other customs, being thus invested with the same privileges as the citizens of Winchester. The bishop and his successors were authorized to enclose the city with competent trenches, for fear of robbers, and to hold the same for ever as their proper domain, saving to the crown the advowson of the said see, and all its other rights as in other cathedrals. They were empowered also to levy tallage upon the citizens whenever the king exacted it in his domains. The liberties and free customs of a weekly market were granted, and an annual fair of eight days, from the vigil to the octave of the Assumption inclusive, for the benefit of the church. And the citizens were prohibited from selling or mortgaging their burgages or tenements to any church or religious house, without the leave of the bishop.

William Longspee, who laid the fourth stone, (the first which was laid by lay hands,) was the first person whose remains were deposited in the new church; a man unhappy in his parentage, conspicuous in his life, and unfortunate in his end. He was the son of Henry II. and of a mother, whose very name bespeaks favour for her, and whose true penitence may excite as much sympathy as the tragedy which poets have feigned of her death. Fair Rosamond's son was not unworthy to be Cœur-de-Lion's brother; and in that turbulent or heroic age, few persons were more remarkable for their exploits by land and by sea, and for their hairbreadth escapes: but he is supposed to have perished, as his mother is fabled to have done, by poison. There was a report that he had perished by shipwreck, on his return from Bourdeaux, in a storm which had been so violent, that his baggage was thrown overboard. Hubert, the justiciary, instigated his kinsman, Raymond, upon this report, to marry the Lady Ela, and obtain the earldom of Salisbury in her right, pretending some hereditary claim to it on his part, to facilitate his object. Henry III., who was always lightly persuaded by those who had any influence over him, gave his consent, and Raymond, being thus encouraged, urged his suit without regard either to the honour or the feelings of the lady; she, who was a high-spirited and virtuous woman, told him, that had she been indeed a widow, she would never have condescended to marry with one so much beneath her, but that letters and messages had arrived from her husband, assuring her of his life and safety. When the earl returned he demanded protection of the king, not against Raymond, whom perhaps he considered too much beneath him, but against Hubert, the justiciary, threatening, if justice were not granted him, to exact it for himself, though he should throw the kingdom into confusion in the pursuit. Hubert confessed and excused his conduct, and purchased a reconciliation by

costly gifts. On the earl's part it was sincere; he accepted an invitation from Hubert to a dinner at Marlborough, and it was supposed that poison was then administered to him in his food; a supposition which easily arose and obtained credit, because of the general dislike with which the justiciary was regarded. The earl, from whatever cause, was immediately taken ill; he returned to his castle of Sarum, and dying there, was interred in the unfinished cathedral, where only eight weeks before he had been welcomed on his return from Bourdeaux, with a procession from the church, and with every other demonstration of public joy for his escape. The Lady Ela, who was left with nine children, executed the office of sheriff for Wiltshire three times after her widowhood, and then purchased, for 200 marks, the custody of Sarum Castle for her life. But growing weary of the world, she founded a monastery at Lacock for Augustinian nuns, and retiring thither herself became the abbess.

William Longspee is said to have lived in habitual neglect of his essential duties as a Christian, till he was converted by hearing a sermon, and conversing afterwards for some hours with the preacher, who was canon and treasurer of the new cathedral. That person, who, from this station was raised to the primacy and afterwards canonized as St. Edmund of Canterbury, flourished then at Salisbury in the latent odour of sanctity, and his history, as written by his companion and secretary Bertrand, Abbot of Pontigny, (not as weeded for the use of English Roman Catholics,) is curiously characteristic of those times, and of the system of the Romish church. Reynold Rich, his father, was a tradesman at Abingdon, who, with his wife's consent, retired from the world and became a monk at Evesham. This son was named Edmund, because his mother was engaged in prayer at King St. Edmund's shrine when she felt the first indication of his existence; and on that saint's day he was born, with the happy augury of an immaculate birth, coming into the world in such perfect purity as not to spot or stain the linen wherein he was wrapt. His education was in conformity to this portent: for his mother trained him to observe a bread and water fast regularly on Fridays, by promising and giving him little rewards for the observance; and when she sent him with his brother to pursue their studies at Paris, she gave them each a haircloth shirt, charging them to wear it next the skin twice or thrice a week. This mother, Mabylia, who is called in her epitaph the flower of widows, trained her children up in the way which she went herself, being a woman of heroic and iron virtue. As soon as her husband had separated himself from her, she assumed a dress which, by its outer appearance and inner materials, might arm her against temptation: the under garment was of haircloth, reaching to her heels; and over this, that the bristles might be pressed to the skin and felt there, she wore a coat of chain-mail of equal length, in which two plates of iron were inserted for the more discomfort. These were the material arms which she used in her spiritual warfare.

Miserable as those ages were in so many respects, they were favourable to poor scholars.

The widow of a tradesman at Abingdon could send her two sons to Paris to pursue their studies, with money enough only to maintain them frugally for a short time, but in full confidence that if they proved themselves deserving, they might rely upon Providence for support. What friends Edmund found there, and how he distinguished himself, as he must have done, his biographer has not thought worthy of record; but he relates that, being troubled with continual head-ache, his mother supposed the cause to be that his clerical tonsure had not been made large enough, and accordingly the razor which enlarged the mystic circle, effectually removed the pain. He tells us also that our Saviour had appeared to him when a boy, and enjoined him every night to trace with his finger the words Jesus of Nazareth upon his forehead, a practice which, it was added, would secure any person from sudden death. And he informs us, which there is no reason to disbelieve, that when Edmund made a vow of chastity before an image of our Lady, he espoused himself to our Lady by putting a ring upon the finger of her image! From that day, his biographer assures us, the Virgin took him under her special protection, *et erat ei in umbraculum diei ab astu tentationum.* This was experienced when the devil, performing that office which a heathen poet would have assigned to Cupid, made him find favour without seeking it in the eyes of his landlady's daughter. Weary of repelling the advances of one who is compared to Potiphar's wife, he at length appointed her to come at a certain hour in secret to his chamber; she was true to the assignation, but when at his desire she had taken off some of her upper garments, he flogged her severely with a rod which he had prepared for the purpose, and accompanied the flogging with a lecture, which, according to his own account, made her virtuous for the rest of her life,—*rexatio intellectum dedit, et gratiam apposuit.*

This was a coarse mode of conversion, to be employed by one who had miracles at command; for Edmund could forbid the rain to fall, when he was preaching in the churchyard, or bid it fall as it listed around on all sides, so that not a drop fell upon him or his numerous congregation. He could light a lamp by pronouncing the name of the Virgin, cure a carbuncle upon his own foot by making upon it the sign of a cross, and translate swellings from his pupil's arm to his own. But if he had recourse to so severe a method, it was in conformity to the severe system in which he disciplined himself. The Abbot of Pontigny, who had lived with him, has accurately described his whole armour of faith, which was not after the pattern of St. Paul's. It consisted, first, in drawers and stockings of haircloth; next in a haircloth shirt, not of the ordinary texture, but knit in knots after a manner of his own devising, wherein he had succeeded in obtaining the perfect uneasiness which he desired. This he bound close by a horsehair rope, which was put so often round his body, from the shoulder to the loins, and fastened so tight, that it was scarcely possible for him to bend his back. This was the secret armour in which he went clad by day, for his warfare with the powers of the air. When it was taken off at night, the neck and the hands,

which, because his good works might not be seen by men, escaped all torturing in the day, were disaccommodated with a haircloth tippet and haircloth gloves. He never entered his bed, nor even lay down on it. His utmost indulgence was to recline his head there, when he slept on a bench beside, but sometimes he lay on the ground. He cared little for washing either his head or his body, being, we are told, satisfied with keeping his heart clean. (*De corporis seu capitinis sui non curabat laraco, satis esse arbitrans si incesset munditas cordis suo.*) It is accounted, therefore, among the miraculous circumstances belonging to his sanctity, that in the linen clothes which he wore over his Romish panoply, there were very few vermin.\*

It was as much a matter of course that a saint of this complexion should frequently see the devil, as that a knight-errant should meet with adventures when he sallied forth to seek them. Once it happened that the enemy took him at advantage. He had made it a rule to meditate upon the cross and other instruments of the Passion, some time in every day or night. One holiday, however, he had been so busily and fully employed, that there had been no leisure for this; when night came, there was a lecture to prepare for the morrow; night was far spent before this was done; and then, though he was sensible that he had not observed the usual rule, the fear of inducing a headache, which might disable him for the next day's duties, if he contended longer against the sense of weariness, induced him to lie down. No sooner had he done this, than the devil in all his dreadful ugliness appeared. The terrified saint raised up his right hand to protect himself with the sign of the cross; but insomuch as he had neglected to impress that sign that day upon his heart, the enemy, having power to prevent him from making the outward and visible sign, caught his hand. He raised the left hand for the same purpose, and in like manner the devil caught that with his right, and having both hands thus in his hold, fell upon him then like a sack. The saint's strength forsook him, but he retained his presence of mind, and called upon the Lord in spirit with such effect, that the devil, as if plucked off him by some mightier arm, fell between the bed and the wall. Upon this, Edmund sprang up, and becoming the assailant in his turn, took him by his horrible throat, and made him tell by what adjuration he was most annoyed, before he disappeared.

\* Hoc etiam pre miraculo advertimus, quod in vestibus lineis, quibus ad occultandas asperitates interiores solebat superindui, cum eas deponeret, fero nullius generis vermes poterant ab ejus cubiculariis inventi. Constat eidem homines cilicis etiam simplicibus utentes assidue hujusmodi vermis plus hominibus certis abundare: ipse vero qui non simplex, sed ut ita loquor, multiplex assidue cilicium detulit, vermes hujusmodi ex suo corpore nullus, vel ut modestius dicam, rarissimos proereavit. Nec immerito istud descripsimus pro miraculo, cum vix nullus, vel certe nullus hoc probro caret vel tormento.—*Martene et Durand, Thes. Anec. t. iii. 1802.*

Such are the exploits and the virtues which are recorded of the Canon of Salisbury, who is said to have been the first person that taught Aristotle's logic at Oxford. Neither Canterbury nor Salisbury possessed any relics of this saint, in whom both churches might claim a part. The monastery of Pontigny, which from him was called St. Edmund's, was literally enriched by them, the offerings which were made at his shrine amounting, it is said, to more than four times the expense which the monks had incurred by entertaining him and his predecessors, Langton and Becket, during their exile. Salisbury Cathedral had, however, a respectable collection of relics, containing no less than two hundred and thirty-four specimens, arranged under the four classes of apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins. Among these treasures were the breast-bone of St. Eu-  
genius, a jaw-bone of St. Stephen, a tooth of St. Macarius, a tooth of St. Anne, a toe of St. Mary Magdalene, and the identical chain with which St. Catharine bound the Devil! The church was so far completed in the course of thirty-eight years, that a grand festival was then held for its more solemn dedication; the expenses of the building up to that time are said to have amounted to 40,000 marks. About a century afterwards the spire is believed to have been added, when Robert de Wyvile was bishop, a prelate of whom this ugly character has been transmitted to posterity, that it was hard to say whether he was more dunc or dwarf, more unlearned or unhandsome. While he held the see, a mandate was obtained from Edward III. for taking down the walls of the former cathedral at Old Sarum, and of the houses there which had belonged to the bishop and the chapter, that their materials might be applied, as the king's gift, to the improvement of the church at Salisbury.

Not only the spire but the two upper stories of the tower were added, when these improvements were made. This was so bold an undertaking in the architect that nothing but success could justify it. Michael Angelo's conception of hanging in the air the dome of St. Peter's did not imply a stronger confidence in his own skill than was manifested in this ambitious design of raising one of the loftiest spires in the world upon a building where the foundations had already received the load which they were calculated to support. The old wall of the tower, though strong enough when it was the summit of the pile, was slight in relation to the weight which it was now to bear. Half its thickness was occupied by an open gallery, and moreover it was perforated by eight doors, eight windows, and a staircase at each of its four angles. For the purpose of strengthening it, the windows were filled up; an hundred and twelve additional supports were introduced into this part of the tower, exclusive of iron braces; and three hundred and eighty-seven superficial feet of new foundation were formed. It is presumed also that at this time the arches and counterarches were raised across the small transept. The difficulties were so evident and so great that it has been said they were 'enough to have frightened any man in his senses from pursuing so rash and dangerous an undertaking.' It has, how-

ever, withstood the storms and the sap of more than five centuries, and we are told that, if carefully inspected, it may remain twice five centuries to come. Two stories of the tower were evidently raised at the time when the spire was added. From the centre of the tower the spire rises; four of its sides (for it is octangular) resting on the walls of the tower, and four on arches raised at the angles. The wall of the tower is there five feet thick, two of which are occupied by the base of the spire, two by a passage round, and one by the parapet. The wall of the spire gradually diminishes till, at the height of about twenty feet, it is reduced to nine inches, of which thickness it continues to the summit.

It is a remark of Mr. Fosbroke's (we believe) that architects should be cautious how they raise ponderous additions to old buildings, for who can say that the original builders may not, in many places, have stopt short in despair of completing their designs with safety? The spire of Redcliff church was evidently left incomplete because of such an apprehension. A steeple which Browne Willis had contributed to repair or to re-edify at Buckingham, fell down in little more than twenty years, and Pennant narrowly escaped being crushed in its ruins, having providentially gone out of the church just before it fell. The recent catastrophe at Fonthill is a nearer and more memorable example: there, as at Salisbury, there had been no intention of such a superstructure in the original design, and consequently no adequate foundation prepared for it; and, when that hasty elevation, which had been half hurried up by torchlight and midnight labour, as if to show what wonders could be performed by the wantonness of wealth, tottered to its fall, one might fancy that the Weathercock on the cathedral clapt his wings and crowded in honour of the old architect whose work, after the lapse of so many centuries, was standing in its beauty and its strength.

A settlement took place in this beautiful structure, it is believed, soon after its completion, at the western side, or rather in the piers, or clustered columns, under the north-western and south-western angles of the tower. Such methods as were deemed best have been employed at different times to counteract the danger. At the top of the parapet of the tower, the tower declines nine inches to the south, and more than three to the west; but, at the capstone of the spire, the declination is twenty-four inches and a half to the south, and sixteen and a quarter to the west. In such an elevation this is not perceptible to the most practised eye, the height being 404 feet, according to the most approved measurement. That of Strasburg is 456; that of Vienna, which exceeds all others, 465: but Salisbury is the loftiest stone building that has ever been raised in this island. The spire of old St. Paul's, which was 520 feet in height, was constructed mostly, if not entirely, of timber and lead. But in such edifices, a wooden spire or a wooden roof (as at York) detracts much, and not without good reason, from the general impression which the structure would otherwise produce. The beholder has no longer the same sense of munificence in the undertaking, grandeur in the con-

ception, difficulty in the execution, and durability in the work. His admiration is abated: the truth which is expressed in a homely proverb concerning silk purses is exemplified upon a great scale, and the reflecting mind is made to feel that, where the impression of richness or of grandeur is intended, the materials must be such as not to disparage the work. Salisbury spire is the great work of human power which it appears to be, and therefore excites even more admiration in an instructed than in an ignorant mind. Mr. Britton, looking at it with a severer eye, says of it that, ‘although it is an object of popular and scientific curiosity, it cannot properly be regarded as beautiful or elegant, either in itself, or as a member of the edifice to which it belongs.’ That the edifice might be complete without it is certain; but would Salisbury Cathedral be admired as it is; would it be so beautiful, so impressive an object, either in the near or in the distant view, if that ‘silent finger pointing to the sky’ were wanting? Whoever has seen it by moon-light, or in the silence of a clear morning, will not hesitate how to answer.

A small yearly sum, for the reparation of the spire, was bequeathed by Bishop Mitford in the succeeding reign. It was a weak reign, and, in proportion as the kings of England were weak, the papal authority exerted and strengthened itself: bishops whom their respective chapters had chosen, and the sovereign had approved, were set aside by the popes, and others by this foreign tyranny appointed in their stead. A case of this kind occurred at Salisbury under Richard II. Henry IV. was a prince whose pleasure carried with it more weight, and, in deference to his will, Robert Hallam, whom the Pope had named to the archbishopric of York, was placed at Salisbury instead. Of all the prelates who held that see before the Reformation, Hallam is the most distinguished. He was deputed to the Councils of Pisa and of Constance, and in both represented his country and maintained its character with ability and firmness in an occasion where both were called for. An odd dispute had arisen, whether the English were entitled to rank as a nation, and vote in the Council accordingly. An Aragonese ambassador started the objection, which was resented so warmly by the English prelates and ambassadors that the sitting became tumultuous, and the Spaniard found it prudent to withdraw. But the question was taken up by the Cardinal of Cambrai, Pierre d'Aillai, who thought it for the honour and interest of France to disparage England. Upon an intimation that he meant to enter upon this subject in a sermon before the council, Hallam, through the Elector Palatine, required him to forbear from that topic in that place; of this Aillai complained as an insult upon the liberty of the council. The cardinal learnt also that some of the English suite, in case he persisted, were preparing to take part in the dispute with such sharp arguments as swords, daggers, arrows and bills. To avoid disturbance and danger, and yet maintain his objection, he was for referring it to the College of Cardinals; other members of the council, who had no concern in the issue, would have persuaded both parties to let the matter drop,

as sure to interrupt and possibly to frustrate the object of the assembly; but the English properly insisted that the affair had been made too public now to be quietly past over, and they would have it brought fairly and fully before the council.

The arguments on both sides were not a little curious. The French protested that they had not the slightest intention of offering any offence to England, having only in view the welfare and union of the church, the happy progress of the council, the general advantage of Christendom, and the particular interest of France. But it was most unfitting, they argued, that England should, on this occasion, vote as a fourth or fifth part of Christendom, thus making its voice equivalent to that of all Italy, or all France, or all Spain, or all Germany, each of which nations contained within it kingdoms and nations equipollant to England. When Benedict XII. divided the pope's obedience, as it was called, into four nations, he reckoned England with Germany as one. When the same pope divided Christendom into provinces, for the purpose of regulating the chapters of the Benedictines, he allowed in that division six provinces to France, and only two to England, to wit, those of York and Canterbury. Evidently, therefore, there was no justice in setting England upon a par with France, which surpassed it so far in the number of its provinces, cathedrals, bishoprics and archbishoprics, universities and all other characters which distinguish a nation. It was contrary to justice, they maintained, that so small a part of Christendom should have a voice equal to France, much less to Germany, Italy and Spain; and they required either that England, renouncing her pretensions to be a separate nation, should be reckoned in subordinate connexion with the German nation, or that the other nations should be subdivided into several, proportioned to the English, or that the council should vote not by nations, but by persons:—the mode for which the Popes and those who were opposed to any effectual reform in the church, always strenuously contended.

The English began their reply by premising that it was not their intention ever to refer a right so indisputable as theirs to arbitration; and that they answered merely to prevent ill-disposed persons from taking an advantage of the silence which they had hitherto observed for the sake of peace. The argument concerning the number of provinces they proved to be futile, showing that the distribution in question was made solely for the convenience of the prelates in their visitations, and for holding the chapter of the Benedictines. Then as to the antiquity and extent of their nation, they argued that Wales, Scotland, and Ireland ought to be accounted with England, just as Provence, Dauphiny, Savoy, Burgundy, Lorraine, and other provinces, which did not obey the king of France, were nevertheless included in the French nation. Eight kingdoms, they averred, were comprised in the English nation: England, Scotland, and Wales, comprising Great Britain, were three; Ireland four; and for the four others they went to the Orkney Islands, which they said were sixty in

number, evidently including under that appellation the Shetlands, as well as all the other Scotch islands, and the Isle of Man. Even in extent, they said, England, which extended 500 English miles from north to south, that is forty days' journey, exceeded France; and it contained 52,000 parish churches, whereas France had not above 6,000. As to the antiquity of their respective churches, the memorialist gave sufficient credit to both: for while he claimed Joseph of Arimathea for the first apostle of England, he allowed that Dionysius, the Areopagite, stood in the same relation to France. But England could boast the honour of having given birth to Constantine, the greatest benefactor of the church of Rome; England could boast its constant submission to that church, never from earliest times having been involved in any schism; and England enjoyed the privilege of having two perpetual legates *ad latere*. One language only was spoken within the French dominions, and in the English, there were, besides its own, Scotch, Welsh, Cornish, Irish, and Gascon. But they rested, finally, upon an argument creditable to that moderation from which the English government has never departed in its conduct towards other nations. If it were deemed necessary, they said, for the purposes of the council that Christendom must be divided into four parts, a geographical division, according to the four quarters of the world, was the most commodious, as well as the most natural: in this the east should comprise Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Germany; the west, France and Spain; the north, England with its dependencies, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; and the south, Italy, with those countries who were of the Pope's obedience, as the inhabitants of Candia and Cyprus. A fourfold division could not be made by languages, there being so many; nor by kingdoms for the same reason; and if four kingdoms were preferred, the distinction would be arrogant and ambitious, and must produce ill feelings, if not ill consequences. For themselves, they would consent to any arrangement, provided no wrong were thereby done to any nation or kingdom, and that they voted by nations, not by persons, as those would have it to be who had neither the reformation, nor the peace and union of the church at heart.

The English carried their point in this dispute, having not only reason on their side, but the authority of the Emperor also, who was very much influenced by the Bishop of Salisbury. That prelate is said to have been his right hand in all the measures of reformation which he began and seriously intended, but which then, as in earlier and later councils, were effectually baffled by the intrigues of papal policy. Hallam died shortly after this decision, and was buried in the cathedral of Constance with such honours as have seldom been paid to any one in a foreign land,—the Emperor, the princes, the cardinals, and all the clergy attending his funeral. If this English prelate was well qualified both by his ability and moderation for the service in which he was employed, the Castilians had among their representatives a person not less eminently endowed with another qualification,

less episcopal indeed, but which he found occasion to display at the expense of one of the English ambassadors. The Englishman happened to be diminutive in stature, whereas the Spaniard, D. Diego de Anaya, bishop of Cuenca, was a person of great bodily strength, in whose hands a battle-axe would have seemed more appropriate than a crozier. These persons one day disputed at the council for precedence, high words ensued, and the bishop put an end to the contest by taking his adversary round the waist, carrying him like a child to the lower end of the church, and then throwing him into an open grave. Well pleased was he with what he had done, and yet not satisfied with it, as soon as he had returned to his place he said to his colleague, D. Martin Fernandes de Cordova, "As a priest I have just committed the ambassador of England to the dust. See you to what remains as an hidalgo and a knight!" This bishop might have been characteristically employed in smiting the Moors for the love of charity; but as a person who was to partake the gift of infallibility, and receive his part of that inspiration by which the errors of the Christian church were to be rectified and its troubles composed, he seems to have been oddly chosen.

Bishop Hallam's mission to Constance is remarkable in literary history, inasmuch as the first dramatic piece which is known to have been exhibited in Germany, was represented under the direction of him and his colleagues, by the persons of their retinue before the Emperor. It was a *Mystery*, comprising the various events of the nativity, the arrival of the wise men of the East, and the massacre of the Innocents. This was fourscore years before Reuchlein's Latin imitation of the farce of *Pathelin*, which has been supposed to be the first dramatic exhibition in Germany, was represented at Heidelberg.

William Aiscough, the third bishop in succession after Hallam, was one of the victims who perished in Jack Cade's insurrection.—The populace at that time broke loose in many parts of the kingdom, and this prelate, then residing at Eddington in Wiltshire, was dragged from the high altar of that collegiate church when he was celebrating mass, and murdered. The cause of his unpopularity is said to have been, that, being clerk of the council and confessor to the king, he was so much occupied about the court as to neglect his see. Lionel Woodville, his second successor, died more pitifully of a broken heart. This member of a conspicuous and unhappy family was brother to Edward the Fourth's queen, the most unfortunate in English history. His fortunes (being a churchman) were not overthrown in the wreck of that family, but he was unable to bear up against such repeated and cruel bereavements, and when Buckingham, who had married one of his sisters, was beheaded in the market-place at Salisbury, the bishop did not long survive the grief of this last affliction. His successor, Thomas Langton, was a man for whom it had been better if he had lived earlier or later, before the principles by which the Reformation was brought about began to work in this country, or after that great and happy change had been effected.

For with a disposition to employ his wealth munificently and beneficially in adorning his churches, and in the encouragement of literature, we find him bearing a part, whether willingly or not, in the prevailing system of persecution. Alix, one of the many eminent men who have been benefited in that cathedral, has preserved, from an old register, the abjuration of six persons "greatly noted, defamed, and detected" for heretics in the diocese of Sarum, made before the bishop as their ordinary and judge, and the sentence which he past upon Augustine Stere, who appears to have been considered the most guilty. The said Augustine had said, that the church was made a synagogue and a house of merchandise, and that the priests were but scribes and pharisees, not profiting the Christian people, but deceiving them. He had denied that the very body of our Lord was in the wafer, and had, moreover, said that the priests might buy thirty such gods for one penny, and would not sell one of them under two-pence. Harry Bennet, another of these unlucky men, confessed that he had not steadfastly believed in the sacrament of the altar, and had justified his unbelief by this argument, that if there were three hosts in one pix, one of them having been consecrated, and the others not, a mouse would just as readily eat the transubstantiated wafer as those which were mere flour and water, which he thought the mouse could not possibly have done if the actual body of our Saviour had been there. Gage, the Dominican, tells us that an accident of this kind which he witnessed, led him first to doubt the truth of this monstrous doctrine, and, finally, to withdraw from the Romish church. The illustration, however, was commonly used among the early reformers, and afforded them an argument which it was easier to silence by faggot and fire, than to confute. He maintained also that those persons who spent their money in performing pilgrimages might have employed it better at home; that if a sinner repented heartily before God, he might be saved as well as if he had been shriven by a priest; and that as for the guidance which they could get for their priests, it was as if blind William Harper should be leading another blind man to Newbury,—they might both fall into the ditch.

These poor men, rather than be burnt alive for maintaining their opinions, (which was the alternative proposed to them,) confessed them to be contrary to the common doctrine and determination of the universal church; acknowledged themselves to have been learners and teachers of heresies, errors, opinions, and false doctrines, contrary to the Christian faith; and

"Forasmuch," they were made to say, "as it is so, that the laws of the Church of Christ and holy canons of saints be grounded in mercy, and God wot not the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live; and also the church clotheth not her lap to him that wol return, we therefore, and every one of us, willing to be partners of this foresaid mercy, forsake and renounce all these articles;—and now contrite and fully repenting them all,—judicably and solemnly them forsake, abjure, and wilfully renounce for evermore; and not only

them, but all other heresies, errors, and damnable doctrines contrary to the determination of the universal church of Christ. Also that we shall never hereafter be to any such persons, or person, favorers, counsellors, maintainers, or of any such, privily or openly; but if we know any such hereafter, we and every one of us, shall denounce and disclose them to you Reverend Father in God, your successors, or officers of the same, or else to such persons of the church as hath jurisdiction on the persons so faulty, so help me God and all holy Evangelists; submitting us, and every of us, openly, not coache, but of our free will, to the pain, rigour, and sharpness of the law that a man relapsed ought to suffer in such case, if we, or any of us, ever do or hold contrary to this our abjuration in part, or the whole thereof."

The record appears to have been imperfect, but it contains the sentence passed upon Augustine Stere *in parts parientia sue*. Bare-headed, bare-legged, and bare-footed, in his shirt, cloak, and linen drawers, he was to do penance with a faggot on his shoulder, and a firebrand in his hand, at Windsor, Reading, Newbury, Salisbury, Cerne, Milton, Abbotsbury, Abingdon, and Sherburne, on market-days and Sundays, when there was the greatest concourse of people, before whom he was to read his abjuration, after having been marched in procession, as a public spectacle, in this plight. Every day of his life he was to repeat the Pater-noster and Ave Maria five times, and the Creed once, before the crucifix kneeling; and he was never to go to Newbury, (the place of his former residence,) nor to any place within seven miles of it, without the bishop's license. This, it must be remembered, was part only of his penance,—and this was the mercy of the Romish church.

A scene more painful to humanity, and yet more consolatory, was exhibited at Salisbury in the same reign, but whether it were under the same bishop is uncertain, the year not having been specified. Laurence Ghest was burnt alive in that city, after two years' imprisonment, during which neither persuasions nor endeavours had been omitted for inducing him to profess that he believed as the church taught concerning transubstantiation. He is described as a tall and comely personage, having a wife and seven children, and not unfriended. His wife and children were brought to him at the stake that they might urge him to abjure his opinions, and preserve his life. In that case he must have been branded in the cheek, and have worn a faggot worked in his coat, to be a mark of infamy and suspicion as long as he lived; but even this alternative, his poor miserable wife, having the immediate prospect of seeing him suffer such a death before her eyes, intreated him to accept. He, however, "being firm in his purpose as in his faith, exhorted her to patience, and besought her not to be a block in his way, for he was in good course, running toward the mark of his salvation;" and in that resolution he accomplished his sacrifice in the flames, bearing testimony to the truth. Well may our fine old church historian exhort us, when he winds up the story of our martyrs, "that we glorify God

who had given such power unto men, in and for their patience; that we praise God that true doctrine at this day may be professed at an easier rate than in their age; and that we defend that doctrine which they sealed with their lives, and as occasion may be offered, vindicate and assert their memories from such scandalous tongues and pens as shall traduce them."

While this martyr was in the flames, one of the bishop's men, in that ferocious spirit which such spectacles were sure to produce or foster in those who thought the punishment not more than the crime of heresy demanded, threw a firebrand at his face. The brother of the sufferer was present, and with his dagger would have killed the ruffian upon the spot, if he had not been withheld by others of the spectators. There are no subjects which could be treated with surer or finer effect by a painter, than these which the history of our own martyrs may supply,—none which could affect the heart more deeply, without bringing forward any of those revolting horrors, which neither the painter nor the poet who understands the true principles and scope of their respective arts will ever present to the eye or offer to the imagination. All that ought to be expressed, all that the most ambitious genius could hope to express, might be found in the situation of the martyr himself at the scene of his suffering and his triumph; of the friends and relatives, some of whom are there to comfort, and some in the miserable hope of shaking his purpose,—the spectators who are assembled either to have their secret faith confirmed, or their inhuman spirit of bigotry gratified by the sight; the official attendants, some of whom unwillingly perform their office, while their hearts belie the composure which they must needs assume; and lastly those who, though bearing an inferior part in the day's tragedy, are yet deserving of most pity, the unhappy persons who are brought there to bear a faggot, to be branded on the cheek, and to witness the perseverance, the agony, and the triumph of their fellow believers, whose frame of mind they envy, though they have not strength enough of body and of spirit to encounter the same terrible fate.

The persecution in Henry the Seventh's reign, and during the first years of his son's, served only to extend the opinions which it was designed to extinguish, and to hold forth the martyrs of that age as burning and shining lights to the next generation during the fiery trial through which the fathers and founders of our church were called upon to pass. The diocese of Sarum appears not to have been the scene of any such tragedies after Ghent's martyrdom till the Marian persecution. During ten of the intermediate years the see was held by Cardinal Campeggio, one of those persons who, without acting any important part in history, hold a conspicuous place in it, by the accident of being employed in great and influential transactions. His reception, when he arrived in England for the first time as legate, is described by Wolsey in a letter, of which partly has been preserved. No visitor was ever received in a foreign country with greater honour. At Sandwich where he landed, he was

met by the Bishop of Chichester and the nobles, knights, and gentlemen of Kent, and by them escorted to Canterbury *miro ornatus, splendore incredibili, summaque cum celerritate et pompa*. There the archbishop, the bishop of Rochester, and the abbot of St. Augustine's received him in the cathedral, and having sprinkled him with holy water, and fumigated him with incense, conducted him to the apartments prepared for him and his suite, where he remained two days, the chief persons of the country waiting on him, and bringing him presents. Some five hundred horse accompanied him to Sittingbourne, where they dined, after which they proceeded to the Abbey of the Holy Cross, and were there entertained for the night, the whole costs on the road being provided by Wolsey. The next day they found a splendid dinner ready for them at Rochester; after which the archbishop took them to one of his seats at a place called Hetford. There their train being increased to about a thousand horsemen, including many persons of high rank, they proceeded toward London, and being met on Blackheath by the Bishop of Ely and the foreign ambassadors, were conducted to the king's Golden Tent, which had been pitched for this occasion about two miles from London. The first persons of the realm were waiting there; and the legate then put on his pontificals, that his entrance might be made in due form. From St. George's to London-bridge the road was lined on either side by all the monks and friars of the metropolis and the adjacent parts, and a great multitude of secular clergy; the latter were in their richest vestments; no fewer than sixty crosses of gold or silver were displayed in the ranks as so many standards: they received him singing hymns *propemodus divino ex more*, and, reverencing him as he passed, fumigated him with frankincense, and sprinkled him with holy water. There were four thousand horsemen in his train, and the procession extended two miles in length. At the foot of London-bridge two prelates awaited him in their pontificals, and presented him some relics to kiss, and such salutes were then fired, *ut multi aetrem ipsius rusticum opinarentur*. With such honours Cardinal Campeggio made his first entrance into this kingdom, where his second coming was, in its consequence, to deprive him of his bishopric, and bring about our deliverance from the bondage of Papal superstition and priesthood.

Shaxton was his successor, and the most honourable hour of his life was that in which he resigned the see rather than subscribe the law of the Six Articles—happy if his after conduct had corresponded to this magnanimous and virtuous action. John Capon was then translated to Salisbury from Bangor, a time-serving and unprincipled man, who qualified himself for this promotion by assenting to those bloody articles; held it by conforming to, and feigning to approve the principles of the Reformation under Edward VI.;—and continued to hold it by becoming an actor in the Marian persecution. He sat in judgment upon Hooper; and at Newbury, says Fuller, ‘he sent three martyrs to heaven in the same chariot of fire.’ One of these was Julius Palmer, who having been so zealous a Romanist, that he incurred expul-

sion from Magdalen College in Edward's reign, was so impressed by witnessing the death of Latimer and Ridley, that he began to search the Scriptures in order to ascertain the ground of that faith for which they had been content to suffer; and the result of that search was that he acknowledged the truth, and bore witness to it in the same manner. Capon's chancellor, Dr. Geffery, was more violent in carrying on the persecution than the prelate himself. It is said that he did not wait for the legal niceties of calling in the aid of the secular arm, but, when the point of heresy was proved, hurried his victims at once to the stake. This man was cut off by sudden death the very day before that on which he had appointed more than ninety persons to be examined by inquisition.

Upon Capon's death there was a contest between the pope and the queen concerning the next presentation. It was terminated by the happiest event for these kingdoms which it ever pleased God to dispense to them in his mercy, the death of Mary; an event of such transcendent importance to the Protestants, that it is recorded one man died of joy at the tidings, and another, being desperately diseased, was instantaneously restored to health. Elizabeth never made a worthier promotion than when she appointed Jewell to the vacant see. This excellent person had been qualified for such a station in such times, as well by the circumstances of his life, as by severe and methodised studies from his youth up. Parkhurst (afterwards Bishop of Norwich) whose portinist and pupil he was at Merton College, said of him at an early age, ‘Surely Paul's Cross will one day ring of this boy!’. It was his custom to begin his studies at four in the morning, and continue them till ten at night; his very recreations being studious, and his mind of that strength that it could bear continual tension, without losing its elasticity. His collections from what he read were digested so methodically, that the stores of his knowledge were always at command, but they were written in a short-hand of his own invention, which rendered them useless to others after his death; he had also, by some self-devised system of mnemonics, assisted his memory, which was by nature strong.—‘Whosoever,’ says Fuller, ‘seriously considereth the high parts Mr. Jewell had in himself, and the high opinion others had of him, will conclude his fall necessary for his humiliation.’ Jewell had shrank from martyrdom; but when he had escaped beyond sea to a place of safety, he did not shrink from publicly confessing his contrition for having, in a moment of human infirmity, signed the Popish articles; he pronounced his recantation in the pulpit at Frankfort, and saying, ‘it was my abject and cowardly mind and my faint heart, that made my weak hand to commit this wickedness;’ he asked pardon of God and of his church.

On Jewell's return to his own country, after the accession of Elizabeth, he was appointed one of the commissioners whom the queen sent into different dioceses to root out superstition, and plant the religion of the Gospel in its stead. When the commission was discharged, he accepted, not without much reluctance, the see of Salisbury, often saying in the words of the Apostle—‘he who desireth a bishopric desireth

a work.’ A work, indeed, he made it, and literally spent his life in its performance. His persecuting predecessor had so impoverished the see, that there was scarcely a living left to it sufficient for the maintenance of a learned man. ‘The Capon,’ he used to say, ‘has devoured all.’ To supply the want of able ministers thus occasioned, he travelled through his diocese, preaching in all parts, with exertions greater than his constitution could support.—This service was useful in those times; but it was only when Jewell addressed all Christendom from his study, that his great abilities and sound learning were adequately employed. Not Paul's Cross alone, according to the prediction of Parkhurst, who lived to see his prediction verified, but all Europe also, rang from side to side, with the challenge which he delivered at that Cross in his famous sermon, calling upon the Romanists to produce any evidence that the Romish doctrine concerning the mass and the monstrous superstition connected therewith, were known during the first six hundred years of the church. That challenge was accepted, but to the utter discomfiture of his opponents: and at this very day the champions of our church may find weapons of proof ready for their use in Jewell's armoury.

When this great man was dying, he called his household about his bed, and said to them—confessing then a second time that strength had failed him in the hour of trial—‘It was my prayer always unto Almighty God, since I had any understanding, that I might honour his name with the sacrifice of my flesh, and confirm his truth with the oblation of this my body unto death, in defence thereof; which, seeing he hath not favoured me in this, yet I somewhat rejoice and solace myself, that it is worn away and exhausted in the labours of my holy calling.’ Speaking, too, at that solemn hour, of his works, he said, ‘I have contended in my writings, not to detract from the credit of my adversary, nor to patronise any error (to my knowledge), nor to gain the vain applause of the world; but according to my poor abilities, to do my best service to God and his church.’ He had not completed his fiftieth year, but when his attendant, praying in the last hour beside his bed, came to the words ‘Cast me not away in the time of age,’ he made this application to himself; ‘he is an old man, he is truly grey-headed, and his strength faileth him who liveth on his death-bed.’ The ‘comprehensive elegy’ upon Jewell in Abel Redivivus has been erroneously ascribed to Fuller; the compiler, and in part only, the author of that volume.—Some of the poetry, he tells us, was written by Quarles, and indeed these verses bear his stamp.

Holy learning, sacred arts,  
Gifts of Nature, strength of parts,  
Fluent grace, an humble mind,  
Worth reform'd, and wit refind';  
Sweetness both in tongue and pen,  
Insight both in books and men,  
Hopes in wo and fears in weal,  
Humble knowledge, sprightly zeal,  
A liberal heart and free from gall,  
Close to friend and true to all,  
Height of courage in Truth's duel,  
Are the stones that made this Jewel.

Let him that would be truly blest,  
Wear this Jewel in his breast.'

But Fuller has, in another work, not less characteristically, pronounced his eulogy in prose: 'So devout in the pew where he prayed; diligent in the pulpit where he preached; grave on the banch where he assisted; mild in the consistory where he judged; pleasant at the table where he fed; patient in the bed where he died; that well it were if in relation to him *secundum usum Sarum* were made precedental to all posterity.' But the Romanists, with their wonted charity and their wonted truth, reported that the eloquence and power of argument which he had used to the bane of so many souls, was derived from a familiar devil, whom he kept in the shape of a favourite cat! What a contrast does the life of Jewell afford to that of St. Edmund!

The Church of England is beholden to Jewell, not for his own works alone, which were of such excellent service in his own time, but for that great work of Hooker also, which is for all ages. Hooker must have been apprenticed to some poor trade, if Jewell had not allowed a pension for his maintenance and education seven years before he was qualified for the university, and then placed and contributed to support him there. Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the instance of his playful and fatherly kindness to 'good Richard,' as he called him, which is so beautifully told by Isaac Walton, and which, to those who understand what these men were, and what the debt we owe to them, is perhaps the most touching recollection connected with Salisbury Cathedral;

'More sweet than odours caught by him who  
sails

Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,  
The freight of holy feeling which we meet  
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales  
From fields where good men walk, or bowers  
wherein they rest.'

Hooker was not the only object of this proper episcopal bounty. Bishop Jewell maintained several students at the university; and had, moreover, always in his house some six or more boys taken from humble life for their promising parts and good dispositions, to be brought up in learning. He foresaw too surely what consequences must result from the impoverishment of the church, and the consequent ignorance of the clergy, and in his own person did all that an individual could do, both by precept and example, toward averting the evil.

It would have been fortunate for Hooker if Jewell's life had been prolonged to a good old age, and it had been fortunate for the see also, which was grievously injured during Elizabeth's reign, when, through her favour, Sir Walter Raleigh despoiled it of the castle, park, and parsonage of Sherbourne; a transaction of which that remarkable person had the sin and the shame without ever enjoying what he had so unworthily obtained. 'He got it,' says Sir John Harrington, 'with much labour and travail, and cost, and envy, and obloquy, to him and his heirs, *habendum et tenendum*—but ere

it came to *gaudendum*, see what became of him!' Bishop Coldwell, who consented to this spoliation, is called by his contemporaries 'the second party delinquent in this plain sacrilege,' and seems to have been tempted to such betrayal of his trust by habits of reckless expenditure, no bishop of Sarum having died so notoriously in debt. His friends even buried him 'suddenly and secretly,' *sine lac, sine crux, sine clero*, as the old by-word is, 'lest his body should be arrested.' The alienation was confirmed by his successor Bishop Cotton, who is excused because he must otherwise have incurred the evil of a tedious suit against a powerful enemy. He was remarkable for having nineteen children by one wife, whose name was Patience—upon which Harrington takes occasion to say, 'the name I have heard in few wives, the quality in none.'

Fuller has not stated which bishop of Salisbury it was, who, when he held the small living of Hoggrington, had to deal with a *peremptory anabaptist*. This stiff personage said to him, 'it goes against my conscience to pay you tithes, except you can show me a place of scripture whereby they are due to you.' The doctor returned, 'why should it not go as much against my conscience that you should enjoy your nine parts, for which you can show no place of scripture?' To whom the other rejoined, 'But I have for my land deeds and evidences from my fathers, who purchased, and were peaceably possessed thereof, by the law of the land.' 'The same is my title,' said the doctor, 'being confirmed unto me by many statutes of the land, time out of mind.' Thus he drove that nail, which was not of the strongest metal, or sharpest point, but which would go best for the present. It was *argumentum ad hominem* fittest for the person he was to meddle with, who afterwards peaceably paid his tithes unto him.' This may probably have been Bishop Davenant, who was a Cambridge man, and was raised to that see on his return from the synod of Dort. Davenant left to his college a rent-charge of thirty-one pounds ten shillings, for the founding of two Bible clubs, and to purchase books for the use of the college.

During the calamitous years of the Great Rebellion the see was held by Dupper, who proved himself alike worthy of his station in prosperous and in adverse times. Among the many legacies which he bequeathed for charitable and religious purposes, was one of £500 to be expended in the repair of Salisbury Cathedral. The sum appears to have been ill-spent in what Mr. Britton notices as some 'material but not very tasteful alterations' in the choir. There was no want of munificence in the bishopric of that age. During the short time that Exeter was held by the villainous Gauden, he, in his impatience to be translated to a richer see, left both the Bishop's Palace and the Cathedral as he found them; the former in possession of a sugar-baker, and 'put to the sweet use' of that trade; the latter divided between the Presbyterians and Independents, and disfigured in the manner of a Scotch cathedral. And there were shops in it! That base imposter was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his wickedness. Soon after his departure the leases

fell in unexpectedly, (for he had complained 'that neither rent nor fine were expectable for a long time in any such proportion as could support him;) and his successor, Seth Ward, from the funds which were thus at his disposal, expended nearly £25,000 upon the cathedral. Bishop Ward carried with him the same spirit when he was removed to Salisbury. There he employed Sir Christopher Wren to survey the cathedral, and repaired both it and the palace at his own expense. There too he built and endowed his College of Matrons, for the support of ten clergymen's widows. A college he named it, and used to express his dislike if at any time he heard it called an hospital; for, said he, 'many of these persons are well descended, and have lived in good reputation. I would not have it said of them that they were reduced to an hospital, but retired to a college, which has a more honourable sound.' There was the grace as well as the virtue of charity in this—qualities which man has too often put asunder, when they never ought to be divorced.

Ward just lived till the Revolution. Of the bishops who have held the see since that epoch, it is sufficient to mention Burnet, Hoadley, Sherlock and Douglas, as names which must always be conspicuous in the history of the English church, and in English literature. To these the name of Burgess may now be added. It has been our fortune to differ in opinion from this exemplary prelate upon certain disputed points of criticism; but with far greater satisfaction do we bear testimony to his erudition, his beneficence, and that regard to the interests of his diocese, which will long be remembered and felt in the diocese of St. David's. The records of every English cathedral are not less rich in the names of men, who having ably and well discharged their duties while they lived, have in like manner left their works and their example to posterity—a reflection of which Englishmen might well be proud, if gratitude were not the emotion which we ought to feel toward that Providence under which the Church of England has been cleared of Romish superstitions, and delivered from Romish tyranny; raised from its ruins when it had been overthrown by sectarian madness; and from that time upheld in peace, to the blessing of these kingdoms.

Concerning the alterations in Salisbury Cathedral, which were made when the late excellent Bishop of Durham held that see, and which called forth so much discussion some thirty years ago, Mr. Britton has rather intimated than expressed his opinion. This good has arisen from the injury which was done there, that in subsequent undertakings of the same kind, the architect has come to his work with greater respect for the structures upon which he was employed, and a mind more imbued with the principles of Gothic architecture. A beautiful example of this may be seen at Winchester, where every thing that has been done is consonant to the character of the building. Nevertheless it should seem that these national monuments, for such pre-eminently they are, ought, as such, to be under national superintendence. Most of them have funds for keeping them in repair; there is now

little danger that these funds should be diverted from their proper purpose, (as they sometimes have been in former times,) nor that, when directed to the use for which they were appropriated, they should be injudiciously and injuriously applied. But these funds do not exist in every instance, nor are they always adequate to the required expenditure; and moreover there are other churches, originally of the same class, which when they lost their rank, were despoiled of their revenues also, and which are now suffering from time so greatly, that if their decay remain much longer unremedied, it must become irremediable. There is Hexham, for example, which for our own honour, as well as in becoming respect to our forefathers, ought to be preserved, while it is yet possible to preserve it. May we not then venture to suggest that these monuments of elder piety and of surpassing art, have a claim upon that national liberality which, not with the assent merely, but with the approbation of all parties in the state, has of late years most worthily been displayed in enriching our national collections with those treasures which it becomes a great nation to possess? and that government would consult the interest, and deserve the thanks of future ages, by appointing a commission to examine into the state of these national edifices, with the view of taking adequate measures for preserving what no expenditure could possibly replace?

There is one class of men, indeed, by whom any such measures would be opposed; and the temper and the capacity of that class have been admirably illustrated by Berkeley, when he represents himself as walking in St. Paul's, and meditating on the analogy between the building itself and the Christian church in its largest sense.

'The divine order and economy of the one,' he says, 'seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view—the happiness and exaltation of human nature. In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars: and it straightway came into my head, that the same fly was a free-thinker; for it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous; and nothing could appear but small inequalities on the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.'

It was said by a man of genius, that Westminster Abbey is part of the constitution. We cannot conclude better than by leaving the reader to reflect upon the serious truth which is conveyed in that lively expression.

*From Ackerman's "Forget Me Not."*

### THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

ROCKS of my country! let the cloud  
Your crested heights array;  
And rise ye like a fortress proud,  
Above the surge and spray!  
My spirit greets you as ye stand,  
Breasting the billow's foam;  
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,  
The sever'd land of home!  
I have left sunny skies behind  
Lighting up classic shrines,  
And music in the southern wind,  
And sunshine on the vines.  
The breathings of the myrtle flowers  
Have floated o'er my way,  
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours  
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.  
The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,  
The purple heavens of Rome—  
Yes, all are glorious; yet again  
I bless thee, land of home!  
For thine the Sabbath peace, my land,  
And thine the guarded hearth;  
And thine the dead, the noble band  
That make thee holy earth.  
Their voices meet me in thy breeze;  
Their steps are on thy plains;  
Their names, by old majestic trees,  
Are whisper'd round thy fanes:  
Their blood hath mingled with the tide  
Of thine exulting sea.—  
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,  
To live and die for thee!

*From the Monthly Review.*

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF INDIA,  
*from 1784 to 1823.* By Major-General Sir  
John Malcolm, G. C. B., F. R. S., &c. 2 vols.  
8vo. 11. 12s. London. Murray. 1826.

The name of Sir John Malcolm is deservedly a great authority on the affairs of India. His long residence in that country, his eminent services, both political and military, his unquestioned talents, and his thorough experience of, and acquaintance with, the character of the natives;—all these circumstances entitle his opinions to the most serious and respectful attention. He is not, however, to be heard altogether with implicit deference as an unbiased evidence; and it is no impeachment either of his integrity or judgment, to declare, that the whole course of his public life has been incompatible with the formation of any strictly impartial views of our Indian policy and government. For thirty years, he may be said to have been attached to the British administration of that empire: during a lengthened and honourable career, he has served in various ministerial capacities; he has been committed in various important transactions; and his mind has naturally been chained to the track of our eastern conquests. We entertain much esteem for his character, and in thus advertising to his situation as a man of a party, we

have not the slightest intention of depreciating his well-merited reputation: but in receiving his sentiments on any branch of Indian politics, it is necessary to remember the peculiar circumstances, by which they are likely to have been influenced and coloured.

The only complete and minute history of British India which we yet possess, is a laborious philippic; Mr. Mill has carefully exposed every error in the policy of the company, and every act of misconduct in its servants, which had ever, before he wrote, been charged against either. If Sir John Malcolm should undertake the full subject on the same scale, his history would contain all the arguments and facts which could be urged on the contrary part. He would avow himself the advocate of the system of territorial aggrandizement, and the champion of its necessity. For he applauds the measures of every administration under which it has been prosecuted: he is the eulogist of Clive and Warren Hastings, and, more warmly of course, of the Marquises of Wellesley and Hastings,—of the two men who commanded, and of the two who completed, (without encountering the same personal obloquy), the gradual subjection of all the native powers of India to our sceptre. He betrays upon all occasions a strong disposition to offer himself as the general apologist of the company. Whenever Mr. Mill has assailed, he would doubtless be found at his post to defend: the two writers would take the extreme and opposite sides of every question; and, as usual, the *in medio tutissimum*, &c. would be a necessary caution against the prepossessions of both.

Sir John Malcolm, however, has hitherto enabled us only to glean his opinions upon the constitution of our Indian empire, from views of detached and collateral portions of its history; and the work now before us is, in this respect, not much more comprehensive than the author's former memoirs upon India. Its ostensible design is “to give an account of the political administration of the several governments of India, since the passing of Mr. Pitt's bill, in 1784;” but the real object of the writer seems to have been, rather to bring the progressive condition and circumstances of our eastern empire, during the last forty years, into review in their relation to the future, than merely to offer an historical record of by-gone events. He has introduced the narrative of past transactions, only for the sake of illustrating the lessons of experience which, he conceives, it should furnish for the government of our possessions henceforward: and his work is much less a developed history, than a series of historical and political reflections. It is, in truth, so far from being an explicit and explanatory chronicle of events, that it pre-supposes throughout the reader's acquaintance with the general annals of British India, and descends into particulars only to discuss the motives and principles of action in successive governors. In the very restriction which he has imposed upon his undertaking, the author may plead an exemption from the necessity of treating of any other than political circumstances; and confining himself to these limits of his subject, he has avoided all detailed accounts of military operations, civil and domestic transactions, and

internal government. Thus, whether from the nature of his plan, or his manner of executing it, certain it is that his book will be intelligible to none but to those who may already possess some acquaintance with the rise and progress of the company's power, with the condition and character of the native states, and with the whole intricate story of the alliances, wars, and revolutions, which have established the universal supremacy of the British over India.

Viewed at all as a piece of regular history, these volumes form but a very disjointed, rambling, and indefinite work. The writer's whole sketch of the political administration of India, from 1784 to 1823, is concluded in his first volume; and the second opens with a retrospective chapter, which conducts us back to the age of Lord Clive, comments on the services of that nobleman and Warren Hastings, examines again the "company's progress to political power," and once more reviews the administration of each subsequent governor-general. From this chapter, the author passes to a second, entitled, "observations and reflections on the general administration of the Indian government in England." From thence he turns to consider the nature and composition of the "local government of India;" and he concludes the text matter of his volumes with a chapter of observations on the British community in India: Half Caster, or Anglo Indians,—Propagation of Christianity in India,—Free Press in India, &c. Lastly, to crown his work, he has a voluminous appendix of three hundred closely printed pages, containing:—copies of several state papers; a letter from the author to the Marquis of Hastings, written just before the last Mahratta war, and ably developing the attitude, politics, and disposition of the different native powers; a narrative of the author's proceedings in securing the surrender and abdication of the last Peishwa of the Mahrattas, Bajee Rao, (or Badjerow, as he prefers to call him), in 1818; a copy of a speech, also by the author, delivered at the India House, on the subject of the press in India; and finally, a transcript of instructions and orders (by the author again) furnished to officers acting under his orders in Central India, in 1821.

Of this last paper, however, we are bound to record, that it does equal honour to the head and the heart of the writer. Its object is chiefly directed to the line of conduct to be observed by the company's servants in their relations with the natives; and the system of treatment which it enjoins, while it indicates the shrewdest policy, founded on acute and masterly observation of the character of the people, teems with indulgence for their weaknesses, and anxiety for their protection and happiness.

Of the other unconnected pieces of the appendix, we shall only here stop to remark, that, from his speech at the India House, as well as his reflections in the text, we are not surprised to find the opinions of Sir John Malcolm strongly opposed to the freedom of the press in India. We shall add, that we imply from thence no suspicion of the liberality of his views. Yielding to no man in the zealous determination to uphold the principles of rational

freedom, wherever their operation is practicable, we are yet thoroughly convinced of the absurdity and madness of attempting to apply them, for ages to come, to the state of society in India. Our empire in that country is avowedly, innately, a despotism—a beneficent despotism, indeed, it should be the public care to render it. Many generations must pass before, if ever, a dawn of liberty can be cautiously opened upon the benighted Asiatic mind; and whenever we hear the cant of democracy employed in asserting the rights of a free press in India, we can only attribute the attempt, either to a political fanaticism, which is incapable of sane judgment, or to more premeditated designs of mischief. A free press in India would be an utter anomaly in a despotism: the continuance of its existence must ensure the subversion of the power which fostered it.—Even the agitation of the question has already been productive of evil; and when the Marquis of Hastings, with his characteristic thirst of popularity and flattery, was led to countenance the first sallies of a spirit which soon grew too bold for his control, he rendered himself heavily responsible for the event.

Of the incomplete, desultory, and miscellaneous character of the work before us, a sufficient idea may be gained from the abstract which we have given of its contents. Taken as a whole, it is obviously without any regularity of plan, and almost without any unity or consistency of design. It is, perhaps, of all professedly historical attempts, the most disorderly piece of patchwork which any writer of acknowledged abilities, in our times, has produced; and as a specimen of literary arrangement and composition, it is certainly by no means worthy of its author. But we speak only in censure of these imperfections in the general construction of the book. For nothing on Indian affairs, which falls from the pen of Sir John Malcolm, can be without instruction and interest; and however ill-assorted his materials, the information to be extracted incidentally from his discussions and reflections, on many questions of signal importance, is of the very highest value. As a dissertation on the future prospects of our Indian empire, on the necessity of some improved and enlarged system of government more suitable to its vast extent and recent aggrandizement, and generally, on the best means of promoting its security and permanence, every page of the book deserves to be read with the deepest attention. And here we can only regret, that the author has not followed out his inquiries to more definite and matured conclusions, and bestowed on the subject the full benefit of his great experience: instead of contenting himself, as he declares, with merely "giving his readers the means of forming their own judgments upon the various and extensive matter treated of in these volumes, rather than to press his opinions upon their adoption."

The first defect which is observable in the historical completeness of the work, is the late period in our eastern annals at which it opens. Its commencement is a mere re-print of an outline, published by the author fifteen years ago, under the title, by a curious transposition of language, of a sketch of *Political India*. This

he has now extended to the conclusion of the Marquis of Hastings' administration, as "the epoch at which the entire supremacy of the British power over all India was avowed and acknowledged." But he has still introduced his formal narrative, only from the action of Mr. Pitt's India Bill of 1784; and he has omitted to preface it by more than a few scanty pages of general remarks. He has given no detailed view of the early administrations of Clive and Warren Hastings, which planted the foundations of our territorial supremacy in the east, and a precise account of which is absolutely necessary for the right understanding of all the succeeding growth of our empire. It has been by a kind of after-thought that, in his second volume, the author endeavours to repair the defect of this omission, and reverts to a summary and still meagre inquiry into the origin of our political power in India, which should, at much greater length, have preceded all the matter of his first volume.

The whole political history of the Anglo-Indian empire is embraced in a period of less than eighty years; and this brief epoch has been sufficient for the completion of a gigantic fabric of sovereignty, such as, in the history of nations, it would ordinarily require the lapse of centuries to perfect. Of a period, at once so limited and so pregnant with mighty events, Sir John Malcolm has chosen only the latter half for his consideration; and yet it may safely be averred that, if the annals of the last forty years be more splendid and memorable in the career of aggrandizement, those of the forty which preceded, are not less fraught with instruction, as explaining the curious rise and silent advancement of this prodigious greatness. And, besides the inseparable connexion in the whole current of events, there is something, perhaps, even more singular and astonishing in the formation of the young and vigorous empire, which was created out of mere commercial relations, than in its final consummation and maturity, however rapid and sudden. There is, in short, far greater matter for admiration and curiosity, in the transition from the possession of a few mercantile factories in the middle of the last century, to the dominion over many extensive and rich provinces in 1784, than is to be found in the less unnatural progress of events, which has since that epoch led to the sovereignty of all India.

The origin of the British political power in the east, is ascribed by Sir John Malcolm to the cause commonly assigned by writers, who are satisfied with the repetition of received opinions. We are told that the ambition of the French under Dupleix, the famous governor of Pondicherry, to establish an eastern empire for their nation, comprehended the destruction of the British company; that the latter were compelled to arm in self defence; and that they thus found themselves, on the total overthrow of their rivals, suddenly raised to territorial power, where they had been struggling only for a commercial existence. This is true, to a certain extent, of the contest which about the epoch of the peace of Aix la Chapelle, arose on the Coromandel coast; and it explains the origin of the company's political

power, together with the extension of their territories, on the side of Madras. But the increased dominion and influence acquired under that presidency, had certainly very little connexion with simultaneous events in the Calcutta government; and the true rise of all the company's political power throughout India, is to be identified with the dawn of their sovereignty, not at Madras, but over the great provinces—kingdoms rather—of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. It was the superior importance of these acquisitions which has rendered their capital the permanent seat of the general government. Compared to them, the dependencies of Madras were of far inferior importance; and assuredly it was not the ambition and intrigues of the French which drove the British in Bengal to the fatal necessity of these innocent aggrandizements of 'self defence'; nor had the French war on the Coromandel coast, any real extension of moment to the politics of Bengal.

The company's political sovereignty in the Calcutta presidency, from whence their empire has overshadowed Hindostan, is in fact to be deduced solely from the war which the nabob of Bengal, Sujah Dowlah, commenced against their factories in 1756, with all the intemperance and ignorance of a barbarian despot. Whether he was the unprovoked aggressor, or had really serious cause of complaint in the injurious conduct of the company, appears never to have been clearly explained; and it is now of little moment to inquire. But the splendid talents, civil and military, of Clive, his signal triumphs in the field, and his unscrupulous policy, were certainly the first instruments of the political grandeur of the company. The treaty by which he and his colleagues in power conspired with the treason of Meer Jaffer, to depose Sujah Dowlah, gave the company their first supremacy over Bengal; and the pageant nabob, whom they afterwards set up and pulled down at will, were the mere creatures and tools of their power: used only to wring out their extortions, and to veil for a time the iron despotism of European traders, under the idle trappings of oriental state.

Before Clive, then designated only by his military rank of colonel, returned to England in 1761, his achievements had secured the substance of sovereignty over Bengal for the company: when, only four years later, ennobled and invested with unlimited authority, he was sent out to India a second time to reassume the direction of affairs, which had already fallen into disorder in his absence, he perfected his work. By a formal treaty with the emperor of Delhi—himself, but a phantom of sovereignty—Lord Clive seemed to obtain for the company a legal and recognised title to administer the perpetual government of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, of which they were already the real sovereigns. When impaired health obliged Lord Clive to resign his government again and to return to England, he left the British authority securely established over those great countries, the company's possessions in peace, and the civil and military departments under subordination and discipline.

To the victories, the treaties, and the administration of this extraordinary man, are the

company unquestionably indebted, then, for the great and primary foundations of their universal dominion in the east. That the means with which he wrought were always honourable, that even the public ends which he designed were justifiable, or that he preserved his own personal conduct as pure and unsullied as became a high-minded and heroic spirit, we are certainly very far from believing. But he was assuredly among the very ablest individuals, either as a commander or a statesman, whom our country has ever produced. By the kindness of his son, the earl of Powis, Sir John Malcolm has enjoyed access to all his papers; and these offer some remarkable evidence of his political sagacity and foresight. At an epoch when such a contingency had not even entered into the ambitious dreams of national speculation, we find him already predicting the necessity of establishing the universal empire of the company over India.—“We are at last arrived,” he observes, in a letter from India to a friend, “at that critical period which I have long foreseen: I mean that period which renders it necessary for us to determine whether we can or shall take the whole to ourselves.—I could have wished that our operations had been carried on upon a plan of more moderation, &c.—but since our views are extended, we must go forward; to retract is impossible.” In these and several other reflections, he displays a prophetic judgment on Indian politics, which, no less than many acts of his government, proves him to have been what Sir John Malcolm justly terms him, ‘a great practical statesman.’ Sir John, indeed, goes much farther, and pronounces a spirited eulogium upon his virtues as well as his talents: his generosity and disinterestedness, his humanity to the natives, his honourable and patriotic zeal for the public service. All the charges brought against so distinguished a character, are attributed to the virulent malice of a host of enemies in India, whose career of plunder he had checked; and all his public acts in that country are defended in general terms.

We are not prepared to take this eulogy upon trust: but we can conceive that the fair fame of Lord Clive may have been beyond measure—perhaps even without justice—asspersed; and be this as it may, we gladly on many accounts receive the pledge which Sir John Malcolm here gives. He promises to employ the valuable and interesting MS. collection of Lord Clive’s papers, which has been placed at his disposal, in the compilation of a memoir, that will equally illustrate the history of our rise to political power in India, and the character of that great man who may be called its founder! We shall welcome such a memoir as repairing an imperfection in these volumes, to which it would serve as an introduction; and we shall be curious to see the detailed case, upon which the author can establish his defence of the public and personal conduct of Clive. He will certainly bring the full seal of an advocate to the question; for all his official partialities are enlisted on behalf of the actors of our earlier aggrandizement. But we shall ourselves gladly yield to any conclusive evidence in favour of Clive, which can

warrant us in gracing the memory of talents so brilliant, with the higher attributes of patriotic virtue and personal integrity.

The administration of Warren Hastings forms the next step to that of Clive, in the growth of our Indian power. Like his great predecessor, Warren Hastings was appointed to assume the supreme authority in our eastern possessions, after an interval of disorder and anarchy; like him, he re-established and improved the public affairs with distinguished ability, but subjected himself, by the character of his measures, to general obloquy; and so, also, is he with Clive the object of Sir John Malcolm’s earnest, but indefinite, vindication. Here, too, we could desire from our author’s pen a far more minute memoir on the political character of Hastings’ government than he has afforded. As the next link to Lord Clive’s administration, it would complete the explanatory introduction to the matter of these volumes. The epoch of Warren Hastings’ government was certainly one of the highest importance in our eastern annals; and the general cast of his vigorous policy, both in relation to the native powers and in the internal regulation of the company’s dominions, no doubt greatly contributed to cement the growing strength of our empire. The affection still cherished for his memory by the people of India, is also in itself an honourable testimony in his favour. But we are at a loss to conceive how his most strenuous apologists could disprove, that his rule was too often marked by violence and wholesale injustice; even Sir John Malcolm is constrained to confess, that ‘the whole system over which he presided was corrupt and full of abuses.’

Opinions will vary upon the general merits of Warren Hastings’ public career, and the justice of the accusations against him; but whatever mixture of motives may be attributed to the celebrated men who conducted his impeachment, they certainly rendered their country an essential service in dragging to light the corruption and rapine, which prevailed in the local government of the company’s possessions. They disseminated, among the people of this country, a general knowledge of Indian affairs; they awakened watchful attention to the importance of our eastern dominions, and to the progress of events in them; and from that epoch, the consciousness of acting under the jealous eye of public opinion, has exercised a power over the conduct of our eastern functionaries, far more salutary and effectual than all the inadequate legislative checks which it has been attempted to impose.

The provisions of Mr. Pitt’s India bill, too, however defective in numerous respects, have undoubtedly had a most beneficial operation. By establishing a unity, and vigour of counsel and action in the local administration; by bringing the political affairs of the company under the control of the responsible executive government of the nation; and by thus subjecting the whole system to the direct and recognised interference of parliament, that bill has inextricably bound the subordinate Indian empire in close dependance upon the sovereign state. Under the combined influence of all these causes, the conduct of public servants in

India has, ever since, been more consonant with the honour, dignity, and virtue of the British name. No flagrant malversation and tyranny have, from that epoch, disgraced our rule; and the necessary discussion of Indian politics has been almost wholly confined to the expediency of the gigantic extension of dominion, which our empire has received.

It is chiefly with relation to this last question, that our author has examined the political history of India, from the year 1784, to the present time; and his object appears to be to defend both the justice and necessity of the system of aggrandizement, which has been pursued for forty years, with little intermission, until it has terminated in the universal supremacy of the British dominion. On the first of these points, he has argued with the warmth and prejudice of an official partisan; and we cannot help thinking, that he would here have done well to leave justice out of the question. Our eastern empire has been one throughout of mere absolute conquest, unsupported by a shadow of prescriptive right, or other well-founded pretension; and it is a strange obliquity of judgment which can measure its original establishment and subsequent growth by the standard of lawful possession. It was won and aggrandized, and must be maintained, if maintained at all, solely by the power of the sword, and the law of the strongest. Whatever rash and isolated aggressions of the native states may have provoked its extension, their hostility to our power was warranted upon the broad maxims of self-defence; and it might be justified by every aspiration after national independence, which is dignified in our northern world by the sacred name of patriotism, or the manly principle of impatience under a foreign yoke. We had never a right to plant a foot on their soil; and no sophistry can evade the fact, that it is we who have ever been the real aggressors in all our triumphal struggles with them.

The plea of necessity is the only one that can in any measure excuse the continual extension of our conquests; and here we perfectly agree with our author, that, "from the day on which the company's troops marched one mile from their factories, the increase of their territories and their armies became a principle of self-preservation." The opinion of Clive, that "to go forward was inevitable, to retract impossible," was not more prophetic than it was founded on necessity. Since empire had been seized, it would have required a purity of public virtue, or rather a quixotism, of which there is no example in the history of nations, to have abandoned such precious acquisitions, and resigned the wealth of "the gorgeous east" upon a scruple of conscience. The very contemplation of such a self-denial of national prosperity would be to argue a gross absurdity. But such a question we may safely leave to the responsibility of our forefathers to settle: the empire has been gained, and it is for the rulers of our age to consecrate its original wrong, by a worthy employment of it to the happiness and moral improvement of subject millions. We could not, if we would, relinquish it without a new injury to the people, whom we have reduced to a state of helpless dependence upon

the protection of our good government. We sincerely believe, moreover, that all India has gained largely by the supremacy of our sceptre; and on the reality of the benefits which it may confer upon the natives, must the true glory of our dominion be based.

In reflecting on the course pursued by the successive administrators of British India, since the foundation of the board of control, the bias of Sir John Malcolm's mind is evidently to try the merits of each by his adoption or rejection of the system of conquests. At least, notwithstanding the famous resolution of parliament embodied in Mr. Pitt's act,—"that to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of Great Britain,"—it has so occurred, that all the governors who disregarded the letter and spirit of this declaration, are the objects of our author's special eulogy; while they who regulated their policy in sincere obedience to it, are dismissed with brief notice and small commendation. Thus Cornwallis (in his first administration), Wellesley, and Hastings, whose successive conquests have enlarged our empire to its present vast extent, all receive his warm and unqualified tribute of admiration and praise: but not so any of their more pacific brethren. Sir John Shore, since Lord Teignmouth, at once a most able and amiable man, is coldly praised for the best intentions, while the wisdom of his policy is openly condemned; even Lord Cornwallis, in his second brief government, when he was sent out avowedly to arrest the march of our conquests, is far less lauded than before, and described as having declined at once in bodily health and mental energy; Sir George Barlow is passed over with silent denial of approbation; and Lord Minto is only "damned with faint praise," until towards the conclusion of his government, a disposition is discovered in his measures to have abandoned his attitude of peaceful policy.

For our own parts, we are persuaded that the security of the British empire in India, has been fully as much promoted by the healing policy of these peaceful administrators, as by the victories of more warlike governors. Our belief that the gradual extension of our empire was inevitable we have already declared; but we are also convinced that in proportion to the rapidity of its growth must be its danger. The incessant acquisition of new territory, before the natives of the provinces lately conquered could be habituated and reconciled to British rule, must involve all the weakness and insecurity of crude and unsettled dominion. That the growth of our Indian supremacy has already been far too rapid, and that but a very small proportion of the native population has in consequence had time to acquire an hereditary affection and habitude for our government, are facts we believe which every one conversant with Indian affairs will readily admit. What then, we would ask, must have been the aspect of our dominions, if, instead of being marked by some intervals of tranquil policy, the government had been uninterrupted, since the year 1784, in the hands of men of such ardent temperament and brilliant talents

as Lord Wellesley? The dangerous crisis of our universal supremacy in India would have been hastened by at least the last quarter of a century; and we conceive that there is much public gratitude due to the men, whose more cautious and self-denying abstinence from ambitious projects, has retarded so forced and unnatural a maturity of our power.

In following the division of Sir John Malcolm's first volume, into the successive administrations of governors-general since the year 1784, that of Lord Cornwallis forms the brilliant and prosperous outset of the new system, which commenced under the board of control. The selection of that nobleman to exercise the supreme authority in India, was extremely favourable to the first successful operation of Mr. Pitt's act. Lord Cornwallis's elevated rank and honourable character, which placed him above the influence of the ministers of the crown, or the fear of the court of directors, secured him the respect and zealous obedience of the civil and military servants of the company; while the high powers with which he was invested, were of themselves sufficient to bear down every attempt at opposition to his authority. If Lord Cornwallis's appointment was fortunate for the public service, it was equally happy for his own fame. His Indian career became, beyond all dispute, that part of his public life on which his friends might dwell with the least alloy of gratification. In the American war, he had expressed his conviction of the justice of the cause for which the colonists fought; and yet he had not scrupled to serve against them. In the contest which terminated with his capitulation at York-town, if he had lost no personal honour, he had at least reaped no laurels. In Ireland, at a subsequent period, he had to engage, in compassing the Union, in a series of transactions of secret intrigue and open bribery, to which, however desirable the general measure of uniting the kingdoms, it might be thought that no man of nice and jealous honour would willingly be a party. But in India, his intermediate course, more worthy of his fair personal character, was splendid and unclouded: the reforms which he introduced into the internal administration of our possessions, were of the highest importance and acknowledged utility; and he had the glory, in his political measures towards our allies and enemies, of exalting the renown of the British name, of commanding respect, and diffusing salutary terror for the British power, and of increasing by council and arms the strength and extension of the empire entrusted to his sway.

Yet even in Lord Cornwallis's administration in India, the principles of the policy which he pursued have seldom been accurately stated. It has been pretended that he was unwillingly forced into a war by the wanton aggressions of Tippoo Saheb; and much praise has been bestowed upon his wise moderation, as well in the outset as in the conclusion of the struggle, in which he first broke the power of the sultan of Mysore. But if all circumstances be fairly weighed, they will take from Tippoo's proceedings much of the character of unprovoked hostility which has been ascribed to the conduct of that prince. Lord Cornwallis, on his

arrival in India, found the power of the sultan elevated to an alarming height for the interests of our empire. He was restrained by the provisions of Mr. Pitt's act against schemes of conquest, from anticipating danger by becoming the first assailant; but he did not scruple, by an indirect contrivance, to renew a treaty of some years' standing with the Nizam of the Deccan, and to convert it into a league against Tippoo: and thus, as Sir John Malcolm is reduced to confess, "his desire of not violating the letter of the act of parliament would appear to have led to a trespass of its spirit upon this occasion, by the revival of an offensive treaty against Tippoo Sultann," although we were then at peace with that sovereign. Tippoo was thus naturally filled with apprehension; and our author admits that Lord Cornwallis, feeling the necessity of curbing the ambition of the sultan, was led by parliamentary restrictions to pursue a course "not only questionable in point of faith, but more irritating to Tippoo than an avowed defensive league for the legitimate purpose of limiting his power." There is no difficulty in concluding, that the subsequent war, into which the unfortunate despot was goaded, had on his part more the character of self-preservation than of "inordinate ambition."

The mode in which Lord Cornwallis conducted that contest, after it had once commenced, will ever reflect the highest honour upon his memory as a statesman. His address, in forming the triple league against Tippoo, between the company, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas; his skilful operations in crushing the sultan's resources; and the perfect reliance on his personal integrity and good faith with which he finally knew how to inspire both his jealous allies and defeated enemy, are all proofs of signal political ability. His moderation as a conqueror at the gates of Seringapatam, in leaving Tippoo the half of his dominions, has been often applauded: the praise might more justly be transferred to his sagacity in foreseeing that the total ruin of the sultan, and the disposal of his capital and central provinces, would increase the difficulty of an agreement among the victorious allies.

The temporary settlement of southern India by the treaty of Seringapatam, which may be said to have closed Lord Cornwallis's administration, was a memorable epoch in the establishment of our Indian power. In commenting upon the neutral and pacific policy to which his lordship's successor, Sir John Shore, reverted, our author can see only the partial disadvantages to which it seemed to have led, in the renovation of Tippoo's power, and the aggrandizement of the Mahratta chieftains. But he entirely overlooks the improvement of our own resources, during the six years of profound and undisturbed peace which the company's possessions thus enjoyed. When the vigorous and brilliant administration of the Marquis Wellesley commenced, however, a crisis had certainly arrived, which demanded a more daring and decisive system than Lord Teignmouth had felt himself justified by any necessity in adopting. The romantic schemes of ambition, and the skilful intrigues of the

French military adventurers, at the capitals of the native princes, had silently organized a French party, and combined a plan against the British power, throughout all India. Their arts had obtained a dangerous influence at the courts of the Nizam and the Mahratta Sindhia, large bodies of whose troops were disciplined under their absolute control; and Tippoo Sultan, cherishing implacable vengeance against his conquerors, lent himself to the wildest hopes from a French alliance.

The vast plan which the comprehensive mind of Lord Wellesley immediately embraced for the total overthrow of all these hostile combinations, and the almost incredible rapidity with which he executed it, are among the most wonderful circumstances in our eastern annals; and it must be confessed, that the achievements of his political administration threw the services of all other British statesmen in India far into the shade. The peaceful reduction of the Nizam again to the condition of a dependent ally, was the first fruit of his energetic policy. It was almost immediately followed by the total overthrow of Tippoo, and the politic establishment of the old Hindoo dynasty of Mysore upon the ruins of the throne, which the Sultan so heroically defended to his last hour. Then the amicable subjection of the Peishwa of the Mahrattas by the British force, which he received for his protection at Poonah; the destruction in successive victories of Sindia's French brigade; and the breaking of the predatory empire of that chieftain and Holkar; were all, in succession, measures of rapid and sure preparation for the universal supremacy of the British sceptre.

There can be no doubt that, if Lord Wellesley had been suffered to remain but two or three years longer in the country, he would at once have completed his great work; but astonishment and alarm were mingled in the feeling of the public authorities of Great Britain, at the prodigy of his gigantic success: and it is perhaps fortunate that he was arrested in the too sudden consummation of his conquests. The three pacific administrations which followed, of Lord Cornwallis again, of Sir George Barlow, and of Lord Minto, afforded some space for the gradual settlement of the company's widely extended dominion. This interval of fifteen years served to prepare the minds of the natives for our avowed assumption of general sovereignty. During so judicious a pause and suspension of onward activity, a new generation had sprung up in India, habituated to the respectful contemplation of our power; and then came the vigorous administration of the Marquis of Hastings, which was in fact only a continuation of that of Lord Wellesley.

Renewing implicitly the policy of his greater predecessor, and now with the sanction of the authorities at home, Lord Hastings deserves the honour—in itself a work of glory—of having ably consummated, in the march of our sovereignty, all that remained to be done.—And upon this occasion, at least, not a shade of doubt could be cast both upon the necessity and the justice of the proceeding which our Indian government adopted. The system of

predatory incursion, which the Pindaree hordes had for some years been pursuing with increasing audacity, had now become intolerable.—The annual desolation which those freebooters carried through the territories of the subject-allies of the British, and even through the immediate dominions of the company, spread terror through the whole peninsula; and the secret support which the Mahratta princes rendered to the plunderers, imperiously demanded the interference and vengeance of our government. The British were the only power who could repress this lawless system of devastation; and, as the real lords of India, it became with them a paramount duty, to maintain the public peace, and to ensure repose and security to the millions of people who were wholly dependent on their protection. Lord Hastings certainly encountered the great necessity of exterminating the Pindarees, and disarming the Mahratta princes, with a judgment, a vigour, and an enlarged combination of measures, which proved fully adequate to the magnitude of the occasion, and ensured the most triumphant success.

The wisdom of the subsequent settlement of India was equally worthy of praise. On the dethronement of the Peishwa, and the final dissolution of the Mahratta empire of Poonah, an expedient was still used, as in Mysore, for the desirable restoration of a native state out of its wreck. The legitimate heir of the Mahratta dynasty of Sivjee was liberated from the captivity to which the Peishwa had condemned his race, and placed upon the throne of his ancestors at Satarah. The same well-founded policy of preserving as long as possible the existence of the native governments, placed them under a safe subjection, in preference to transferring their states altogether to our immediate dominion. Of the Mahratta princes, Sindia was not dethroned, but a strong curb was set upon his power; and the territories of the Bhonslays, Rajahs of Nagpore, were only taken into British administration for a period.

Thus, with all possible prudence, has the universal supremacy and paramount sovereignty of the British government been proclaimed and completed over all India. The law which forbade conquest and interference is now, as our author observes, a mere dead letter; and the interest of any discussion on the principles which have regulated the past political history of British India, is lost and swallowed up—he might have added—in the superior attraction of that anxious speculation, which may well be directed to the present aspect, and future prospects of our immense empire.

We have already expressed our regret that, on these subjects, the volumes before us do not afford all the well-arranged conclusions of experience, and all the explicit suggestions for political improvements, which no man should better qualified to offer than Sir John Malcolm. The inconveniences in the form both of the controlling government in England, and of the local executive administration in India, are universally acknowledged. The whole system, in its present operation, is admitted to be utterly unequal to the enormous extension

which our power has received since its enactment. Add to these facts, that the questionable condition of the civil and military establishments of the company, requires the most grave and patient consideration; and all these subjects gain an increased importance and imminent weight, as the period approaches when the termination (in 1833) of the company's existing charter of territorial empire, shall lead to parliamentary discussion on the propriety of once more renewing it. If Sir John Malcolm, instead of contenting himself with a few crude declamations, should apply the materials of his experience, and the strength of his mind, to produce a well-digested essay on these vital subjects, for the existence of the Anglo-Indian empire, he will be performing a public service yet greater than any that has hitherto distinguished his career.

The ill-arranged, and, as it would appear, hasty observations on these questions which he has put together in the present work, are very far from satisfying our expectation of his powers. He has rather stated difficulties, than suggested their remedy. It is not for us to attempt, in this place, an examination of what might be proposed; but the desiderata are sufficiently obvious. The most glaring and primary imperfections are to be found in the nature of the controlling Indian administration in England. So anomalous a system of government, it perhaps never before entered into the head of man to conceive. Mr. Pitt's bill was declared by himself to have been only a temporary experiment, amidst a choice of inconveniences; and that some great change has become necessary, if only to suit the prodigious aggrandizement of the empire within the last forty years, no well-informed person will be hardy enough to deny. The present constitution of the government is a strange medley of functions, between a board of control and a court of directors: the members of the former being British statesmen, bringing to their office no peculiar acquaintance with India; and those of the latter not statesmen at all, but individuals chosen by accident, through commercial and monied interest, or private intrigue. Yet the board of control are the real political governors of India, and the court of direction the dispensers of patronage, and, in theory at least, the nominators to the highest offices of state.

The very existence of the court of directors, as a political body, will be put to the hazard by the question of the renewal of the company's political privileges; and inefficient as is the government of such a body, every friend to constitutional principles will dread to see the whole enormous patronage of the Indian empire transferred to the hands of the ministers of the crown. Sir John Malcolm is evidently a strong advocate for the continuance of the company's government, though he sees all its deficiencies. But he has no settled plan for its improvement; and his only feasible suggestion is, for the mixture in the board of control of some individuals, who have held high public office in India, with the immediate ministers of the crown: upon the same principle which composes the board of admiralty of lay and naval lords. The amalgamation of some

sound practical and local experience of Indian politics, with the general knowledge and enlarged views of a British administration, seems indeed to be the first necessary step in improving the operation of the controlling executive powers.

On the subject of the local government of India, every hint afforded by Sir John Malcolm must have its value. He would appear to recommend a greater subdivision of authority,—of course under the supremacy of a governor-general,—by the appointment of secretaries for the general departments of state, of a subordinate governor to the presidency of Fort William, as well as those of Madras and Bombay; and of lieutenant-governors to many of the internal and distant provinces. And he also suggests some general, though vague, reforms in our judicial, police, and financial systems in India.

But the whole fabric of our Indian administration must be taken under revision, to meet the exigencies of the empire. A system applicable to the season of progressive dominion may be totally inconsistent with an established and stationary order of things. The very tranquillity and apparent security of our power, must have a tendency to relax the springs of all our institutions, to convert the duties of the state into a mere sluggish routine, and to promote lethargy and inaction in the civil and military services. Even the relations of the subordinate servants of government with the natives will need a watchful superintendence to avert consequences of incalculable mischief. If ever, in the pride of power, it be forgotten, by what means our empire has been established, its downfall will be precipitated by our own hands.

Unshaken firmness and activity in our government, tempered with a scrupulous regard to the religious prejudices and civil rights of the people of India, can alone command their respect and win their affection. The sincere desire to improve their moral and political condition, must be exercised with the utmost caution and prudence in its gradual operation.—Such, altogether, can be the only path of successful duty, and may afford the only hope of perpetuating our empire. That empire has been acquired, extended, consolidated by the transcendent energy of the British mind; but the far more arduous problem remains behind, and unresolved: how to govern permanently, to guard, and to preserve it.

#### *From the Forget-Me-Not.*

#### THE LOVER TO HIS FAITHLESS MISTRESS.

WHEN life's enchanting dream was new;  
Our feelings and pursuits the same,  
Beneath the veil of Friendship grew,  
In our young hearts Lov'n's warmer flame:  
Together through youth's path we trod,  
With bosoms light, and spirits gay;  
While Pleasure met us on our road,  
And strew'd her flowrets o'er our way.  
If e'er a thought did intervene  
While Pleasure's fairy race was run,

Twas but to wish some future scene  
Should see us yet more closely one :  
This was the hope, whose magic power,  
When absent from each other's eyes,  
Through many a lone and ling'ring hour,  
Could calm our griefs and hush our sighs.

How soon those blissful days have changed !  
A few brief circling years gone by ;  
In hearts, in hopes, in all estranged,  
With changeless cheek, and unmoved eye,  
And stedfast brow, and distant mien,  
Without one rising sigh of pain,  
Forgetful of each earlier scene,  
We coldly meet—and part again !

Yes !—it is so—a few short years  
Have heal'd this almost broken heart,  
And chased away those bitter tears  
That flow'd when doom'd from thee to part ;  
And wherefore longer should they flow,  
Since Thou hast found another breast  
To share thy joy, to cheer thy wo,  
And make thy life's young morning blest ?

Indif' rent to each other's lot,  
Along life's chequer'd scene we stray ;  
Each feeling now subdued, forgot  
The passion of youth's happier day.  
Indif' rent !—no, that ne'er can be !  
My heart still owns a sacred flame ;  
Still feels a Brother's love for thee  
Which Virtue's self would blush to blame.

When in "the haunts of men" we meet,  
Why should it be with scornful air ?  
Why should thine eyes from mine retreat,  
As if a scorpion's met thee there ?  
Oh ! better learn to know the heart  
That once was deeply, wholly thine ;  
And though Love's links are torn apart,  
Let Friendship's still around us twine.

MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

From the *Monthly Review*.

**THE GERMAN NOVELISTS:** *Tales selected from ancient and modern Authors, in that Language : from the earliest Period down to the close of the Eighteenth Century. Translated from the Originals, with Critical and Biographical Notices. By Thomas Roscoe. Four vols. 8vo. 11. 18s. London. Colburn. 1826.*

We can scarcely imagine any task of editorial management more embarrassing than that which Mr. Roscoe has chosen to impose upon himself; as well in the present undertaking, as in his previous and similar series of the Italian Novelists. In languages abounding in works of fiction, it must be exceedingly difficult to regulate the preference of such specimens; and it is marvellously easy to discover that the collection, when made, might have been better composed. For a cabinet of national tales, the limits of a few volumes can never thoroughly satisfy the object desired, nor enable the compiler to avert every charge that may be raised against his judgment. Something must always be omitted that it may be declared proper to have inserted; and some pieces will still be found in the series, that the

fastidious critic could desire to replace by others (in his opinion) of superior merit.

Perplexing as we know the business of selection in these cases to be, and obvious and common-place as is the power of raising a hundred objections against even the best choice of such difficulties, we shall carefully abstain from all rigid criticism on the mere plan of the English version of the "German Novelists," which Mr. Roscoe has offered to our notice. A more voluminous collection than he has given, might only have proved repulsive or wearisome to the public taste; and within the limits to which he has restricted himself, he has perhaps collected as much variety, and exhibited as many characteristic specimens of the imaginative prose literature of Germany, as it was possible to compress into four moderately sized volumes. We will promise the English reader that the series of these selected tales shall sufficiently familiarize him with the whole tenor of German fiction; that they shall give him a full insight into the peculiar passion for the wild and the horrible, the monstrous and the grotesque, which seems to have belonged to the Teutonic mind in all ages; and that they shall enable him thoroughly to appreciate the nature and real value of the romantic literature of Germany, which, among us, it has been for some years so much a fashion to extol. More than all this, no collection of the kind can of itself aspire to effect.

The numerous translations of single German novels which have lately appeared,—Mr. Soane's specimens of the national romance, which we noticed in a late number,\* this series of pieces which Mr. Roscoe has selected, —and the similar collection promised from the pen of Mr. Gillies,—all these publications will have rendered our language the repository for a great portion of the best and worst German fictions; and our veriest homebred lovers of letters may henceforth judge for themselves, of what materials the imagination and taste of the Germans are compounded.

We suspect that the result of this more intimate acquaintance will not tend to support, still less to increase, whatever measure of respect may happen to have been entertained for the national mind of that people. In truth, its all-pervading quality is only unbounded extravagance, both of fancy and feeling. The German novelist almost invariably confounds the monstrous conceptions of whatever is most strange, terrific, and impossible, with the legitimate province of imagination. He "sups his full of horrors," and has only a nightmare for the result. He cares not how violently and absurdly he outrages all the laws of the natural world: it is enough if he has spurned the bounds of real creation, and it matters not whether he may speed in the insanity of his course. He has the complacent conviction that he must be soaring in the elevation of genius, only because he has quitted the region of common sense. No German writer of novel or romance, seems ever to have the most distant suspicion, that it is possible to fall into absurdity; nor to be moved with the slightest dread of the ridiculous: nothing is too revolt-

\* See *Monthly Review*, No. x. p. 464.

ing and unnatural in horror, too puerile and inconsistent in design, too grovelling or too absurd in detail, for his diseased invention. In the relation of domestic fortunes, he mistakes frothy rhapsody for "the sentiment of the heart," voluptuous impurity of thought for the workings of the finer passions, loose morality for metaphysical causation, affection for pathos, buffoonery for humour, and ribaldry for wit.

We refer not here to any two or three German writers in particular, nor even to any single class of productions among the stores of their national fiction, but to the general features and attributes of their imaginative literature. Doubtless, there are a few pieces of very high merit in German fiction, but these can form no average standard of excellence; and we are convinced that the great mass of less worthy specimens, which the zeal of translators has clothed in an English garb, will go far to reduce German imaginative literature to its proper estimation in this country. By the partiality of a few scholars, its enthusiastic admirers, it has certainly been vastly overrated; and their report has been implicitly credited by all persons not better informed: the public can now decide for itself.

In opening these volumes, we had expected to find Mr. Roscoe's translations prefaced by an essay on the history of German fiction. Such a paper would form a natural and obvious introduction to a work, which professes to offer a "selection, with critical and biographical notices, from ancient and modern authors, in that language, from the earliest period to the close of the last century." It must form, we presume, a necessary part of such an undertaking, to describe the rise and progress of imaginative narration among the people, one great department of whose literature was thus to be displayed. Some attempt, we conceived, would be made to trace the remote origin of traditions and legends, which have been used for the foundation of popular national tales, and become interwoven with the superstitions, tastes, and manners of the country; and the transition would be gradual and consecutive, to observe the important influence of these early productions upon the inventive talent of later ages.

But we have been disappointed: Mr. Roscoe has wholly shrunk from the effort to present us with any introductory and explanatory sketch of this kind; and he has used a short and meagre preface only to plead his apology and justification for the omission. He dwells much on the difficulties of such an attempt, on the dry and repulsive nature of "black-letter researches," and on the incompatibility of antiquarian inquiries with the light and popular materials of his text. He declares his fear of fatiguing the attention of his readers; and concludes, in modesty or indolence, with confessing his own want of ability for the learned office of a commentator. We cannot assent to any part of this reasoning. Antiquarian researchers are only wearisome and uninteresting, when they are abandoned to mere laborious drudges, who infect their subject with their own dulness. Our Wartons, our Percys, our Ellises, and Scotts, are brilliant examples of

the easy and elegant attraction, which minds gifted with imagination and taste can throw around such studies. And the difficulties of an essay on the narrative fiction of Germany, should surely in this day be regarded with no alarm by a mind of ordinary learning, ingenuity, or industry.

The materials for a complete, and at the same time light and general view of the subject, are in fact abundant. The excellent remarks on ancient Teutonic poetry and romance, contained in Weber's Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, carry the inquirer back to the first faint dawn of German fiction; and various modern works by learned natives, may lead him through the rise and progress of the national imaginative literature. In the ingenious and erudite prefaces to the *Folks-sagen* of Von Otnar, and the *Folks-märchen* of Gottschalck, there exists a rich mine of knowledge, on the popular traditions of Germany, and the stories founded thereupon. Flögel's History of Comic Literature (*Geschichte der Komischen Litteratur*) curiously marks the growth of the national humorous fiction, such as it is, which can provoke the slow merriment of all classes of his phlegmatic countrymen.—The *Folks-bücher* of Görres, and the *Folks-sagen* of Büsching, contain in themselves sufficient matter for illustration and evidence, on the composition and progressive increase of the stores of popular fiction; and the well-known Kinder und Haus-märchen of those able and enthusiastic antiquarians, the brothers Grimm, are accompanied by the most valuable notices on the various tales which were produced, or naturalized, in their country, during the middle ages. With all this mass of German fiction, and all the learning of German commentators before us,—and Mr. Roscoe is evidently and necessarily familiar with the writings of several of them,—it is really idle to talk of a want of materials, or of the difficulties of composing a prefatory and comprehensive view of their common subject. The absence of such an introduction is a serious defect in this work.

The early prose fiction of Germany constitutes by far a more curious and attractive fund of whimsical entertainment, than the more ambitious, and not less extravagant, productions of her modern novelists and romance writers. We can tolerate the absurdities of a rude age, and smile over the tales of fantastic wonderment and preternatural terror, which exercised the credulity, and raised the awe, of a simple and superstitious people. We read such things for the evidence which they afford of the state of society in half civilized times.—They teach us to mark the first wild and uncultivated flights of imagination; they show us how the early tastes of nations were moulded, how their feelings were awakened, their manners formed and affected; and often how rude precepts of virtue were inculcated. They smack of the quaint attributes of their times, both in the writers and listeners. We view the gross extravagances of such works, through a very different medium from that in which it is possible to regard the grave follies and vitiated taste of the national fictions of these days. It is difficult to extend our toleration to the

elaborate extravagances of modern German romance, which, in the boasted age of cultivated knowledge and refinement, would rival the monstrous improbabilities, without being able to claim the originality, of a barbarous intellect.

The first story of the olden time, which Mr. Roscoe has printed in his collection, is the pleasant history of Reineke Fuchs, or Reynard the Fox. The origin of this amusing tale is involved in much obscurity; and the most ancient extant version of it bears date no higher than the fifteenth century. But it appears among the earliest printed works of Germany and England; and we have no doubt that the original was of far greater antiquity. At whatever precise time it was composed, it is assuredly one of the most curious satires of the middle ages; and the vein of sly and caustic humour which runs through it, would do no discredit to the mordacious talent of Swift himself. It was evidently personal in its application; and whether the prototype of the principal character was chancellor of the duchy of Juliers, or a duke of Lorraine, as the wisdom of divers German commentators has variously discovered, Reynard the Fox will ever have his exemplars in the annals of human courts. He is the wily minister and favourite of the king of the beasts; and by his endless plots and intrigues, he not only imposes upon his royal master, the lion, but throws the whole forest court into disorders, which he turns to his egregious and manifest profit. Instead of attempting a modern translation from the German, Mr. Roscoe has here, judiciously enough, used an old English version of the tale, the language of which has a quaintness somewhat in keeping with the antiquity of the original. We must find room to illustrate the whimsical conduct of the allegory.

At a solemn court of the beasts, held by Lion the autocrat, divers animals came forward to prefer charges of murder, felony and other high crimes and misdemeanors against the absent Reynard. Sir Isegrim the wolf, Curtise the hound, the panther, and Kayward the hare, have all their accusations of him to make before the throne of majesty. But Grimbard the goat, the kinsman of Reynard, replies to them with the following goodly defence:—

"Then spoke Grimbard, who was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved by anger: 'Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common proverb, that "malice never yet spake well"; and what can you advance against my kinsman, Reynard? I wish you had only to encounter the risk, that whichever of you had most injured the other, was to be hanged, and die a felon's death; for I tell you, were he here in court, and as much in our monarch's favour as you are, it would be but small satisfaction for you to beg mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and much oftener than I can reckon; though I will recal some instances to your shame. Can you have forgotten how you cheated him in regard to the plaiice which he threw down from the cart, while you followed aloof for fear? Yet you devoured the good plaiice alone, and left him nothing but the bones, which you could not eat yourself. You

played the same trick with the fat fitch of bacon, which was so good, that you took care to devour the whole of it yourself. When my uncle entreated his share, you retorted with scorn: 'Fair young man, you shall surely have your share,' and yet you gave him nothing, although he won it at great hazard, inasmuch as the owner contrived to catch my kinsman in a sack, from which he with difficulty got away with his life. Such injuries hath this Isegrim done to Reynard; and I beseech your lordships to judge if they are sufferable. Again he complains, that my kinsman hath wronged him in his wife; and true it is, that Reynard could boast her favour seven years before friend Isegrim did wed her. But if my uncle, out of courtesy, did pay her attentions, what is that to him? he took her for better and worse; nor ought he to complain of any foregoing transaction not belonging to him. Wisdom, indeed, would have concealed it, for what credit can he get by the slander of his own wife, especially when she is not aggrieved!

"Next comes Kayward the hare, with his complaint in his throat, which seems to be a mere trifle. If he will learn to read and sing, and read not his lesson aright, who will blame the schoolmaster for giving him a little wholesome correction: for if scholars are not sometimes beaten and chastised, depend upon it, they will never learn. Lastly, Curtise complains, that he had stolen a pudding with infinite pains out of the window, at a season when victuals are scarce. Would not silence better have become such a transaction? for he stole it: 'Male quesisti, et male perdidisti'; it was evil won, and evil lost; and who shall dare to blame Reynard for the seizure of stolen goods from a thief? It is reasonable, that he who understands law, and can discern equity, being also of high birth, as my kinsman is, should do justice to the law. Nay, had he hanged up the hound when he took him in the fact, he could have offended none but the king in doing justice without leave. Yet, out of respect to his majesty he did it not, though he reaps small thanks for his labour; thus subjected to the vilest calumnies, which greatly affect him. For my uncle is a true and loyal gentleman, nor can he endure falsehood; he does nothing without the counsel of the priest, and I assert, that since our lord the king proclaimed peace, he never dreamed of injuring any man. He lives like a recluse; only eats one meal a day, and it is now a year since he tasted flesh, as I have been truly informed by some of his friends who saw him only yesterday. He has moreover left his castle Malepardus, and abandoned his princely establishment, confining all his wishes to a poor hermitage. He has forsaken hunting, and scattered abroad his wealth, living alone by alms and good men's charities; doing infinite penance for his sins; so that he is become pale and lean with praying and fasting, for he would fain be with God.'

"Thus, while Grimbard stood preaching, they perceived coming down the hill towards them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, whose head Reynard had bitten clean off, and it was brought before the king to take cognizance thereof.—vol. i. pp. 14-17.

Reynard is summoned to court to answer these heavy charges; but he seems only to aggravate his guilt by the treacherous and cruel stratagems which he successively plays off to punish the two royal messengers, his enemy, Bruin the bear, and Tibert the cat. At length, his nephew, Grimbard, persuades him to come to court and face his enemies; but, notwithstanding all his artful address, the proofs of his accumulated guilt are so undeniable, that he is condemned to be hanged. The air of resignation and meekness which he now assumes is very amusing.

"As the king was thus pondering, Tibert said to Sir Bruin, "Why are you so slow in the execution of your sentence, and you Sir Isegrim? See you not there are many bushes and hedges; it is near evening, and if the prisoner escape, his subtlety is so great, that all the art in the world will never again entangle him. If you mean to execute him, proceed quickly.—It will be night before the gallows can be made." At these words Isegrim exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself, "There is a pair of gallows hard by;" at the same time he fetched a deep sigh! "What, are you afraid, Sir Isegrim; or is this execution against your mind?" said Tibert, "remember the hanging of both your kinsmen was his work. Had you now a proper sense of justice, you would hang him for the same, and not stand trifling thus." Isegrim, half angry, answered, "Your anger puts out the eye of your better reason, though if we had a halter that would fit his neck, we would soon despatch him." Reynard, who had long remained silent, said: "Yes, I beseech you to shorten my pain; Sir Tibert has a cord strong enough, in which he himself was hanged at the priest's house, when he got between the holy man's legs and bit him so dreadfully. Besides, he can climb well; let him mount and be my executioner; for it would be a discredit both to Sir Bruin and Sir Isegrim, thus to treat their own nephew." I am sorry I live to see it; but since you are resolved to be my hangman, play your parts and delay not. Go before, uncle Bruin, and lead the way: follow me Isegrim, my cousin, and beware I escape not." "You say well," said Bruin, "it is the best counsel I ever heard you give."

So forth they went, and Isegrim and all his friends guarded Reynard, leading him by the neck and other parts of his body, at which usage the fox felt quite dismayed. Yet he said meekly, "Why put yourself to all this trouble, my best kinsman? Believe me, I could well entreat your forgiveness, though you rejoice in my sufferings. Still I know, that did my aunt, your wife, see what was passing, she

"The violence of the bear, the wolf, and the cat, pursuing Reynard even to execution, shows the malice of great persons against their enemies. The fox's patience and mild temper, also shows, that when men are in extremity, they must make use of all their virtues, especially meekness, which most insinuates itself into men's good opinion, and excites compassion; while rudeness and violence only increase the mischief." —*Ex. from Old Eng. Comm.*

would not see me thus cruelly tormented, were it only for old affection's sake. But do with me as you will; I must endure the worst: as for Bruin and Tibert, I leave my revenge to justice, and to you the reward of traitors. I know my worst, fortune and death can come but once. I wish it were already past, far to me it is no terror. I saw my brave father die, and how quickly he vanished! The worst of death is therefore familiar to me." "Then," said Sir Isegrim, "let us make haste, for his curse shall not light upon me by delaying;" so he on one side, and Sir Bruin on the other, they led the fox to the gallows; Tibert skipping before them with the halter." —vol. i. pp. 51-53.

Reynard, however, saves himself at the gallows-tree, by a pretended unburthening of his misdeeds, in which he is made, with much adroitness, while he extenuates his own guilt, to accuse all his enemies as the corruptors of his innocence; and he alarms the king, by the false account of a treasonable conspiracy, in which he implicates them. The whole of this "last dying speech and confession" of Sir Reynard is very humorously contrived: the culprit receives a free pardon in return for his disclosures; he is, moreover, taken into the royal favour and high honour: his enemies are disgraced and plundered to enrich him, and he himself hypocritically quits the court, under pretence of making a pilgrimage to atone for his past sins.

The second part of the tale is little more than a repetition, with some variations, of the first. Reynard becomes again audacious in guilt; and this time, after slaying Kayward the hare outright, and devouring his carcase, he sends his head in derision to the king. For this, and other deeds of blood, he is, as before, accused in his absence, and summoned to court to defend himself; and now also he succeeds a second time in imposing upon the king by his flatteries. His mode of propitiation is very amusing.

"May that divine power from which nothing can be hidden, save the lord my king, and my sovereign lady the queen, and give them grace to know who has right, and who has wrong; for there are many false shows in the world, and the countenance betrays not the heart. Yet I wish it were openly revealed, and that every creature's trespass stood written on his forehead, although it cost me the uttermost of my substance; or that your majesty knew me as well as I do myself, and how I devote myself early and late, to your majesty's service. To this I owe the malice of my enemies, who envy me your majesty's grace and favour. I have indeed cause to cry shame upon those who have so deadly belied me; yet I know that my sovereign lord and lady will not be imposed upon by their malicious falsehoods. Your majesties will consider all things according to the right of your laws: it is only justice I look for, and desire that the guilty may feel the full weight of his punishment.—Believe me, dear lord, it shall be seen before I leave your court, who I am: one, who though he cannot flatter, will show his face with unshrinking eye, and an unblemished forehead.

"All that stood in the royal presence were

amazed, and looked at each other, when the fox spoke so boldly. But the king, with a stately countenance, replied: 'Sir Reynard, I know you are expert in fallacies; but words will no longer avail you. I believe this day will be the last of your glory and your disgrace; therefore I will not chide you much, because I intend you shall live so short a time. The love you bear me, has been shown to the coney and the rook; your reward shall be a short life on earth. There is an ancient saying: "a pot may go long to the water, but will come home broken in the end;" and your crimes, though so long successful, shall now pay the penalty with death.'

"At these words, Reynard was stricken with fear, and wished himself far away; yet he found he must put the best face upon it, whatever fortune might befall. He therefore said: 'My sovereign lord; it is but justice that you hear me, in answer to my accusers; for were my faults more heinous than any can make them, equity calls for a hearing from the accused. I have done the state some service with my counsels, and may do so still. I have never deserted your majesty in emergencies, when others shrunk from your side. If my enemies then utter slanders, have I not a right to complain. It was once otherwise, and time may bring round the old course, for the actions of good servants ought not to be forgotten. I see here many of my kindred and friends, who now make no account of me, but can venture to deprive you of the best servant you possess. Had I been guilty, should I have dared to have made my appearance thus voluntarily, in the very throng and press of my enemies? That would have been madness, indeed, more especially when I was at full liberty; but Heaven be thanked I know my enemies, and dare encounter them, innocent as I am. Had I not laboured under the censure of the church, I would have sooner appeared; but when my uncle brought me the tidings, I was wandering sorrowfully on the heath, where I met my uncle Martin, the ape, who far exceeded any other priest, in his pastoral duties, having been chaplain to the bishop of Cambric, these nine years.' —vol. i. pp. 93-95.

After wheedling the king in this manner, Sir Reynard thus cunningly excuses himself from the murder of Kayward the hare:

"Then Reynard again held up his head and said: 'Alas, my sovereign lord, what is that you said? Is good Kayward the hare then dead? where then is Bellin the ram? These are strange tidings I hear. What did Bellin bring to your majesty at his return? for my part I delivered him three rich inestimable jewels, which I would not have detained from your majesty for all the wealth of India. One of them was directed for my lord the king, the other two for my sovereign lady the queen.' 'Yet I received nothing,' said the king, 'but the head of poor murdered Kayward, for which I executed my chaplain the ram instantly, as he confessed the crime to have been done by his advice and counsel.' 'Can this be true?' cried the fox; 'then wo is me, that ever I was born: the finest jewels that ever were possessed by any earthly prince are lost and gone. I had rather have died, before your majesty

should be thus defrauded; and I know that it will be the death of my wife, she will never more put trust in me.' —vol. i. pp. 101, 102.

By the story of the jewels, Reynard recovers the king's favour; but he is still charged as a traitor, and dared to single combat by Sir Isegrim the wolf. Reynard, though sore afraid, takes up the gage, and the champions enter the lists before the assembled court. Here the subtle one again prevails, and Reynard, by a filthy stratagem, quite characteristic of the taste of the age which produced the story, vanquishes his adversary. After this, he is promoted to great dignities, and becomes all powerful at court. He is created lord high chancellor, and absolute minister, and lives all the rest of his days in renown and honour, "with infinite joy and content."

This "pleasant history" of Sir Reynard is, to our taste, at least, by far the best and most amusing in the whole series. Its primary curiosity is certainly as a keen contemporary satire upon some court of the middle ages, typifying the rapine and violence, the intrigues and iniquity, the fraud and injustice, which were every where triumphant in the feudal governments. But its merit is not confined to all this, as a mere picture of ephemeral manners; it is full of that wisdom of practical life, and that sarcastic knowledge of human nature, which is applicable to every age of the world. We are surprised that the tale has not maintained its popularity both in Germany and England, and that it is not more generally read in both countries, even in our own times. Götthe, indeed, has given an excellent version of it, which Mr. Roscoe should not have confined himself to describe merely as "an imitation, composed in hexameter verse, and in modern phraseology." For Götthe's version, which may be aptly likened to Pope's modernised paraphrases of some of Chaucer's tales, has many circumstances to recommend it beyond the merit of being "done into hexameters." In its spirited style it is any thing but a mere imitation or translation, and the humour is often an improvement upon the original story. Advantage might have been taken of it to institute a comparison between the manner of the old and the modern writer, and thus to enliven the point of the ancient prose story by introducing a few poetical fragments in translation from the modern tale.

The next place in Mr. Roscoe's volumes is assigned to the famous book of Eulenspiegel, as he is called in his German cognomen, but better known to English ears, as, "Howleglass, the merry jester," for his quips and cranks, whether it was Germany which first echoed to them or not, have gone the round of all Christian tongues. But, sooth to say, we lack a portion of the sportive vein of our forefathers; nor does our taste at all respond to the enthusiastic delight with which Görres can still relish "the genuine humour," as he calls it, of Eulenspiegel. We perfectly admit the propriety with which Mr. Roscoe has introduced this budget of old comic German fiction into his collection; but the history of Howleglass appears to us, like the other professed jest books of the middle ages—and indeed of all other ages—but a very dull and

leaden contrivance, for the exciting of merriment. The heartier spirits of the olden time, nevertheless, deemed far otherwise of the merits of Eulenspiegel; and who shall presume to say, that there was less wisdom in their mirth, than in the fastidious bearing of these days?

We come next to the renowned Doctor Faustus; of whom, since German literature has been a rage in our circles, our readers have probably heard enough, and more than enough. For the famous tragedy of Göthe has appeared, in translations, specimens, and fragments of translation, *usque ad nauseam*, in our language. Of this old hero of northern diablerie, Mr. Roscoe has of course given us the achievements, from that popular German work, the "Veritable History of his lamentable and execrable Sins and Punishments," &c. Our compiler has farther been at great and fruitless pains to establish the authentic existence of Faust, and to settle the precise date of his compact with the evil one, somewhere about the sixteenth century. He supports his inquiries by quotations from Melancthon, and others, and by the authority of Görres, who thinks, that "there is little doubt of his being an historical personage, who had wit to take advantage of the times in which he lived, and whose superior intellect and adroitness worked upon the superstitious fears and prejudices of his countrymen, to which he was indebted for so much of his notoriety."

But even with these hypotheses, our author's success in fixing the epoch at which the great doctor of "magick" flourished, has been but indifferent; and he has omitted to notice a more probable conjecture than any advanced by him on the subject, which would seem to identify the far-famed magician with one of the innocent inventors of the *black art* of typography. John Faust, or Fust, of Mayence, was one of the printers of the first edition of the Latin Vulgate; and the story of the danger which he underwent of being burnt for a necromancer, has been repeated by an ingenious and elegant living writer, though with a prudent caveat of its truth. At Paris, Fust is said to have sold the produce of the new art, as manuscripts. "The price," says Mr. Mills, (*Travels of Theodore Ducas*), "was infinitely below the usual demand for the labours of transcribers; copies appeared to be multiplied beyond the power of the pen, and the people attributed to necromancy, what they denied to human ingenuity. The magistrates were infected by this popular delirium. They searched Faust's apartments; many copies of the Bible were found; the existence of the compact with the Devil was evident; and the red ink of the initials of the Bible was said to be the blood of the poor German. The parliament of Paris, however, corrected the folly of the people, and encouraged Fust for the importance of his art."

Among the modern Germans who have taken Faustus for their hero, it is rather singular that Mr. Roscoe has not mentioned Klinger, although his version is, in its kind, perhaps, as interesting as Göthe's: for if the latter be more poetical, the former is, as a German would say, *more philosophical*.—

Schinck, Schreiber, and Müller should also have been noticed, as having treated the subject.

Mr. Roscoe's second volume is appropriately filled with the tales of Otmar, Gottshalk, Eberhardt, Büsching, the Grimms, Lothar, and La Motte Fouqué; and as the pieces of all these novelists, but the last, are expressly founded upon the ancient popular traditions and stories of their country, this part of our compiler's selections, naturally succeeds the genuine old literature contained in his first volume, and forms so many connecting links in the series, between it and the more modern fiction of Germany. As there are above forty of these short tales, founded on local and oral tradition, we cannot of course pretend to notice them individually, nor even to enter, within our limits, into any general observations upon them. But we shall transcribe a single one—Peter Klaus, the goatherd—which may possess some curiosity, for the reader, as the evident source from whence Mr. Washington Irving's amusing legend of Rip Van Winkle is derived.

"In the village of Littendorf at the foot of a mountain lived Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhäusern hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

"For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern; and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open court-yard surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights, none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing at nine pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter in silence, to pick up the nine pins, and went his way. Trembling every joint Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of every thing round him;

among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odour was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life: and whenever he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardour to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

"When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprised at the long rank grass that grew about him, and at trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Sittendorf, and scratching his head he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock.

"All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbours. When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprise found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were a dream: and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyffhäusern (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides the lads who had all collected round him, answered to the inquiry of a passenger, what place it was, 'Sittendorf, Sir.'

"Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and showed its teeth at Peter when he called him. He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted; Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

"Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger, with the long hoary beard; and asked him what it was he wanted? Now Peter thought it was such a strange kind of thing to stand before his own house, inquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that evading these inquiries he pronounced the first name that came into his head: 'Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?' Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said: 'Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence I suppose you are not come to-day?' 'Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?' 'The Lord rest his soul,' cried another old woman, leaning upon her crutch, 'he has

been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave.'

"Peter recognised in the speakers, two of his young neighbours who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to inquire any farther. At this moment there appeared making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year old baby in her arms, and a girl about four taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. 'What are your names?' he inquired in a tone of great surprise, 'Mine is Maria.' 'And your father?' continued Peter. 'God rest his soul! Peter Klaus to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him day and night upon the Kyffhäusern; for his flock came home without him, and I was then,' continued the woman, 'only seven years old.'

"The goatherd could no longer bear this: 'I am Peter Klaus,' he said, 'Peter and no other,' and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one and then another began to say, 'Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbour, after twenty years' absence, welcome home.' vol. ii. pp. 55-60.

With the exception of a single tale from Musaeus—the Dumb Lover—which sufficiently exemplifies the style of that pleasing writer, the whole of Mr. Roscoe's third volume is filled with the novels or romances of Schiller. And here we cannot refrain from inquiring, why our compiler has thought fit to devote this large portion of his undertaking to translations from a writer, already so celebrated, and so familiar to the English public; while he has omitted to insert any extracts from the other most famous modern German works of imagination, which may be said to belong to the same class of those of Schiller. We have disclaimed the wish to criticise severely the plan of any selection of such difficulty as that in which Mr. Roscoe has engaged; but we have a right to expect, at least, some consistency in his choice. As we observed, in noticing Mr. Soane's specimens of German romance, we should be disposed altogether to reject in such a work the too famous names of Wieland, Schiller, Göthe, Kotzebue: but why glean from one of them only, and that one, perhaps, the most familiar to the English reader, and neglect all the rest? Why discard John Paul Richter and Claudio Pichler and Kruse, novelists of great popularity with their own countrymen, and almost unknown to ours; while Schiller, with whose pieces all the world are already so thoroughly acquainted, is exhibited at full length?

The tales of Schiller, however, can never be read without interest. Of those here introduced by Mr. Roscoe, the most famous is the Ghost-Seer—or "Apparitionist," as he is pleased to render its title. It is certainly a very powerful delineation of the effects upon an original but imaginative mind, of a growing belief in supernatural agency, as connected with its own destiny. The second part of the tale is comparatively feeble and unsatisfactory, and quite unworthy of the first. It is

singular that Schiller does not appear ever to have visited Venice, the scene of *Geisterschreiber*, whose adventures are interwoven in some of our most romantic associations, with that "fairy city of the heart;" and such is the creative power of genius, that while, in the poetical thought of Byron—

—Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art  
Has stamped her image in us—

the unvisited scenes of Venice, over which the aerial spells of all these master spirits are thrown, exist for them all but in the dream of fancy. Schiller's Sport of Destiny, and the Criminal, though of inferior power to the Ghost-Seer, bear the stamp of his mind; but the two last pieces selected by Mr. Roscoe, Fraternal Magnanimity, and A Walk among the Linden Trees, scarcely deserved a place with the others.

The contents of the fourth volume before us are much below all the preceding parts of the series in interest and value. They consist of pieces from three modern novelists: Tieck, Langbein, and Engel. To the real merits of Ludwig Tieck as a dramatic commentator and critic, we rendered full testimony in a late number,\* notwithstanding the absurd mysticism in which, even in his theatrical strictures, he so sedulously envelopes his thoughts. But considered merely as a novelist, he is a complete exemplar of all the most extravagant horror-mongers who infest the literature of Germany. Of the three tales here given, the *Tannenhäuser* is full of wild preternatural terrors; Egbert Auburn is a medley of "maudlin faerie" and revolting tragedy, and Love Magic is a perfect incubus of the imagination, in which the beauteous heroine is tempted by the devil to cut the throat of a child, for the sake of feeding a green-eyed dragon, and raising a potent love-charm from its blood! Two of Tieck's more amusing productions, the Pictures and the Betrothal, have already been "done into English;" and we observe a translation announced, as in the press, of his most famous novel, Sternbald, the travelling painter, which is certainly a superior production, though far too long for insertion in the present series.—Its action is laid at the most brilliant age of the arts; and though its incidents are few, Tieck, in conducting his hero through different countries of Europe, has made an ingenious and pleasing use of the old machinery of the "voyage imaginaire."

Langbein is a writer of very different cast from Tieck, and has produced, with less power perhaps, several compositions of far more rational and probable interest. Marianne Richards, or the Memoirs of an Actress, one of his pieces here introduced, is a well told and affecting tale; and there is considerable humour in some of the other specimens selected by our compiler. We cannot speak in equal commendation of his choice from Engel for his concluding tales. That writer can boast only at best a mediocrity of merit; and the stories printed by Mr. Roscoe will scarcely support even this reputation. Engel is perpetually repeating himself; and Toby Wilt's sayings,

which have received a place in this collection, may be found again in Lorenz Stark, of which Mr. Gans's translation has just appeared. To the construction of that novel, his most popular, and perhaps his best, Engel is said in Germany to have devoted nine years.

Our opinion of the general merits of Mr. Roscoe's work, as exhibiting a series of fair specimens of the German fiction of successive ages, is to be gleaned from the tenor of the preceding remarks; and it will be seen that we have, on the whole, been led to think very favourably of the propriety of the selections, and of the editorial judgment and taste with which they are arranged. The work altogether has realized its object; and Mr. Roscoe deserves the praise of having collected into an English version a sufficient portion of the imaginative prose literature of Germany, not only to yield a great deal of amusement, but to familiarize every reader with the prominent characteristics which have hitherto distinguished the national fiction of that country. We are sorry that we cannot extend this eulogy to the mode in which the task of rendering the selections into English has always been accomplished.—The tales show so much inequality in the translation, that we are almost tempted to believe them the work of various hands. The language is often inelegant, careless, and slovenly; strict grammatical accuracy seems to have been nowhere attempted; and vulgarisms of all sorts occur, as it were, habitually in the greatest part of the text. Thus we have the adjective for the adverb:—as (vol. i, p. 207) "His wife inquired how the merchant had enjoyed his journey? Oh, delightful, cried the merchant," for delightfully. In p. 205, of the same volume, we have, "He shall see me there," for, he shall accompany me thither.—And at p. 129, by a strange practical blunder, we are told, "Human nature could endure no more, Sir Iscgrim fell over in a deadly fit," &c. The human nature of a wolf! But throughout the book we have sang misused for sung, sprung instead of sprang, shrank instead of shrank, drank instead of drunk. Now this is always wrong; but in construing from the German particularly, the fault must rest with the translator: for no native can possibly, in that language, mingle or confound the imperfect tense and the participle.

With respect even to the fidelity with which the meaning of the original is rendered by the translator, his knowledge or care is often very questionable. We do not pretend to have compared the fourth, or the tenth part, of the various contents of his volumes with the German; but one tale we certainly have subjected to a close investigation; and the result has been any thing but favourable to the credit of the translator's general accuracy. Our familiarity with Schiller's pathetic tale of the Criminal, led us more particularly to observe the general defects of the English version; and a nearer inspection has satisfied us, that several passages in the original have evidently not been understood by the translator. A few instances will enable any tolerable German scholar to decide on the justice of our conclusion:

Vol. 3, p. 328. "He soon observed the advantage which the free life of his rival, Wolf,

had acquired over him." It should be, the presents, or prodigal gifts, of his rival: the German word being *Freygebigkeit*, literally free-giving—not free living. In the same page, the woods in which Wolf carried on his vocation of deer-stealing, did not belong to a *neighbouring lord*, but to his prince: *landesherrliche Waldung*—a forest belonging to the sovereign.

p. 329. "He now experienced the full severity of the law: had no more to give," &c. Read, because he had no more to give; *denn er hat nichts mehr zu geben*, &c.: that is, he could not again buy himself off.

p. 333. "The hour tolled to vespers;" say rather, the bells chimed for vespers. *Die Glocken lauteten zur vesper*: they were the vesper bells, not the clock striking the hour. In the same page, the boy does not beg a present of the criminal, as the passage is here improperly rendered; nor was he likely so to do, since the man's appearance was so frightful. The translator's mistake, or gratuitous addition, throws a contradiction upon the boy's subsequent conduct.

p. 347. For "I anticipated the reproach of all the rest of their sex," read, I expected to meet only with the refuse of their sex. The word *Auswurf*, in the original, means scum, refuse, disgrace; but the translator has mistaken it for *Vorwurf*, (which does mean reproach), and thus made nonsense of the passage.

p. 351. "Should your princely patronage," &c. The original is, *fürstliche Huld*,—should your royal mercy, &c. The robber had more sense than to ask his sovereign for his patronage, under the circumstances of criminality in which he was placed.

p. 355. "Justice was only to be propitiated with the blood of her debtor." The phrase is absurd in itself, and unwarranted by the original. *Die unerbittliche Nemesis*, &c.—the inexorable Nemesis seizes her debtor. In the same page, the robber is made to attempt to cut his way with his pistol! "Double-barrelled swords, cut-and-thrust pistols," as honest David has it in *The Rivals*.

p. 356. "An old gaoler approaching him behind, seized him by the arm." The man, if Schiller is to be believed in his own story, was a journeyman locksmith,—*Schlossegen selle*,—not a gaoler.

These examples may suffice: we are no lovers of mere verbal criticism; but we do hold ourselves bound, on behalf of the public, to subject the accuracy of a translator to a rigid trial, where accuracy is the best part of merit: opining with an old authority that, in the transmutation of tongues, an author is not likely to write the worse for understanding his original.



*From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*  
**A GLANCE OVER SELBY'S ORNITHOLOGY.\***

WHAT a splendid work! This is the kind of ornamental furniture, in which we, were we men

of fortune, would delight. The tables in our passages, galleries, parlours, boudoirs, and drawing-rooms should groan—no, not groan—but smile, with suitably-bound volumes of Natural History, on the opening of any one of which, would suddenly gleam before us some rich and rare, some bright and beauteous, some wonderful and wild, some strange and fantastic, some fierce and terrible, some minute or mighty production of the great mother—Nature. But we are not men of fortune; and a magnificent folio like this would seem altogether out of its place among the permanent furniture of our sober-suited cell. Hither, notwithstanding, do such magnificent folios ever and anon find out their way, carried tenderly under the arm, or borne triumphantly on the shoulder, of some rich friend's confidential servant, wondering, as he ascends the spiral stair-case, how many flats really go to the composition of such a house. Then the College Library is at our service—for every year do we, like Dr. Nimo, matriculate;—the stores of the Wernerian Society are open to us as a member of that flourishing institution; and not a bookseller in the city is reluctant to indulge us with a week's possession of the most costly and dazzling volumes,—often for our own sakes, but oftener for the sake of *The Man*—whose friendship has been the chief blessing of our life—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

What a treasure, for instance, during a rainy forenoon in the country, is such a gloriously illuminated work as this of Mr. Selby, to a small party uncertain in what spirit they shall woo the hours! Let them assemble round a circular table, boy and virgin alternately taking a seat, and let the most scientific undertake to illustrate the plates in a desultory lecture. As the professor proceeds, his audience will be inspired to speak by the delight of surprise and wonder—their own memories will supply them with many interesting anecdotes of the "gay creatures of the element," and they will be pleased to discover how much of natural history is known to every intelligent and observant mind that has had any opportunities of living much among the woods and fields. Each individual in the circle—however limited the range of his experience—will have his own small—not insignificant—story to tell; a hint from one leads to a disquisition from another; the conversation becomes more erudite with the comparative biography of animals; and perhaps some female Bewick or Bingley may be there, who, with all the modesty of genius, in a voice soft as the light of her humble eyes, throws in a few discriminative touches of character, that bring out at once the nature of the creature contemplated, be it louest or leviathan, lamb or lion, eagle or dove.

Now and then it is our happy lot to take part in such conversaciones, with on each side a sweet docile maiden, commanding our commentaries by a whisper or a smile; but at present we are all alone in our pensive citadel—not a mouse stirring, although it is midnight—the fire, when about to glimmer its last, restored to life by another mouthful of fuel—and our lamp, trimmed anew into a sort of spiritual lustre, seeming to enjoy the silence it illuminates. That pure and steady light, which can be made

\* Illustrations of British Ornithology. By P. J. Selby, Esq. F. L. S. &c. on elephant folio. London, Longman & Co. Edinburgh, Lizars.

to let fall its shadows as we will, is streaming on the plumage of phantom-birds, bright as the realities in the woods and on the mountains, and we shall beguile ourselves away into their solitary forest haunts, well pleased to be recalled by the rustle of the turning page, from our imaginary travels back again to the steadfastness of our beloved hearth,—“a dream within a dream!”

The GOLDEN EAGLE leads the van of our birds of prey—and there she sits in her usual carriage when in a state of rest. Her hunger and her thirst have been appeased—her wings are folded up in a dignified tranquillity—her talons grasping a leafless branch, are almost hidden by the feathers of her breast—her sleepless eye has lost something of its ferocity—and the Royal Bird is almost serene in her solitary state on the cliff. The gorsecock unalarmed croaks among the moors and mosses—the blackbird whistles in the birken shaw—and the coney erects his ears at the mouth of his burrow, and whiskers away frolicksome among the whins or heather.

There is no index to the hour—neither light nor shadow—no cloud. But from the composed aspect of the Bird, we may suppose it to be the hush of evening after a day of successful foray by land and sea. The imps in the eyrie have been fed, and their hungry cry will not be heard till the dawn. The mother has there taken up her watchful rest, till in darkness she may glide up to her brood, and the sire is somewhere sitting within view among the rocks,—a sentinel whose eye, and ear, and nostril are true, in exquisite fineness of sense, to their trust, and on whom rarely, and as if by a miracle, can steal the adventurous shepherd or huntsman, to wreak vengeance with his rifle on the spoiler of sheep-walk and forest-chase.

Yet sometimes it chanceth that the yellow lustre of her keen, wild, fierce eye is veiled, even in daylight, by the film of sleep. Perhaps sickness has been at the heart of the dejected bird, or fever wasted her wing. The sun may have smitten her, or the storm driven her against a rock. Then hunger and thirst—which, in pride of plumage she scorned, and which only made her fiercer on the edge of her unfledged eyrie, as she whetted her beak on the flint-stone, and clutched the strong heather-stalks in her talons, as if she were anticipating prey,—quell her courage, and in famine she eyes afar-off the fowls she is unable to pursue, and with one stroke strike to earth. Her flight is heavier and heavier each succeeding day—she ventures not to cross the great glens, with or without lochs—but flaps her way from rock to rock on the same mountain-side—and finally drawn by her weakness into gradual descent, she is discovered by grey dawn far below the region of snow, assailed and insulted by the meanest carrion, and a bullet whizzing through her heart, down she topples, and soon as she is despatched by blows from the rifle-butt, the shepherd stretches out his foe's carcass on the sward, eight feet from wing to wing.

But, lo! the character of the Golden Eagle, when she has pounced, and is exulting over her prey! With her head drawn back between

the crescent of her uplifted wings, which she will not fold till that prey be devoured, eye glaring cruel joy, neck-plumage bristling, tail-feathers fan-spread, and talons driven through the victim's entrails and heart,—there she is new-alighted on the ledge of a precipice, and fancy hears her yell and its echo. Beak and talons, all her life-long, have had a stain of blood, for the murderer observes no Sabbath, and seldom dips them in loch or sea, except when dashing down suddenly among the terrified water-fowl from her watch-tower in the sky. The week-old fawn had left the doe's side but for a momentary race along the edge of the coppice,—a rustle and a shadow,—and the burden is borne off to the cliffs of Benvevis! In an instant the small animal is dead—after a short exultation—torn into pieces—and by eagles and eaglets devoured, its disengaged bones mingle with those of many other creatures, encumbering the eyrie, and strewed around it over the bloody platform on which the young demons crawl forth to enjoy the sun.

O for the Life of an Eagle written by himself! It would outsell the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater; and how would it confound the critics of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews! No Editor but North could do justice to it in a Leading Article. Proudly would he, or she, write of birth and parentage. On the rock of ages he first opened his eyes to the sun, in noble instinct affronting and outstaring the light. The great glen of Scotland—hath it not been the inheritance of his ancestors for many thousand years? No polluting mixture of ignoble blood, from intermarriages of necessity with kite, buzzard, hawk, or falcon. No, the Golden Eagles of Glen-Falloch, surnamed the Sun-starers, have formed alliances with the Golden Eagles of Cruachan, Benlawers, Sheallion, and Mar-Forest,—the Lightning-Glints, the Flood-fallers, the Storm-wheelers, the Cloud-clearers, ever since the flood. The education of the autobiographer had not been intrusted to a private tutor. Parental eyes, beaks, and talons, provided sustenance for his infant frame; and in that capacious eyrie, year after year repaired by dry branches from the desert, parental advice was yelled into him, meet for the expansion of his instinct as wide and wonderful as the reason of earth-crawling man. What a noble naturalist did he, in a single session at the College of the Cliff, become! Of the customs, and habits, and haunts, of all inferior creatures, he speedily made himself master—those included, of man. Nor was his knowledge confined to theory, but reduced to daily practice. He kept himself in constant training—taking a flight of a hundred miles before breakfast—paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebride Isles, and returning to dinner in Glenco. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to his uncle by the mother's side, and returned the next to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick at the Head of Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for once having yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute. The virtues of patience, endurance, and fortitude, have become with him, in strict

accordance with the Aristotelian Moral Philosophy—habits. A Peripatetic Philosopher he could hardly be called—properly speaking, he belongs to the Solar School—an airy sect, who take very high ground, indulge in lofty flights, and are often lost in the clouds. Now and then a light chapter might be introduced, when he and other youngkers of the Blood Royal took a game at High-Jinks, or tourneyed in air-lists, the champions on opposite sides flying from the Perthshire and from the Argyleshire mountains, and encountering with a clash in the azure common, six thousand feet high! But the fever of love burned in his blood, and flying to the mountains of another continent, in obedience to the yell of an old oral tradition, he wooed and won his virgin-bride—a monstrous beauty, wider-winged than himself, to kill or caress, and bearing the proof of her noble nativity, in that radiant Iris that belongs in perfection of fierceness but to the Sun-starers, and in them is found, unimpaired by cloudiest clime, over the uttermost parts of the earth.—The bridegroom and his bride, during the honey-moon, slept on the naked rock—till they had built their eyrie beneath its cliff-canopy on the mountain-brow. When the bride was, “as Eagles wish to be who love their lords,”—devoted unto her was the bridegroom, even as the cushat murmuring to his brooding mate in the central pine-grove of a forest. Tenderly did he drop from his talons, close beside her beak, the delicate spring-lamb, or the too early leveret, owing to the hurried and imprudent marriage of its parents before March, buried in a living tomb ere April's initial day. Through all thy glens, Albin! hast thou reason to mourn, at the bursting of the shells that Queenbird had been cherishing beneath her bosom! Aloft in heaven wheeled the Royal Pair, from rising to setting sun. Among the bright-blooming heather they espied the tartan'd shepherd, or hunter creeping like a lizard, and from behind the vain shadow of a rock, watching with his rifle the flight he would fain see shorn of its beams. The flocks were thinned—and the bleating of desolate dams among the fleecy people heard from many a brae. Poison was strewn over the glens for their destruction, but the Eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcasses; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha! was not that a day of triumph to the Sun-starers of Cruachan, when sky-hunting in couples, far down on the green sward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn-Castle, they saw, left all to himself in the sunshine, the infant-heir of the Campbell of Breadalbane, the child of the Lord of Glenorchy and all its streams! Four talons in an instant were in his heart.—Too late were the outcrys from all the turrets, for ere the castle-gates were flung open, the golden head of the noble babe was lying in gore, in the Eyrie on the iron ramparts of Glenzo—his blue eyes dug out—his rosy cheeks torn—and his brains dropping from beaks that revelled yelling within the skull!—Such are a few hints for “Some Passages in the Life of a Golden Eagle, written by Himself,”—in one volume crown octavo—Blackwood, Edinburgh—Cadell, London.

O heavens and earth—forests and barn-

yards! what a difference with a distinction between a GOLDEN-EAGLE and a GREEN GOOSE! There, all neck and bottom, splay-footed, and hissing in miserable imitation of a serpent, lolling from side to side, up and down like an ill-trimmed punt, the downy gosling waddles through the green mire, and, imagining that King George the Fourth is meditating mischief against him, cackles angrily as he plunges into the pond. No swan that “on still St. Mary's lake floats double, swan and shadow,” so proud as he! He prides himself on being a gander, and never forgets the lesson instilled into him by his parents soon as he chipt the shell in the nest among the nettles, that his ancestors saved the Roman Capitol.—In process of time, in company with swine, he grazes on the common, and insults the Egyptians in their roving camp. Then comes the season of plucking—and this very pen bears testimony to his tortures. Out into the houseless winter is he driven—and, if he escapes being frozen into a lump of fat ice, he is crammed till his liver swells into a four-pounder—his cerebellum is cut by the cruel knife of a phrenological cook, and his remains buried with a cearment of apple sauce in the paunches of apoplectic aldermen, eating against each other at a civic feast! Such are a few hints for “Some Passages in the Life of a Green Goose,” written by himself—in foolscap octavo—published by Hunt and Clarke, Cockaigne, and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

O beautiful and beloved Highland Parish! in what district of the West I shall not say—for the wild passions of my youth, so charged with bliss and bale, have rendered thy name a sound that my soul hears at all times, even when silent and unpronounced—O beautiful and beloved Highland Parish! in whose dashing glens my beating heart first felt the awe of solitude, and learned to commune (alas! to what purpose?) with the tumult of its own thoughts! The circuit of thy skies, when they were blue, “so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,” was indeed a glorious arena spread over the mountain-tops for the combats of the great birds of prey! One wild cry or another was in the lift,—of the hawk, or the glead, or the raven, or the eagle,—or when those fiends slept, of the peaceful heron, and sea-bird by wandering boys pursued in its easy flight, till the snow-white child of ocean waivered away far inland, as if in search of a steadfast happiness unknown on the restless waves! Seldom did the eagle stoop to the challenge of the inferior fowl; but when he did, it was like a mailed knight treading down unknown men in battle. The hawks, and the gleads, and the ravens, and the carrion-crows, and the hooded-crows, and the rooks, and the magpies, and all the rest of the rural militia, forgetting their own feuds, sometimes came sallying from all quarters, with even a few facetious jackdaws from the old castle, to show fight with the monarch of the air. Amidst all that multitude of wings winnowing the wind, was heard the sough and the whizz of those mighty vans, as the Royal Bird, himself an army, performed his majestic evolutions with all the calm confidence of a master in the art of aerial war, now soaring half-a-thousand feet perpendicularly, and now sud-

denly plumb-down into the rear of the croaking, cawing, and chattering battalions, cutting off their retreat to the earth. Then the rout became general, the wounded and missing, however, far outnumbering the dead. Keeping possession of the field of battle, hung the eagle for a short while motionless—till with one fierce yell of triumph, he seemed to seek the sun, and disappear like a speck in the light, surveying half of Scotland at a glance, and a thousand of her isles.

Some people have a trick of describing incidents as having happened within their own observation, when, in fact, they were at the time lying asleep in bed, and disturbing the whole house with the snore of their dormitory. Such is too often the character of the eye-witnesses of the present age. Now, I would not claim personal acquaintance with an incident I had not seen—no, not for fifty guineas per sheet; and, therefore, I warn the reader not to believe the following little story about an eagle and child (by the way, that is the Derby crest, and a favourite sign of inns in the north of England,) on the alleged authority of the writer of this article. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by the schoolmaster of the parish alluded to above, and if the incident never occurred, then must he have been one of the greatest and most gratuitous of liars that ever taught the young idea how to shoot. For my single self, I am by nature credulous. Many extraordinary things happen in this life, and though "seeing is believing," so likewise "believing is seeing," as every one must allow who reads the following pages of this Magazine.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay (there were not in all its ten miles square twenty acres of ryegrass) on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the Treegnomen threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row—graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his Eternal Throne, well pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek—and then shouts and outcries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast spreading cry. "The Eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many inter-

secting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rockledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been in the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' any puri human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the Eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wan baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes, and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran into the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells, or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the Eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. Allat once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untormented, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it

down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry,—“It lives—it lives—it lives!” and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the sound of life and love! “O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name’s sake! Oh Thou, who diest to save sinners, have mercy upon me!” Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwelted into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where all this while was Mark Stenart the sailor? Half-way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. “And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother,” thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered “God.” She looked round expecting to see an angel—but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object—watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellise. She bound her baby to her neck—and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude, on their knees! and, hush, the

voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet! “Wild heights,” thought she, “do these creatures climb—but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths, for oh! even in the brute creatures what is the holy power of a mother’s love!” and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Over head frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and scanned, and chasméd, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Gleas’ Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plots where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwelted away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie—then had succeeded a silence as deep as death—in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to work all day, here—there—any where—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

“Fall back, and give her fresh air,” said the

old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her lying as in death. "Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the Eagle you see maun ha'e stuck its talons into the land claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon—and looking wildly round, cried, "Oh! the Bird—the Bird!—the Eagle!—the Eagle!—The Eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nae to pursue?" A neighbour put her baby into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, "Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I'm wauken—or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?"

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old—and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet—frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and of shame—yes—"the child of misery, baptized in tears!" She had loved—trusted—been betrayed—and deserted. In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised—she bore her burthen. Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven! And then Hannah knew that although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—for oh! there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child! so she bowed down her young head—and soiled it with the ashes of repentance—walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity—she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment—no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if all had been known, too weak word for his crime—who left thus to pine in sorrow, and in shame far worse than sorrow—one, who, till her unhappy fall, had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters, of sense and modesty—and the meek unpretending piety of a Christian Faith!

Never—never once had she striven to cease to love her betrayer—but she had striven—and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so—to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart—but she closed it in tears of blood,—and the phantom disappeared. Thus

all the love towards him that slept—but was not dead—arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards his child. Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of the future. In her breast—on her knee, in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the greensward like a corpse.

The rumour of the miracle soon circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names was told to the Wood-ranger of the Cairn-Forest, by a way-faring man. Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sultry crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld, just recovering from her final swoon, her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted. Hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands, assailed and threatened him on every side.

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse. What a worm he felt himself to be, and fain would he have been to become a worm, that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth! But the meek eye of Hannah met his in perfect forgiveness—a tear of pity—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. "Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God? The Evil One has often been with me in the woods; the same voice that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am—not to offer retribution—for that may not—will not—must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence. But here I proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder—I call on you to seize your prisoner."

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Their anger subsided at once into a serene satisfaction—and that soon softened, in sight of her who alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his uncompanied misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all revered, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days—and, ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told me the tale so much better than I have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint—nor acquired the edifying

habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes—yet he assured me, that he never afterwards heard any thing very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the Kirk—gave his children a religious education—erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

Let us shut the volume, and reopen it at hap-hazard. We have been fortunate in the plate, and so has Mr. Selby.—The RAVEN! In a solitary glen, sits down on a stone the roaming pedestrian, beneath the hush and gloom of a thundery sky, that has not yet begun to growl, and hears no sounds but that of an occasional big rain-drop plashing on the bare bent; the crag high overhead sometimes utters a sullen groan,—the pilgrim starting, listens, and the noise is repeated, but instead of a groan, a croak—croak—croak! manifestly from a thing with life. A pause of silence! And hollower and hoarser the croak is heard from the opposite side of the glen. Eyeing the black sultry heaven, he feels the warmplash on his face, but sees no bird on the wing. By and by, something black lifts itself slowly and heavily up from a precipice, in deep shadow; and before it has cleared the rock-range, and entered the upper region of air, he knows it to be the Raven. The creature seems wroth to be disturbed in his solitude, and in his strong straight-forward flight, aims at the head of another glen; but he wheels round at the iron-barrier, and alighting among the heather, folds his huge massy wings, and leaps about in anger, with the same savage croak—croak—croak! No other bird so like a demon;—and should you chance to break a leg in the desert, and be unable to crawl to a hut, your life is not worth twenty-four hours' purchase. Never was there a single hound in all Lord Darlington's packs, since his lordship became a mighty hunter, with nostrils so fine as those of that feathered fiend, covered though they be, with strong hairs or bristles, that grimly adorn a bill of formidable dimensions, and apt for digging out eye-socket, and splitting skull-suture, of dying man or beast. That bill cannot tear in pieces like the eagle's beak, nor are its talons so powerful to smite as to compress,—but a better bill for cut-and-thrust—push, carte, and tierce—the dig dismal, and the plunge profound—belongs to no other bird. It inflicts great gashes; nor needs the wound to be repeated on the same spot.

The Raven dislikes all animal food that has not a deathy smack. It cannot be thought that he has any reverence or awe of the mystery of life. Neither is he a coward; at least, not such a coward as to fear the dying kick of a lamb or sheep. Yet so long as his victim can stand, or sit, or lie in a strong struggle, the raven keeps aloof—hopping in a circle that narrows and narrows as the sick animal's nostrils keep dilating in convulsions, and its eyes grow dimmer and more dim. When the prey is in the last agonies, croaking, he leaps upon the breathing carcass, and whets his bill upon his own blue-ringed legs, steadied by claws in the fleece, yet not so fiercely inserted as to

get entangled and fast. With his large level-crowned head bobbing up and down, and turned a little first to one side, and then to another, all the while a self-congratulatory leer in his eye, he unfolds his wings, and then folds them again, twenty or thirty times, as if dubious how to begin to gratify his lust of blood; and frequently when just on the brink of consummation, jumps off side, back, or throat, and goes dallying about, round and round, and off to a small safe distance, scenting, almost snorting, the smell of the blood running cold, colder, and more cold. At last the poor wretch is still; and then, without waiting till it is stiff, he goes to work earnestly and passionately, and taught by horrid instinct how to reach the entrails, revels in obscene glutony, and preserves, it may be, eye, lip, palate, and brain, for the last course of his meal, gorged to the throat, incapacitated to return thanks, and with difficulty able either to croak or to fly!

The Raven, it is thought, is in the habit of living upwards of a hundred years, perhaps a couple of centuries. Children grow into girls, girls into maidens, maidens into wives, wives into widows, widows into old decrepit crones, and crones into dust; and the Raven, who wons at the head of the glen, is aware of all the births, baptisms, marriages, death-beds, and funerals. Certain it is, at least, that he is aware of the death-beds and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or sitting on the heather-roof, croaks horror into the dying dream. As the funeral winds its way towards the mountain cemetery, he hovers aloft in the air—or swooping down nearer to the bier, precedes the corpse like a sable sauley. While the party of friends are carousing in the house of death, he too, scorning funeral baked meats, croaks hoarse hymns and dismal dirges as he is devouring the pet-lamb of the little grand-child of the deceased. The shepherds say that the raven is sometimes heard to laugh. Why not, as well as the hyena? Then it is, that he is most diabolical, for he knows that his laughter is prophetic of human death. True it is, and it would be injustice to conceal the fact, much more to deny it, that Ravens of old fed Elijah; but that was the punishment of some old sin committed by Two, who, before the flood, bore the human shape; and who, soon as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, flew off to the desolation of swamped forests and the disfigured solitude of the drowned glens. Dying Ravens hide themselves from day-light in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears, and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition—adding that there are Raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for ever in the forest night-hunting, in famine, for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the blush of dawn, and then all at once invisible.

But over the doom of one true Lover of Nature, let me shed a flood of my most rueful tears, for at what tale shall mortal man weep, if not at the tale of youthful genius and virtue

shrouded suddenly in a winding-sheet wreathed of snow by the midnight tempest! Elated in the joy of solitude, he hurried like a fast travelling shadow into the silence of the frozen mountains, all beautifully encrusted with pearls, and jewels, and diamonds, beneath the resplendent night-heavens. The din of populous cities had long stunned his brain, and his soul had sickened in the presence of the money-hunting eyes of selfish men, all madly pursuing their multifarious machinations in the great mart of commerce. The very sheeted masts of ships, bearing the flags of foreign countries, in all their pomp and beauty, sailing homeward, or outward-bound, had become hateful to his spirit—for what were they but the floating machinery of Mammon? Truth, integrity, honour, were all recklessly sacrificed to gain by the friends he loved and had respected most, sacrificed without shame and without remorse—repentance being with them a repentance only over ill-laid schemes of villainy, and plans for the ruination of widows and orphans, blasted in the bud of their iniquity. The brother of his bosom made him a bankrupt—and for a year the jointure of his widow-mother was unpaid. But she died before the second Christmas—and he was left alone in the world. Poor indeed he was, but not a beggar. A legacy came to him from a distant relation—almost the only one of his name—who died abroad. Small as it was, it was enough to live on—and his enthusiastic spirit gathering joy from distress, vowed to dedicate itself in some profound solitude to the love of Nature, and the study of her Great Laws. He bade an eternal farewell to cities, at the dead of midnight, beside his mother's grave, scarcely distinguishable among the thousand flat stones, sunk, or sinking into the wide church-yard, along which a great thoroughfare of life roared like the sea. And now, for the first time, his sorrow flung from him like a useless garment, he found himself alone among the Cumbrian mountains, and impelled in strong idolatry almost to kneel down and worship the divine beauty of the moon, and "stars that are the poetry of Heaven."

Not uninstructed was the wanderer in the lore that links the human heart to the gracious form and aspects of the Mighty Mother. In early youth he had been intended for the Church, and subsequent years of ungrateful and ungenial toils had not extinguished that fine scholarship, that a native aptitude for learning had acquired in the humble school of the village in which he was born. He had been ripe for College, when the sudden death of his father, who had long been at the head of a great mercantile concern, imposed it upon him as a sacred duty owed to his mother and his sisters, to embark in trade. Not otherwise could he hope ever to retrieve their fortunes—and for ten years for their sake he was a slave, till ruin set him free. Now he was master of his own destiny—and sought some humble hut in that magnificent scenery, where he might pass a blameless life, and among earth's purest joys, prepare his soul for Heaven. Many such humble huts had he seen during that one bold, bright, beautiful winter-day. Each wreath of

smoke from the breathing chimneys, while the huts themselves seemed hardly awakened from sleep in the morning-calm, led his imagination up into the profound peace of the sky. In any one of those dwellings, peeping from sheltered dells, or perched on wing-swept eminences, could he have taken up his abode, and sat down contented at the board of their simple inmates. But in the very delirium of a new bliss, the day faded before him—twilight looked lovelier than dream-land, in the reflected glimmer of the snow—and thus had midnight found him, in a place so utterly lonesome in its remoteness from all habitations, that even in summer no stranger sought it without the guidance of some shepherd familiar with the many bewildering passes, that stretched away in all directions through among the mountains to distant vales. No more fear or thought had he of being lost in the wilderness, than the ring-dove that flies from forest to forest in the winter season, and, without the aid even of vision, trusts to the instinctive wafting of her wings through the paths of ether.

As he continued gazing on the Heavens, the moon all at once lost something of her brightness—the stars seemed fewer in number—and the lustre of the rest as by mist obscured. The blue ethereal frame grew discoloured with streaks of red and yellow—and a sort of dim darkness deepened and deepened on the air, while the mountains appeared higher, and at the same time farther off, as if he had been transported in a dream to another region of the earth. A sound was heard, made up of far mustering winds, echoes from caves, swinging of trees, and the murmur as of a great lake or sea beginning to break on the shore. A few flakes of snow touched his face, and the air grew cold. A clear tarn had a few minutes before glittered with moonbeams, but now it had disappeared. Sleet came thicker and faster, and ere long it was a storm of snow. "Oh! God! my last hour is come!" and scarcely did he hear his own voice in the roaring tempest.

Men have died in dungeons—and their skeletons been found long years afterwards lying on the stone-floor, in postures that told through what hideous agonies they had passed into the world of spirits. But no eye saw, no ear heard, and the prison-visiter gathers up, as he shudders, but a dim conviction of some long horror from the bones. One day in spring—long after the snows were melted—except here and there a patch like a flock of sheep on some sunless exposure—a huge Raven rose heavily, as if gorged with prey, before the feet of a shepherd, who, going forward to the spot where the bird had been feeding, beheld a rotting corpse! A dog, itself almost a skeleton, was lying near, and began to whine at his approach. On its collar was the name of its master—now one heap of corruption. It was a name unknown in that part of the country—and weeks elapsed before any person could be heard of that could tell the history of the sufferer. A stranger came and went—taking the faithful creature with him that had so long watched by the dead—but long before his arrival the remains had been interred in the church-yard of Patterdale; and you may see the grave, a little way on from the south gate,

on your right hand as you enter, not many yards from the Great Yew-Tree.

But let us remember, what we are always forgetting, that the title of this article is, "A Glance over Selby's Ornithology." Too-hoo—too-hoo—too-whit-too-hoo!—we have got among the Owls. Venerable personages, in truth, they are,—perfect Solomons!—The spectator, as in most cases of very solemn characters, feels himself at first strongly disposed to commit the gross indecorum of bursting out a-laughing in their face. One does not see the absolute necessity either of man or bird looking at all times so unaccountably wise. Why will an Owl persist in his stare? Why will a bishop never lay aside his wig?

People ignorant of Ornithology will stare like the Bird of Wisdom himself on being told that an Owl is an Eagle. Yet, bating a little inaccuracy, it is so. Eagles, kites, hawks, and owls, all belong to the genus *Falco*. We hear a great deal too much in poetry of the moping Owl, the melancholy Owl, the boding Owl, whereas he neither mopes nor bodes, and is no more melancholy than becomes a gentleman. We also hear of the Owl being addicted to spirituous liquors; and hence the expression, as drunk as an Owl. All this is mere Whig personality, the Owl being a Tory of the old school, and a friend of the ancient establishments of church and state. Nay, the same political party, although certainly the most short-sighted of God's creatures, tannt the Owl with being blind. As blind as an Owl, is a libel in frequent use out of ornithological society. Shut up Mr. Jeffrey himself in a hay-barn, with a well-built mow, and ask him in the darkness to catch you a few mice, and he will tell you whether or not the Owl be blind. This would be just as fair as to expect the Owl to see, like Mr. Jeffrey, through a case in the Parliament House during day-light. Nay, we once heard a writer in Taylor and Hessey call the Owl stupid, he himself having longer ears than any species of Owl extant. What is the positive character of the owl, may perhaps appear by and by; but we have seen that, describing his character by negations, we may say that he resembles Napoleon Buonaparte much more than Joseph Hume or Alderman Wood. He is not moping—not boding—not melancholy—not a drunkard—not blind—not stupid: as much as it would be prudent to say of any man, whether editor or contributor, in his Majesty's dominions.

The eagles, kites, and hawks, hunt by day. The Owl is the Nimrod of the night. Then, like one who shall be nameless, he saile about seeking those whom he may devour. To do him justice, he has a truly ghost-like head and shoulders of his own. What horror to the small birds that rejoice in spring's leafy bowers, fast-locked were going to say in each other's arms, but sitting side by side in the same cozy nuptial nest, to be startled out of their love-dreams by the great lamp-eyed beaked face of a horrible monster with horns, picked out of feathered bed, and wafted off in one bunch, within talons, to pacify a set of hissing, and snappish, and shapeless powder-puffs, in the loop-hole of a barn? In a house where a cat is kept, mice are much to be

pitieth. They are so infatuated with the smell of a respectable larder, that to leave the premises, they confess, is impossible. Yet every hour—nay, every minute of their lives, must they be in the fear of being leaped out upon by four velvet paws, and devoured with kisses from a whiskered mouth, and a throat full of that incomprehensible music—a purr. Life, on such terms, seems to us any thing but desirable. But the truth is, that mice in the fields are not a whit better off. Owls are cats with wings. Skimming along the grass tops, they stop in a momentary hover, let drop a talon, and away with Mus, his wife, and small family of blind children. It is the white, or yellow, or barn, or church, or Screech-Owl, or Gilley-Howlet, that behaves in this way; and he makes no bones of a mouse, uniformly swallowing him alive. Our friend, we suspect, though no drunkard, is somewhat of a glutton. In one thing we agree with him, that there is no sort of harm in a heavy supper. There, however, we are guilty of some confusion of ideas. For what to us, who rise in the morning, seems a supper, is to him who gets up at evening twilight, a breakfast. We therefore agree with him in thinking that there is no sort of harm in a heavy breakfast. After having passed a pleasant night in eating, and flirting, he goes to bed betimes, about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Bewick observes, makes a blowing hissing noise, resembling the snoring of a man. Indeed nothing can be more diverting to a person annoyed by blue devils, than to look at a white Owl and his wife asleep. With their heads gently inclined towards each other, there they keep snoring away like any Christian couple. Should the one make a pause, the other that instant awakes, and fearing something may be wrong with his spouse, opens a pair of glimmering winking eyes, and inspects the adjacent physiognomy with the scrutinizing stare of a village apothecary. If all be right, the concert is resumed, the snore sometimes degenerating into a sort of snivel, and the snivel becoming a blowing hiss. First time we heard this noise, was in a church-yard, when we were mere boys, having ventured in after dark to catch the minister's colt for a gallop over to the parish-capital, where there was a dancing-school ball. There had been a nest of Owls in some hole in the spire; but we never doubted for a moment that the noise of snoring, blowing, hissing, and snapping, proceeded from a testy old gentleman that had been buried that forenoon, and had come alive again a day after the fair. Had we reasoned the matter a little, we must soon have convinced ourselves, that there was no ground for alarm to us at least; for the noise was like that of some one half stifled, and little likely to heave up from above him a six-feet-deep load of earth—to say nothing of the improbability of his being able to unscrew the coffin from the inside. Be that as it may, we cleared about a dozen of decent tomb-stones at three jumps—the fourth took us over a wall five feet high within, and about fifteen without, and landed us with a squash, in a cabbage garden, inclosed on the other three sides by a house and a holly-hedge. The house was the sexton's, who apprehending the stramash to

proceed from a resurrectionary surgeon mistaken in his latitude, thrust out a long duck-gun from a window in the thatch, and swore to blow out our brains if we did not instantly surrender ourselves, and deliver up the corpse. It was in vain to cry out our name, which he knew as well as his own. He was deaf to reason, and would not withdraw his patterero till we had laid down the corpse. He swore that he saw the sack in the moon-light. This was a horse-cloth with which we had intended to saddle the "cowte," and that had remained, during the supernatural agency under which we laboured, clutched unconsciously and convulsively in our grasp. Long was it ere Davie Donald would see us in our true light—but at length he drew on his Kilmarnock night-cap, and, coming out with a bouquet, let us through the trance, and out of the front door, thoroughly convinced, till we read Bewick, that old Southfield was not dead, although in a very bad way indeed. Let this be a lesson to schoolboys not to neglect the science of natural history, and to study the character of the White Owl.

**OWLS**—both White, and common Brown, are not only useful in a mountainous country, but highly ornamental. How serenely beautiful their noiseless flight! A flake of snow is not winnowed through the air more softly-silent! Gliding along the dark shadows of a wood, how spiritual the motion—how like the thought of a dream! And then, during the hushed midnight hours, how jocund the whoop and hollo from the heart of sycamore—grey rock, or ivied Tower! How the Owls of Windermere must laugh at the silly Lakers, that under the garish eye of day, enveloped in clouds of dust, whirl along in rattling post-shays, in pursuit of the picturesque! Why, the least imaginative Owl that ever hunted mice by moonlight on the banks of Windermere, must know the character of its scenery better than any Cockney that ever dined on char at Bowness or Lodore. The long quivering lines of light illuminating some sylvan isle—the evening-star shining from the water to its counterpart in the sky—the glorious phenomenon of the double moon—the night-colours of the woods—and, once in the three years, perhaps, that liveliest and most lustrous of celestial forms, the lunar rainbow—all these and many more beauteous and magnificent sights are familiar to the Owls of Windermere. And who know half so well as they do the echoes of Furness, and Applethwaite, and Loughrigg, and Langdale, all the way on to Dungeon-Gill, and Pavey-Ark, Seawfell, and the Great Gable, and that sea of mountains, of which every wave has a name? Midnight—when asleep so still and silent—seems inspired with the joyous spirit of the Owls in their revelry—and answers to their mirth and merriment through all her clouds. The Moping-Owl, indeed—the Bodging-Owl, forsooth—the Melancholy-Owl, you blockhead—why, they are the most cheerful—joy-portending—and exulting of God's creatures. Their flow of animal spirits is incessant—crowing-cocks are a joke to them—blue-devils are to them unknown—not one hypochondriac in a thousand barns—and the Man-in-the-Moon acknowledges that he never heard one of them utter a complaint.

But what say ye to an Owl, not only like an eagle in plumage—but equal to the largest eagle in size—and therefore, named from the King of Birds, the EAGLE-OWL. Mr. Selby! you have done justice to the monarch of the Bubos. We hold ourselves to be persons of tolerable courage, as the world goes—but we could not answer for ourselves showing fight with such a customer, were he to waylay us by night in a wood. In comparison, Jack Thurtell was a ninny. No—that bold, bright-eyed murderer, with Horns on his head, like those on Michael Angelo's Statue of Moses, would never have had the cruel cowardice to cut the weazand, and smash out the brains of such a miserable wretch as Weare! True, he is fond of blood—and where's the harm in that? It is his nature. But if there be any truth in the science of Physiognomy—and be that of Phrenology what it will—most assuredly there is truth in it, the original of that Owl, for whose portrait the world is indebted to Mr. Selby, and Sir Thomas Laurence never painted a finer one of Prince or Potentate of any Holy or Unholy Alliance, must have despised Probert from the very bottom of his heart, No prudent Eagle but would be exceedingly desirous of keeping on good terms with him—devilish shy, i' faith, of giving him any offence—by the least hauteur of manner, or the slightest violation of etiquette. An Owl of this character and calibre, is not afraid to show his horns at mid-day on the mountain. The Fox is not over and above fond of him—and his claws can kill a cub at a blow. The Doe sees the monster sitting on the back of her fawn, and, maternal instinct overcome by horror, bounds into the brake, and leaves the pretty creature to its fate. Thank Heaven he is, in Great Britain, a rare bird. Tempest-driven, across the Northern Ocean from his native forests in Russia, an occasional visitant, he "frightens this Isle from its propriety," and causes a hideous screaming through every wood he haunts. Some years ago one was killed on the upland moors in the county of Durham—and, of course, paid a visit to Mr. Bullock's Museum. Eagle-like, in all its habits—it builds its nest on high rocks—sometimes on the loftiest trees—and seldom lays more than two eggs. One is one more than enough—and we who fly by night, trust never to fall in with a live specimen of the Strix-Bubo of Linnaeus.

But lo! largest and loveliest of all the silent night-gliders—the SNOWY-OWL! Gentle reader—if you long to see his picture—we have told you where it may be found;—and in the College Museum, within a glass vase on the central table in the Palace of Stuffed Birds, you may admire his outward very self—the semblance of the Owl he was when he used to eye the moon shining o'er the northern sea:—but if you would see the noble and beautiful creature himself, in all his living glory, you must seek him through the long summer-twilight among the Orkney or the Shetland Isles. The Snowy-Owl dearly loves the snow—and there is, we believe, a tradition among them, that their first ancestor and ancestress rose up together from a melting snow-wreath on the very last day of a Greenland winter, when all at once the bright fields reappear. The race still

inhabits that frozen coast—being common, indeed, through all the regions of the Arctic Circle. It is numerous on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland—but in the temperate parts of Europe and America, “rare avis in terris, nigroque simili-*cymo*.”

We defy all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe—and what countless cross-legged fractious parts of men, who, like the beings of whom they are constituents, are thought to double their numbers every thirty years, must not the four quarters of the earth, in their present advanced state of civilization, contain? We defy, we say, all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe to construct such a sartout as that of the Snowy-Owl! covering him, with equal luxury and comfort, in summer's heat and winter's cold! The elements, in all their freezing fury, cannot reach the body of the bird, through that beautiful down-mail! Well guarded are the openings of those great eyes! Neither the driving dust nor the searching sleet, nor the sharp frozen-snow-stoure, give him the ophthalmia. *Gutta Serena* is to him unknown—no snowy Owl was ever couched for cataract—no need has he for an Oculist, should he live an hundred years; and were they to attempt any operation on his lens or iris, how he would hoot at Alexander and Wardrobe!

Night, doubtless, is the usual season of his prey! but he does not shun the day, and is sometimes seen hovering unhurt in the sunshine. The red or black grouse dies as if pursued by a ghost; but the snowy Owl, little slower than the eagle, in dreadful silence overtakes his flight, and then death is sudden as it is sure. Hawking is, or was, a noble pastime; and we have now prevented our eyes from glancing at Jer-falcon, Peregrine, or Goshawk, as we are keeping them for a separate Article—a Leading one of course. But, Owling, we do not doubt, would be noways inferior sport; and were it to become prevalent in modern times, as Hawking was in times of old, why, each lady, as a Venus already fair, with an Owl on her wrist, would look as wise as a Minerva.

But, oh! my soul sickens at all those dreams of blood! and faint would she turn herself away from fierce eye, cruel beak, and tearing talon,—war-weapons of them that delight in wounds and death,—to the contemplation of creatures whose characteristics are the love of solitude,—shy gentleness of manner,—the tender devotion of mutual attachment,—and, in field or forest, a life-long passion for peace!

Lo! and behold the RING-DOVE,—the QUEST,—or CUSHAT, for that is the very bird we have had in our imagination! There is his full-length portrait, stealthily sketched as the Solitary was sitting on a tree. You must catch him napping, indeed, before he will allow you an opportunity of colouring him on the spot from nature. It is not that he is more jealous or suspicious of man's approach than other bird; for never shall we suffer ourselves to believe that any tribe of the descendants of the Dove, that brought to the ark the olive-tidings of reappearing earth, can in their hearts hate or fear the race of the children of man. But Na-

ture has made the Cushat a lover of the still forest-gloom; and, therefore, when his lone-some haunts are disturbed or intruded on, he flies to some yet profounder, some more central solitude, and folds his wing in the hermitage of a Yew, sown in the time of the ancient Britons.

It is the Stock-Dove, we believe, not the Ring-Dove, from which are descended all the varieties of the races of Doves. What tenderer praise can we give them all, than that the Dove is the emblem of Innocence, and that the name of innocence—not of frailty—is Woman? When Hamlet said the reverse, he was thinking of the Queen—not of Ophelia. Is not woman by nature chaste as the Dove? As the Dove faithful? Sitting all alone with her babe in her bosom, is she not as a dove devoted to her own nest? Murmureth she not a pleasant welcome to her wearied home-return'd husband, even like the Dove among the woodlands when her mate alights in the pine? Should her spouse be taken from her and disappear, doth not her heart sometimes break, as they say it happens to the Dove? But, oftener far, findeth not the widow that her orphans are still fed by her own hand, that is filled with good things by Providence, till grown up and able to shift for themselves, away they go—just as the poor Dove lamenteth for her mate in the snare of the fowler, yet feedeth her young continually through the whole day, till away too go they—alas, in neither case, perhaps, ever more to return!

We dislike all favouritism, and a foolish and capricious partiality for particular bird or beast; but dear, old, sacred associations will tell upon all, one thinks or feels towards any place or person in this world of ours, near or remote. God forbid we should criticize the Cushat. If ever we mention his name in Blackwood's Magazine, we shall, as usual, avoid all personalities, and speak of him as tenderly as of a friend buried in our early youth. Too true it is, that often and oft, when schoolboys, have we striven to steal upon him in his solitude, and to shoot him to death. In morals, and in religion, it would be heterodox to deny that the will is as the deed. Yet in cases of high and low-way robbery and murder, there does seem, treating the subject not in philosophical but popular style, to be some little difference between the two; at least we hope so, for otherwise we can with difficulty imagine one person not deserving to be ordered for execution, on Wednesday next, between the hours of eight and nine ante-meridian. Happily, however, for our future peace of mind, and not improbably for the whole conformation of our character, our guardian genius—(every boy has a guardian genius constantly at his side both during school and play hours, though, it must be confessed, sometimes a little remiss in his duty, for the nature even of angelical beings is imperfect)—always so contrived it, that, with all our cunning, we never could kill a Cushat. Many a long hour—indeed, whole Saturdays—have we lain perdue among broom and whins, the beautiful green and yellow skirting of sweet Scotia's woods, watching his egress or ingress, our gun ready cocked, and finger on trigger, that, on the flapping of his

wings, not a moment might be lost in bringing him to the ground. But couch where we might, no Cushat ever came near our insidious lair. Now and then a Magpie,—birds who, by the by, when they suspect you of any intention of shooting them, are as distant in their manners as Cushats themselves, otherwise as impudent as Cockneys—would come hopping in continual tail-jerks, with his really beautiful plumage, if one could bring one's-self to think it so, and then sport the pensive within twenty yards of the muzzle of Brown-Bess impatient to let fly. But our soul burned, our heart panted for a Cushat; and in that strong fever-fit of passion, could we seek to slake our thirst for that wild blood with the murder of a thievish eaves-dropper of a Pye? The Blackbird, too often dropt out of the thicket into an open glade in the hazel shaws; and the distinctness of his yellow bill showed he was far within shot-range. Yet, let us do ourselves justice, we never, in all our born-days, dreamt of shooting a Blackbird,—him that scares away sadness from the woodland twilight gloom, at morn or eve; whose anthem, even in those dim days when Nature herself it might be well thought were melancholy, forceth the firmament to ring with joy. Once “the snow-white coney sought its evening meal,” unconscious of our dangerous vicinity, issuing with erected ears from the wood edge. That last was, we confess, such a temptation to touch the trigger, that had we resisted it we must have been either more or less than boy. We fired; and kicking up his heels, doubtless in fear and fright, but as it then seemed to us, during our disappointment, much rather in fun and frolic—nay absolutely derision—away bounced Master Rabbit to his burrow, without one particle of soft silvery wool on sward or bush, to bear witness to our unerring aim. As if the branch on which he had been sitting were broken, away then went the crashing Cushat through the intermingling sprays. The free flapping of his wings was soon heard in the air above the tree tops, and ere we could recover from our almost bitter amazement, the creature was murmuring to his mate on her shallow nest,—a far-off murmur, solitary and profound,—to reach unto which, through the tangled mazes of the forest, would have required a separate sense, instinct, or faculty, which we did not possess. So skulking out of our hiding-place, we made no comment on the remark of a homeward-plodding labourer, who had heard the report, and now smelt the powder, “Cushats are gayan' little birds to kill,” but returned with our shooting-bag as empty as our stomach, to the Manse.

But often—often did we visit, without thought of Cushat, Lintwhite, or Goldfinch, the fragrant solitude of those hazel Shaws. There stood, embowered in birch trees, within a glade and garden cleared into beautiful circle from the wood-edge, a cottage, that many came to visit, less for its own exceeding loveliness, than for the sake of the inmates who sat beside its hearth. Dear to the schoolboy is the stated or unexpected holiday, when away he goes with a beating heart to the angling in the burn flowing among its broomy braes with many a fairy waterfall—or in the moorland loch

with its one isle of pines and old castle ruin. Such—sometimes in passion, sometimes in pensiveness—was the sole pastime of our youth. But often—even in holiday—did we use to steal away from our gleesome comrades, and sit till evening in that sylvan shelting. How hushed and humble in their simplicity were all the ongoings of that lonesome household! The husband at work in the wood, changing the almost valueless hazel coppice, intertwined with brier-roses, into pretty patches of pasture, sheltered places for the new-dropped lambs—or felling, ere the sap had mounted into the branches, the ringing Forest Tree. The sound of his ceaseless axe was heard within—and his wife's face smiled as the clock gave warning of the hour of one or six—for in five minutes he was sure to enter the door. He was a labourer—not a slave. Ten hours was his spring and summer day's darg, in winter eight—for his mind deserved the time his body won for it, and he had likewise a heart and a soul to be fed. Had there been nothing for him to be proud of in his wife but her beauty, he might well have held up his head with her by his side at church or market. But he felt his happiness to be in her gentleness, her industry, her sense, and her faith—that through the week kept his house clean, calm, cheerful, orderly,—and on Sabbath serene with a holy rest.

But how—Oh how shall I speak of her—the lovely May—that all day long was wandering about her nest on little acts and errands of love, for which alone she seemed to have been born, so ready ever were her blue eyes to fill either with smiles or with tears! Gazing on her forehead, one might indeed easily have thought of the glistening of the threads of fine-beaten gold—or of the goessamer floating in the dew-drop in the morning sun—or of flower-rays dancing in the light to sudden breezes amid the woodlands dim—or some one star looking out in its brightness when all others were in mist. Yet when that fair child was alive—and a daily sight of her beauty given to my fraternal eyes—never once did such images gather round her head. There it was in the beauty of its own ringlets—the loveliness of those lips—the innocence of those eyes! When she spoke, it was her own voice alone that I heard—for it was unlike any other sound on this earth. Often as in her hearing her exceeding beauty had been praised—not could delighted admiration, even by the thoughtful, be well repressed—she knew not that she was beautiful—but felt that she was happy, and hoped that she was good. Yet when in the Bible she read of sin and sinners, and of Him who died that they might be saved, rueful were the tears she shed, even as if her conscience had been disturbed, and trembled before her Maker. Early and deep in her soul were sown the seeds of Faith—that immortal flower which shall be perfected in Heaven. Fair blossoms and precious fruits it bore in her—watered sometimes—but not too often, by solitary tears!—But these were her Sabbath hours, or her hours of week-day prayers. Her life was cheerful—joyful in its blessedness—and all the grief, all the sorrow, all the shame, all the contrition she ever suffered—what were they all to

the agony that, had she lived, might have been crowded into the raving darkness of one single day?

We have all read of children—touched by a light from Heaven—meditating with a power seemingly far beyond their infant years, upon a world to come. Thoughts and feelings—of which we can know not the full holy virtue—change them into saints, and make them sigh for Heaven. How sweetly have their little voices been heard in hymns, when they knew that they were lying on their death-beds! They have told their parents not to weep for them—and having kissed their brothers and sisters with such smiles as pass between those who love one another, when one of them is about to go away on a visit from which in a few weeks he is to return—they have laid down their heads, never to be lifted again till the judgment-day. Oh! scoff not at the wonderful piety you may not understand! Look into the eyes of your own daughter of seven years as she is saying her prayers—and disbelieve not the truth told of creatures young and innocent as she—who God took unto himself—and ere he stretched out his hand to waft them from earth, showed them a glimpse of heaven!

The skies of ten summers only were ever seen by her, whom in those days I used to call my sister; but whose image, even as the image of a daughter whom I myself had lost, is now sometimes witnessed kneeling along with our children at their prayers. Such is the more than memory—the clear-returning presence of her death-bed. It never could be said that she sickened before she died. Dying she was—that was visible to all—nor did her parents seek to conceal it either from her or themselves. To lose her—never after one certain day to see or hear her more—that was a sentence that, had it been pronounced of a sudden all in one word, would have killed them both. But what do the souls of us mortal beings know of what is in them, till He who made them reveal it all by a dreadful, but a holy light, held close to them in the hand of sorrow? Week followed week—Sabbath followed Sabbath—and all the while she was dying before their eyes. Those eyes could not cease to weep—no, no,—nature issued, in their affliction, no such decree. But there was at last little or no bitterness in their tears—there was no more sobbing—no more bursting of the heart—as far as beings like us, who see God's judgments dimly, can be resigned, they were resigned—and so said both the father and the mother, when, left alone in the house of death, they closed their Lucy's eyes, and took off gently—oh more gently far than if she had been asleep—a lifeless ringlet from her temples, to put within the leaves of the Bible at the very place she had read her last—that every morning, every mid-day, every evening, and many a midnight too—they might see it, and kiss it, and weep over it—on, on, for ever—till they both were dead!

When their friends were asked to the funeral, I was not forgotten. Neither of them had any blood-relations, and some lived at too great a distance for poor men to come; so I was one of the chief-mourners, and stood close to her

father, when we let her down into her grave. In the midst of my sore weeping, his pale face seemed to bid me restrain my tears; but when all was over, and we had reached the church-yard gate, it was my turn to be the comforter. Methinks I hear that groan at this very silent moment; but deep as it was, as deep a groan as ever rended a human breast, what matters it now, more than a sigh of the wind through a crevice,—for twenty long years have had their flight, since the heart that uttered it ceased to quake with any mortal passion.

By what inscrutable causes are we led to fasten thus upon some one long-ago event, that had lain year after year in utter oblivion? Why thus will some one single solitary idea, some momentary event of our past life, all of itself flash upon us, and haply never be thought of more? A sweet voice once heard,—a face that past by,—a tune,—a rose-tree that bore a thousand blossoms,—a ship in full sail,—a sunset,—a tear,—a hope,—an agony,—an ecstasy,—the light of an assured virtue,—the shadow of an assured sin! Oh! my little Lucy—my beautiful, my beloved—thou who hast so long been dead—and often, for years at a time, by me utterly forgotten—Thou and the Morning are before me, looking just as did thy face, and Heaven's, when first I beheld thee at thy cottage-door!

Which is the best poem—Grahame's Birds of Scotland, or his Sabbath?—Both are full of pathos—but the "Birds" is the most poetical. "Why do the birds sing on Sunday?" said once a little boy to us,—and we answered him in a lyrical ballad, which we have lost, otherwise we had intended to have sent it—without solicitation—to Alarie Watts's Souvenir, for the pleasure (who is without vanity?) of seeing our name shining, or even obscured, in that splendid galaxy of stars. But although the birds certainly do sing on Sunday,—behaviour that with our small gentle Calvinists who dearly loved them, caused some doubts of their being so innocent as during the week days they appeared to be,—we cannot set down their fault to the score of ignorance. Is it in the holy superstition of the world-wearied heart that man believes the inferior creatures to be conscious of the calm of the Sabbath, and that they know it to be the day of our rest? Or is it that we transfer the feeling of our inward calm to all the goings-on of Nature, and thus imbue them with a character of reposing sanctity existing only in our own spirits? Both solutions are true. The instincts of those creatures we know only in their symptoms and their effects—and the wonderful range of action over which they reign. Of the instincts themselves—as feelings or ideas—we know not anything—nor ever can know; for an impassable gulf separates the nature of those that are to perish from ours that are to live for ever. But their power of memory, we must believe, is not only capable of minutest retention, but also stretches back to afar—and some power or other they do possess that gathers up the past experience into rules of conduct that guide them in their solitary or gregarious life. Why, therefore, should not the birds of Scotland know the Sabbath-day? On that day the

Water-Ouzel is never disturbed by angler among the murmurs of his own water-fall—and as he flits down the banks and braes of the burn, he sees no motion—he hears no sound about the cottage that is the boundary of his farthest flight—for “the dizzying mill-wheel rests.” The merry-nodding rooks, that in spring-time keep following the very heels of the ploughman—may they not know it to be Sabbath, when all the horses are standing idle in the field, or taking a gallop by themselves round the head-rigg? Quick of hearing are birds—one and all—and in every action of their lives are obedient to sounds. May they not, then, do they not connect a feeling of perfect safety with the tinkle of the small kirk-bell? The very jay himself is not shy of people on their way to worship. The magpie, that never sits more than minute at a time in the same place on a Saturday, will on the Sabbath remain on the kirk-yard wall with all the composure of a dove. The whole feathered creation know our hours of sleep. They awake before us, and ere the earliest labourer has said his prayers, have not the woods and valleys been ringing with their hymns? Why, therefore, may not they, who know, each week-day, the hour of our lying down, and our rising up, know also the day of our general rest? The animals, whose lot is labour, shall they not know it? Yes; the horse on that day sleeps in shade or sunshine without fear of being disturbed; his neck forgets the galling collar, “and there are forty feeding like one,” all well knowing that their fresh meal on the tender herbage will not be broken in upon before the dews of next morning, ushering in a new day to them of toil or travel.

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*From the Forget-Me-Not.*

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

By the Author of “*The Legend of Genevieve*,” &c.

STILL was the air, and all the scene  
Brought gladness to the gazing eye—  
So sweet, so soothingly serene,  
The smiling earth, and answering sky.  
Those heavenly tones again I heard  
That taught my youthful heart to melt;  
And every look, and whisper'd word  
Recall'd what once my spirit felt:  
The wild delight of circling ties—  
The cloudless glow of open truth—  
The thousand darling witcheries,  
That gild the enchanted years of youth!  
Methought 'twas eve—the star of Love  
Shone o'er us with benignant ray;  
The thrush, amid the boughs above,  
Sung sweet to hymn departing day;  
And waned away the western fires,  
The towers of Cloudland's fairy clime;  
As fancy's picturing glow expires,  
Before the eyes of riper time.  
All else was hush'd—thine eye with mine  
Was fix'd on evening's courier star;

I turn'd, and oh! that glance of thine  
Was sure as bright, but warmer far!  
It woke the dreams, which I have dream'd,  
When own'd my soul young passion's birth;  
And being seem'd, as then it seem'd,  
A span of sunshine spent on earth.

Our words were those of happier days,  
To all except remembrance dead,  
That now but tell reflection's gaze  
How sweet they were—how swift they fled.

The spirit of my boyish years  
Back to my heart rekindling came,  
Ere Love's bright torch was quench'd by tears,  
Or pleasure prov'd an empty name.  
I saw thee as I knew thee first,  
When, flashing on my raptured mind,  
The glory of thine image burst,  
Like seraph mix'd with woman kind:  
And then I felt how years of cloud,  
Had come those sunny times between,  
When Heaven was wrapt as in a shroud,  
And darkness veil'd earth's pastures green.

Thy bosom heaved, and I forgot  
All fancied wrongs that sigh to see,  
While every wo that dimm'd my lot  
Seem'd vanish'd, when I gaz'd on thee.

For oh! unto thy charms were given  
Whate'er bonn Nature's hand could spare,—  
All that is bright or blue in Heaven—  
All that on earth is fresh or fair.

So kindly were thy words, my woes  
Were charm'd to peace, my bosom burn'd;  
The beams of past day re-arose,  
And all my youthful hopes return'd

I wonder'd how my heart had been  
Of little faith to one so true;  
And all Love's halcyon days were seen  
By Memory's eye in fond review;  
Since first absorb'd in youthful flame  
I craved a ringlet of thy hair,  
Which through long years remains the same,  
Beside a heart that feels despair.

Our walks amid th' autumnal woods—  
Our saunterings by the sounding sea—  
When Nature's choicest solitudes  
Seem'd, Ida, form'd for thee and me.

In mutual faith we pledg'd the kiss;  
Again youth's fairy realms arose;  
When, sudden from my dreaming bliss  
I woke to life's unsleeping woes.

I woke, alas! 'tis sad to wake,  
When slumbers only proffer joy;  
And manhood feels, with thoughts that ache,  
How sweet 'twas once to be a boy!

Melted th' Elysian scenes away,  
As on my couch the clear moon shone;  
To muse and meditate I lay,  
Dejected, silent, and alone.

I felt that sickening pensiveness,  
That pleasure drugg'd with pain's alloy,  
Which rules the bosom of distress,  
When retrospection ponders on joy.

I woke—but where wert thou, my star?  
My bark on brumal tides was lost;  
And, sever'd by rude fates afar  
Wert thou, I worshipp'd, won, and lost!!

*From Death's Doings.*

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

List not Ambition's call, for she has lur'd  
To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice,  
Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false!  
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks  
The battle-field where red Destruction waves  
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down  
The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave  
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the  
fight—

The seaman follows her, to fall—at last  
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons  
She promises the proud degree—the praise  
Of academic senates, and a name  
That Fame on her imperishable scroll  
Shall deeply grave. O, there was one who  
heard  
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn,  
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell  
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,  
And morn, unmrank'd, upon his pallid cheek  
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye  
Reluctant clow'd, and sleep around his couch  
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night  
Mingled—insensibly—and night with day;—  
In loveliest change the seasons came—and  
pass'd—

Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky  
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath  
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the  
streams  
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy  
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer  
gemm'd  
The sword with flowers, as thickly strown as  
seem  
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By  
day  
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by  
night  
The nightingale;—he heeded not the lay  
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—  
Sunshine or shadow—and the rich blue sky;  
No gales of fragrance and of life that cheer  
The aching brow—relume the drooping eye—  
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pur-  
suit—

One master-passion master'd all—and Death  
Smil'd only as Consumption at his nod  
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the  
cheek

With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;  
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,  
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet hope sustain'd  
His sinking soul, and to the high reward  
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and  
scorn

Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,  
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves  
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,  
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss  
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance  
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutting  
step

And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous  
bloom

Suffused, he press'd where Science op'd the  
gates

Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise  
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd  
The tyrant—DEATH:—and as around the brow  
Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd  
The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd  
The cypress with the laurel;—at his foot  
Perish'd the "MARTYR STUDENT!"

*From the Quarterly Review.*

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.  
8 vols. Paris. 1825, 1826.

The light which this lady has thrown upon every object at which she glances is so admirably proportioned to it; her copy sets forth, with such commensurate egotism and levity, the profound frivolity, the important littleness, the grandiloquent emptiness of her original, that we never saw a painter and a model so harmonize together; and we must confess that as much of the eighteenth century and the French revolution as she describes, seems to have existed but for her pencil, and her pencil for it. Happy the leaders of the Grecian bands who had Homer for their bard! but happier far the chieftains of Parisian futility, for their feasts are embalmed by a Genlis.

Before we give an account of the work, we must say something of the author. She was born near Autun in Burgundy, on the 25th January, 1746; but so weak that she could not be committed to swaddling clothes. She was consequently pinned up in a bag of feathers, and thus laid to repose in a great arm-chair. But her existence was soon threatened by M. le Bailli du village, who came to pay his compliments on the happy occasion, and was going to seat himself on the easy cushion, never suspecting it to contain so precious a deposit. She then suffered fresh dangers from her nurse; and was fed entirely upon a panada composed of rye bread steeped in wine and water; a mess which we cannot recommend to nurses or parents in general, even though fifty of Mad. de Genlis's hundred volumes may have resulted from its administration in the present instance. At the age of eighteen months she threw herself into a pond, from which she was with difficulty extricated. When five years old she cut her head severely; shortly afterwards she fell into the fire, but her face, as she takes care to tell us, was not injured. These accidents show a tenacity of life granted only to those who are destined to mighty ends. At eight years old she was taken to Paris, where she underwent the usual operations of her age; and was clad in the species of armour then peculiar to females, whalebone bodices. She informs us, that her education was much neglected by her mother, and principally conducted by waiting-maids, whose chief instructions consisted in ghost stories.

Among the occupations of our author in her youth, the favourite pursuit seems to have been the comedian's art, and to this she has been constant through life. Another much relished employment was that of instructing others; and this taste also adheres to her to the last; for, at a very advanced period, we shall find her regretting that she had not been the

governess of Madame de Staél. Her first appearance in disguise was at a little festival, prepared by her mother, for her father's return after an absence of three months. The part which our heroine enacted was l'Amour. Her dress was "couleur de rose, recouvert de dentelle de point, parsemé de petites fleurs artificielles de toutes couleurs. Il me venoit jusqu'aux genoux : j'avois de petites bottines couleur de paille et argent ; mes longs cheveux abattus, et des ailes bleues." This costume was found so becoming that it was multiplied. One was made for week days, another for Sundays ; only the wings were suppressed when she went to church ; and thus was she dressed daily during nine happy months.

We do not reach the fortieth page of the first of our eight volumes, before a large portion of Mad. de Genlis's propensities have unveiled themselves :—a self-adulation never seen before in any human author ; a complacency for which nothing is too great or too little ; which has a craving alike for flattery of every kind, although it digests the most fulsome the most easily. Already have we been told a hundred times of her talents, and of the compliments which her aptitude for music, singing, acting, her heroism, her agility, &c. &c. &c. procured her : and more than once she glances at the beauty of that face and hair which are so often to be lauded in the sequel. As such are the most striking features of the performance, in as far as she herself is concerned, we must, before we proceed farther, extract a few specimens—although we have as little hope of giving an adequate idea of Madame de Genlis's vanity by quotations, as of representing a Swiss avalanche by means of Professor Leslie's frigorigraphic apparatus.

" My brother was far from being so brilliant a child as I was. His face indeed was pretty ; but he was awkward, and simple, &c."

" My performance of Zara had such prodigious success that the ladies of Moulins declared me to be superior to Mademoiselle Clairon in tragedy."

" By this exercise (to wit, fencing) my feet were better turned, and I walked better than the generality of women."

" There is something extravagant in my disposition, with great caution in my opinions ; so that I have reflected well, and have possessed taste ; yet notwithstanding this, have committed many absurdities."

" In less than six months I deciphered every thing as I opened the book, even the most difficult harpsichord pieces ; and I have carried this talent to its utmost extent."

" I learned to bleed, an acquirement which I have since carried absolutely to perfection."

" I invented a composition with which I imitate to perfection all sorts of stones, &c."

" There is one praise which I can give myself, because I am sure that I deserve it. It is, that my mode of thinking has always been perfectly correct."

" Louis XV. talked a great deal to Madame de Prusieux, and said many agreeable things of me."

" We returned to Genlis, where we acted a play, in which the best performers were M. de

Genlis and myself. My sister-in-law, with all my instructions did not act well."

" While my long hair was combing, which was very long, I read the Ancient History of Rollin."

" Some one praising my gaiety, in presence of Mad. de Cambis, she replied, ' Yes, the gaiety of pretty teeth,' meaning that I only laughed to show my teeth, which was very unjust, as I was always entirely free from affection."

" When the curtain rose, I received three rounds of applause, and my Arrietta was twice called for."

" For the first time I followed the stag-hunt on horseback, having, at Genlis, only chased the boar. I thought the stag-hunt charming, because my manner of riding was very much admired."

" Mad. de P. wished to show me at the chateau du Vaudreuil, where talents and fêtes were in high favour."

" All my impulses and sentiments have always been generous and good."

" I gave myself (i. e. in a comedy she had written) a very brilliant part, in which I sang, danced, played on the harpsichord, the harp, guitar, musette, dulcimer, and hurdy-gurdy."

" As M. de Clermont had boasted very much of my harp, and as this instrument was not known in Italy, the queen (of Naples) was very desirous of hearing me—her enthusiasm was so great, that in one of her transports she kissed my hand."

After conversation with the Duke of Orleans, she says,

" At last I stopped to receive their compliments on my eloquence."

" The time I spent at the Palais Royal was the most brilliant, and the most unhappy of my life. I was in the full eclat of my talents, and at that age when the freshness and graces of youth are united with the accomplishments of society. I was admired, praised, flattered, sought, &c."

While governess in the Orleans family she and a friend went both disguised as cooks, to "la plus belle guinguette des Porcherons." Her friend, she says, did not look well in her dress : " while I on the contrary lost nothing of what was elegant and striking in my looks. I was even more remarkable than if elegantly dressed."

Two persons at this time became enamoured of her, and declared their passion. One of them was La Harpe, the author, who inscribed upon her bust, as she relates—

" She has all that is charming in little things, and all that is sublime in great."

She studied many of the manual arts along with her pupils:

" I made with them an immense number of morocco portfolios, as well finished as those of England ; baskets, in which I excelled ; cords, ribbons, gauze, pasteboard-work, book-case frames, plans in relief, artificial flowers, marble paper, gilding on wood, all sorts of hair-work, down to wigs."

Mademoiselle d'Orleans had the measles at Mons.

" I understood perfectly (she says) the treatment of this disease, and was more useful than the doctor."

She charmed, by her harp, the grandmother of M. de Genlis, aged 87, who immediately told her that she preferred her to all her other granddaughters; yet one of these "was pretty as an angel, and of charming manners and sweet disposition."

"No emigrant would have been more peaceable and happy than I, in a foreign country. With the general taste for my works, my literary reputation, and the agreeable talents I carried with me, I should have found," &c.

Of one of her own novels she says:

"Nothing was talked of in society but Mad. de la Vallière; no one met me without pronouncing this name, with the epithets *charming, vanishing*; so that I became fairly tired of it, and heard it with *ennui*."

She adds that a lady had been expressing her admiration of it in the current language of rapture, when, after a certain time, she herself, "par distraction," as she assures us, joined in the general exclamation "charmant, ravissant," to the surprise of all beholders, &c. So industrious a caterer is her vanity that it finds alimento in the praises bestowed upon another person, and she quotes the following *charming* couplet on the talent of her pupil Casimir on the harp, and addressed to her:

"Au jeune Orphée, à son luth enchanteur,  
Quand le public rend un si just hommage,  
Vous ressemblez au créateur  
Qui s'applaudit de son ouvrage."

Apropos of an inundation which happened at Genlis, she mentions the wonders which she beheld in her life; another inundation at Hamburg; a fire at St. Aubin; from which indeed she was separated by the Loire; she saw the lightning fall near the ponds at Genlis; at Villers-Cotterets a famous globe of fire; at St. Len, for the second time, an extraordinary shower of hail; at the Arsenal a tornado which carried off a lad of fifteen to the distance of five hundred yards, without killing him; at Origny a véritable eclipse of the sun, and two comets (we should be happy to learn what the eclipse is which is not véritable). Beside all this, she was at sea in a storm. "C'est un cours pratique d'*histoire naturelle*" (we never thought that these things belonged to natural history.) "Il ne m'a manqué qu'un tremblement de terre, et une éruption du Vésuve." These are the wonders of her life which she thinks worth recounting.

One evening, in the dark, she stumbled over a trunk, and cut her leg, broke two teeth, and scratched her face in three places: and here follow the words of our great authoress, in her seventieth year at least, upon this occasion.

"I thought myself disfigured, but I was not. This accident has entirely altered my physiognomy. My nose was a little turned up, and like all such noses, had a slight prominence, and, at the end, what painters call *méplats*. I may now say that this nose was very delicate and very pretty; it has been celebrated in verse and prose, and I had preserved it in all its delicacy. It is no longer since the accident, nor in the slightest degree crooked; but the prominence and the *méplats* have disappeared. For fifteen days I was so disfigured that I did not look once into a glass, knowing, by the im-

pression produced on others, how frightful my face then was."

This quotation, we think, is nearly sufficient. But one or two more, and we have done. She counselled Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, to be great enough to protect the Bourbons.

"I do not flatter myself that this letter alone decided his conduct; but I dare believe that it contributed to strengthen him in this idea."

We have reserved the most precious specimens for the last.

"My journey in England was exceedingly brilliant. No woman was allowed to enter the House of Commons; but this House by a special order granted me permission to be present at a sitting."

This we take for insanity. The trick was, most probably, Mr. Sheridan's.

All the passages that we have been giving are to be found before three-fourths of the work are accomplished; and we can assure the reader that we have spared him nine-tenths of the examples which we might have produced. It is quite impossible, by extracts, to give the spirit of vanity which pervades the whole performance. Every thought, every word, every turn of expression is replete with it; neither is there a single subject on which it is not exorbitant. She recounts every compliment that ever was paid to her in prose or in verse; and gives whole pages of miserable hymns merely because they were composed in her honour. We cannot stop to give specimens of these; but with the exception of a very few indeed, not a line is quoted that is not below contempt. No beings upon earth are less endowed with poetic fire than the drawing-room versifiers of France; and had this celebrated lady a particle of the modesty of which she boasts, or of the critical delicacy which she claims, she would have blushed at the incense, and condemned the authors to perpetual obscurity. A few changes rung upon the combinations of mythology, lines cut into any number of syllables, with a jingle at the end of each, and a blunted point or threadbare epigram to close the couplet, constitute a poet in the unimaginative circles of the French capital.

The biographer of Burke, describing Madame Genlis's visit to Butlerscourt in 1792, gives us an anecdote which we beg leave to quote.

"Her great ambition was to do, or be thought to do, everything: to possess an universal genius both in mind and in mechanical powers, beyond the attainments of her own or even the other sex. A ring which she wore of very curious, indeed exquisite workmanship, having attracted the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he inquired by what good fortune it had come into her possession, and received for answer that 'it was executed by herself.' Sir Joshua stared, but made no reply: 'I have done with her,' said he, the first time he was alone with Mr. Burke afterwards; 'to have the assurance to tell me such a tale! Why, my dear sir, it is an antique; no living artist in Europe can equal it.'" — *Prior's Burke*, vol. ii. p. 177.

Frivolity is no less characteristic of Madame's own performance than vanity. She went to a fishing party at Genlis, shortly after

her marriage, in white embroidered shoes; which drew upon her the epithet of a "belle dame de Paris." This reproach stung her; and the mode she took to efface it was as follows:

"Scooping down, I picked up a little fish as long as my finger, which I swallowed whole, saying, 'See now if I am a fine lady of Paris.' I have committed other follies in my life, but certainly, none as strange as this. M. de G. scolded me, and frightened me by saying, it might live and grow in my stomach, of which I was afraid for many months."

Absurdity cannot go much beyond this. When M. de Genlis went to join his regiment at Nancy, she retired into the convent of Origny, there to spend the time of his absence.

"I shed many tears at leaving M. de Genlis; afterwards I amused myself infinitely. I played on the harp, sang anthems in the pulpit of the church, and played tricks on the nuns."

Another of her exploits was this:

"In a frolic of my brother's, he knocked against the windows, (of the wine shops in a village where they were) crying, 'Good people, do you sell *sacré chien*?' and then, dragging me with him, ran through a little dark alley beside the wine shops, where we hid ourselves, dying with laughter. Our joy was increased by hearing the man, at the door of his house, threaten to cudgel the rascals who had knocked at his windows. My brother explained to me that *sacré chien* meant brandy. We repeated this agreeable frolic several times, &c. Happy the age when delight may be had so cheap; when nothing has yet exalted the imagination and troubled the heart."

Would our readers suppose that this was written by a female philosopher, married, and on the eve of becoming a mother? There was at Genlis a bathing tub large enough to hold four persons. She had it filled with milk collected from all the neighbouring farms, and, with her sister-in-law, she went into it when thus filled. She represents it as the most agreeable thing in the world.

"We had had the surface of the bath covered with rose-leaves, and we remained more than two hours in this delightful bath."

She seems at every period of her life to have been particularly fond of bonbons and patisserie; and indeed of eating in general. She once made a poor man weep bitterly by devouring the whole liver of a fish, without offering him any of it. The Duke of Orleans, (Philippe Egalité) enamoured of her aunt, sought to make the niece propitious, and took her some barley-sugar, which, as she avows, put her in perfect good humour. She frequently mentions presents of this kind; but her most rapturous exclamations are upon the following occasion. On January 1st, 1825, the Duke of Orleans, formerly her pupil, sent her, as a new year's present, a thing in the form of a large log of wood, hollow, made of pasteboard, and containing bonbons. On this log she made some verses, expressing her astonishment that Monseigneur should approach her armed with a club to knock her down; she suspects, however, that the club is but a trick, and discovering at length that it contains "des douceurs," she cries out, "O surprise! O ravissement!" and receives with delight the gift equally sweet

to age, to maturity, and to childhood. But we must conclude these trifling matters; we only request the reader to inspect a few pages of the original, in order that he may be convinced of the moderation which we have shown towards our authoress.

In all that we have been quoting, it is difficult to find any trace of the life or writings of a literary character; or to suspect that the author cited is the most voluminous female novelist of this, or perhaps of any age; that she stands high among the ladies of her country who have enriched it by their imagination; and that that country claims pre-eminence in all that is refined and graceful in intellect. Certainly, did the biographer not take most special care to make us acquainted with her various labours, and to let us know the value which the public set upon them, we never should have guessed that she had composed the *'Théâtre d'Education'*, *'les Vieux témoires'*, *'les Chevaliers du Cigne'*, &c. &c.—that she had ever produced any thing which could outlive the hour that gave it being.

That—except in her *Memoirs*—Madame de Genlis is a novelist of great fire and animation, of considerable truth and invention—that she has the talent of carrying her readers with interest through her pages—is most certain. Certain it is that whatever she paints of human actions and passions, she paints with minuteness and accuracy; and that, in all the details of description, she is exact and exuberant. But praise ends here. We must not look for merit of a higher order in any of her productions. We must not expect to find her creating new forms, transfiguring souls into bodies that become animated by her touch, or taking any of the large views of nature which bespeak true genius. In the smaller intellectual faculties, as the perception of facts, the arrangement of incidents—in all that is necessary to catch some happy glimpses of manners—she is eminently rich; but not in those which compare, combine, and follow up the greater relations that join effects to causes. If we may be allowed thus to express ourselves, we should say Madame de Genlis has a very large portion of a very small mind, and that portion is particularly active. Her intellectual arsenal is boundlessly stored with sparrow-shot.

With such endowments Madame de Genlis is fully adequate to write what she has published; there is nothing in the very best of her novels which demands greater powers than these. That, when she criticises works, which, like her own, are the offspring of petty faculties, she may find them commensurate to her ideas of excellence, is therefore natural; and we were not surprised at the praises bestowed by her in this piece of auto-biography upon the most insipid of the dead, Madame Deshoulières, and upon the most narrow-minded and prejudiced of the living, Monsieur de Ronald. For the same reasons we were not astonished when we read her remarks upon authors of different dimensions from these, and found her utterly incapable of appreciating such minds as Byron and Scott; or their Gallic imitator Lamartine; or deciding, in direct opposition to the received opinion, upon the merits of Gibbon as a historian. Her favourite M. de Ronald is the au-

thor of several works, principally political, the most remarkable of which is that entitled 'Législation Primitive.' Another is 'Théorie du Pouvoir Politique et Religieux,' and his last, a pamphlet, just published, on the liberty of the press. M. de Bonald is the champion and the hero of that party in France which would put a stop to the progress of mankind, and bring back the world to the very spot on which it stood half a century ago. We certainly are not partisans of the means which his countrymen have devised for the improvement of the species, and the promotion of freedom; and we differ from them entirely in their estimation of good and bad, political as well as moral. But we cannot go quite so far as this author does, and indiscriminately wish undone every thing that has been done, even in the period of their most violent confusion. M. de Bonald has some power of language, and can turn a few periods with plausibility. But better were it to have no discourse of reason, than to think as he does think:—We quote a single phrase from his last pamphlet.

"I seek sincerely the advantages of the liberty of the press, and I perceive them not."

With regard to M. Lamartine, we are far from saying that, even to minds accustomed to the boldest strains of English poetry, his productions can appear devoid of faults. Still more must his innovations in thought and language make him appear extravagant, and even barbarous, to the French, who measure poetry by the rule and compass, and give laws to inspiration. Yet the mind of this author is cast in a larger poetical mould than ever before was used by nature to create a Frenchman. Madame de Genlis asserts that he is not of a good school. He is not indeed of her school, nor of any school which assumes pettiness as its principle. He has emancipated himself from the trammels which bound up all his predecessors. Should the poetry, which the French affect to stigmatize under the epithet of romantic, ever get footing among them, M. de Lamartine will be remembered as the founder of a school which shall supersede the classical mythological coldness and uniformity that prevail in all that has yet appeared in this department of French literature. But the person against whom Madame de Genlis seems to be the most envenomed is precisely that towards whom good taste, and self-respect would have made her the most tolerant, Madame de Staél. Of this lady she says, on her first acquaintance, Madame de Staél being then but sixteen and unmarried—

"She astonished without pleasing me. Mad. Necker had brought her up very ill, letting her pass three quarters of the day in her parlour, with the beaux esprits of the time, who all surrounded Mlle. Necker; who, while her mother was occupied with others, discoursed with the daughter on love and the passions. She learned to write rapidly and abundantly, without reflection: and thus she has written. She had very little instruction, and went profoundly into nothing."

She is still more abusive in another place, when she accuses Mad. de Staél of not knowing her own language, and says that she (Mad. de Genlis) was of use to her in correcting her style and reforming her affection. She at-

tributes much of the success of her rival in her last years to a large fortune and an excellent house; and concludes her invidious criticism thus:—

"She has a thousand times inspired me with a sentiment which she never suspected. Often, in thinking of her, have I regretted that she had not been my daughter or my pupil. I should have given her good literary principles, with just and natural ideas; and, with such an education, her own genius and a generous heart, she would have been an accomplished person, and the most justly celebrated authoress of her time."

But she pronounces the opinion of her own superiority in more decided terms. A journalist, drawing a comparison between the two rival authoresses, parodies a well known line of poetry—'Je ne décide point entre Genève et Rome'—and says—'Je ne décide point entre Genève et Paris.' The Parisian rival unhesitatingly exclaims:

"A woman and an authoress could not fail to perceive all that was pointed and flattering in this sally. It must be acknowledged that when the two cities are balanced against each other in French literature, Paris will always outweigh Geneva."

To the narrowed dimensions of mind which prevent Mad. de Genlis from measuring the great authors previously mentioned, she adds, in the present instance, the still narrower feeling of envy. We certainly are not partisans of Mad. de Staél. We coincide in very few of her opinions, political or moral; neither do we admit her philosophical reasonings to be just. But we cannot help admiring the large and powerful spirit which impelled her, even where we think her in the wrong. Every thought, every feeling of hers, even her errors, belong to a great intellect; and the most presumptuous thing we ever heard of was that such a pigmy, comparatively, as Mad. de Genlis, could imagine that the author of *Corinne*, would not have been the worse for her tuition! We can hardly conceive two minds, both prolific in the same walk of literature, more different than these two. Of one of them we have already spoken. Of the other we need but say that what was deficient in the former was, in this, filled up even to exaggeration. No faculty was wanting to the Genevese rival, whose defects arose from the too great activity of one or two of them, which overthrew the equilibrium of the aggregate. Her judgment, in itself strong and powerful, when not counteracted by some vehement feeling, never would have wandered into the impracticable paths of republicanism, had she not been led astray by the conviction of an ideal perfection in mankind, of which society, hitherto at least, has given no large example. She never would have called suicide a sublime act—as she certainly did—had she not been dazzled by the grandeur of the moral sentiments which sometimes have accompanied it or seemed to accompany it. From such faults Madame de Genlis is indeed exempt, but she is also exempt from corresponding beauties.

As a compensation for the perpetual depreciation of a person so much her superior in intellect, our authoress lavishes her encomiums upon another lady, but one of a very different cast either from Mad. de Staél or de Genlis,

namely, the 'Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier, née Princesse de Beauffremont.' Every thing which this lady does is exquisite. A bronze writing-stand presented by her to Madame de Genlis, and on which was engraved 'Œuvres de Genlis,' is 'le présent le plus ingénieux et le plus charmant que j'ai reçu de ma vie.' A little screen also, on which were written some verses of Madame de Genlis's, in the midst of a 'guirlande d'immortelles et de feuilles de chêne, portant des noix de galle dont on fait l'encre,' appears to have been very ravishing.

But to proceed to greater matters—for our plan, if we can fulfil it, is to go on crescendo—the malignity of this accomplished instructress of youth is even greater towards her own aunt, Madame de Montesson, than towards her literary competitor: and indeed this feeling is, next to mere vanity, the predominant inspiration of the work before us. From what this animosity arose she does not entirely state, neither shall we inquire. We shall not presume to probe any deeper than our original, but that is enough.—One of the first charges brought against this lady by her niece is—

"That she played comedy very ill, because, in that, as in every thing else, she wanted nature. But she had much practice, and the sort of talent found in a provincial actress, whose age had procured her the highest parts."

But, in the sequel, it appears that Madame de Montesson was sufficiently skilled in this art. After the marriage of Madame de Genlis, her aunt gave her many proofs of affection, and among the rest,—

"She had confided to me that the Duke of Orleans was in love with her, and jealous of the Count de Guignes."

The aunt confessed that she too was attached to the latter for life, but altogether platonically. However, as the Comte de Guignes was very attentive to the Countess Amelie de Boufflers, Madame de Montesson was *platonically* jealous. At the same time she avowed a *tendre amitié* for the royal duke, which she used all her efforts to subdue. She contrived to engage many persons of her society in her interest, and persuaded them to praise her constantly in his presence. All the ladies readily entered into this plan; because, as the duke was at that time living with a courtesan, they could not decently appear in his house; whereas, whether Madame de Montesson became his mistress or his wife, they might again figure in his circle. Madame de Montesson spread all her snares to entrap him, and among them was the following: she extracted a comedy from one of Marivaux's novels, read it in secret to the duke, who found it charming:

"Well," said she, "I give it to you. I shall enjoy your success more than my own; and beside, I do not wish to be known as the author."

A day was fixed for reading the play before the best judges whom his society offered, Madame de Genlis being one of these:

"Its success was complete; greater than Moliere ever obtained—the audience were in ecstasies, and nothing was heard but 'ravishing, sublime, perfect.'

The duke, overcome with rapture, could no longer contain his emotion, but bursting into tears, proclaimed the real author, who, of course, fainted with modesty. She was, how-

ever, restored to life, amidst many invidious grimaces. The applauses, which could not now be retracted, confirmed the Duke of Orleans in his belief that the talents of Madame de Montesson were boundless. Some time after this, during a visit to the Prince de Conti, at L'Ile-Adam, the Count de Guignes showed the most marked attention to Madame de Boufflers, at which Madame de Montesson sickened, and was seized, every evening, regularly, with pains which we cannot name, though our authoress does. In this situation she always withdrew to her own apartment, whither she was followed by M. de Guignes, the Duke of Orleans, and a chosen few, males and females, who were employed in applying warm napkins to the part affected. There she confessed to the duke that platonic jealousy was the cause of her sufferings; and he so far sympathised with her, as to be almost unable to retain his indignation against the faithless lover, although his rival. The confidant of Madame de Montesson, during this comedy, which lasted some months, was her own niece, Madame de Genlis.

About this time, Monsieur de Montesson, who was fifty-nine years older than his wife, very conveniently departed this life, leaving the field open to the ambitious platonism of his widow, who, according to all appearances, had long since formed her plan of marrying the Duke of Orleans, as soon as she should become what the ladies of that day, and of this too, compare to being maréchal de France—i.e. a young widow. Numerous and petty were the artifices to which, as related by her niece and confidant, she had recourse; but we can recount only one. She had persuaded the duke that, victim as she was to her sentiment, she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. One day, however, when she was most healthfully acquitting herself with a wine posset, he suddenly paid her a visit. The potion was thrust under the bed, but its "invisible spirit," rising to the royal nose, betrayed the secret. She reluctantly confessed that her *reason* told her to take some nourishment; and her confidant adds, that *reason* prevailed five times every day.

The duke was not yet entirely caught in her snare, but the following incident, certainly as extraordinary as any that ever blew a nascent spark into a flame, threw his royal heart into a state of amorous carditis.

"Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem, &c."

The duke was *occupied* by another woman, when, being at a stag hunt with her and Madame de Montesson, he was accidentally separated from the rest of the hunters in a distant alley, having no companion near at the moment but Madame de Montesson. His highness was corpulent; the weather warm, the scenery romantic; what think you happened in this situation? We transcribe the words of our authoress, who had the tale from the duke himself.

"The Prince, covered with perspiration and dreadfully fatigued, asked leave to take off his cravat; he unbuttoned his coat, puffing and blowing, with so much good-natured simplicity, and that in a manner so ludicrous, that my

aunt burst into a loud fit of laughter, calling him, *gros papa*; this was done, the Duke of Orleans said, with so much gaiety, and so agreeably, that from that moment she ruled his heart."

Madame de Montesson, however, was still in need of a remedy for her life interest in the Count de Guignes. At Barege, she found the waters of oblivion; and from that place she wrote to her niece that solitude had restored her peace of mind. On her return, the duke offered to marry her privately. She consented, on condition that his son should approve of the marriage. A probationary delay of two years was agreed to on all sides. The royal assent was obtained after some difficulty, on condition that the future bride was to retain her former name, to assume no rank, nor to declare her marriage, and never afterwards to appear at court. Before the ceremony, however, she thought fit to be presented there, and—strange coincidence!—her presentation took place the very same day when Madame du Barry was first publicly received. The delay of two years was soon infringed; the Archbishop of Paris bestowed the nuptial benediction, at midnight, in the duke's private chapel, in the presence of two witnesses;—the secret was religiously kept for three weeks, after which it became the "secret de la comédie."

During the whole of this transaction—and indeed all through her career—there is no kind of artifice, duplicity, or meanness, of which Madame de Genlis does not accuse her aunt. Now we do not intend to be the champions of this lady, being much inclined to credit what perfidious friendship has thus revealed. But we must ask, why has not Madame de Genlis been equally severe upon every dissembler, upon every artful and designing person; upon vice, profligacy and libertinism, wherever she found them? Was her aunt the only one, for instance, among her friends and connexions, at whose door such charges could lie? Is she alone, among the nearest intimates of this respectable niece, stigmatized by public opinion? Has not notoriety stamped its disgrace or its honours upon some, and a tribunal upon others? Had a spirit of universal justice guided our authoress, we should not make these allusions; but it is far otherwise.

One of the greatest events in the life of a matron is the marriage of her daughter; and this important incident in the history of Madame de Genlis leads to many reflections. We shall relate the circumstances faithfully, as they stand in our original. A certain Madame de Pont, knowing the *friendship* which Madame de Montesson felt for Monsieur de Valence, advised Madame de Genlis to propose a marriage between her second daughter and him; supposing that Madame de Montesson would amply provide for the young couple. To this proposal Madame de Montesson, who, says Madame de Genlis, would not have made any sacrifice for her *grand-niece only*, consented. The marriage took place. Pulcherie was beautiful, her heart excellent, and her principles as pure as her heart. Of course, as Madame de Genlis had educated her, she possessed every accomplishment—singing, dancing, painting, declamation, with forty &c.'s. An

excess of vivacity, which she had shown in her infancy too, was subdued, and she was altogether a most delightful person.

"I must confess, with the sincerity which I profess, that my ambition for my daughter on this occasion outweighed my prudence; for the very motive which decided me in favour of the marriage should have turned me from it. The rumours of the world with regard to the affection of Madame de Montesson for Monsieur de Valence were *doubtless without foundation*; but she did such extraordinary things for him, that these surmises were confirmed; and the *universal opinion* was, that her intention, in promoting this marriage, was to fix near her person the man whom she loved. I ought to have said to myself, Madame de Montesson, incapable at all times of being a good adviser, never could love my daughter; besides, I am acting contrary to good morals in taking advantage of a sentiment which is thought to be criminal, however platonic it *may be in reality*. But I encouraged myself by saying, *perhaps* this intimacy *is* pure; at all events, even if Monsieur de Valence has been the lover of my aunt, now aged forty-seven, (Monsieur de Valence being twenty-nine, and his intended bride seventeen,) he will cease to be so when he marries my daughter; and my daughter, who places all her confidence in me, may receive from me such advice as will ensure her happiness. In short, my ambition in this being only relative—for my daughter, not for myself—I ceased to reproach myself. I never was ambitious for myself, but only for those whom I loved, &c." "I must refute," continues our respectable French moralist, "an idle tale then generally current in the world. It has been said, that one day, when the Duke of Orleans was supposed to be at a distance from home, he suddenly entered my aunt's cabinet, and there found Monsieur de Valence upon his knees before her; that she, with admirable presence of mind, said, "He is soliciting, as you see, the hand of my niece." From this incident the marriage is reported to have arisen. I can certify that this anecdote is entirely without foundation."

This is bold in Madame de Genlis. The anecdote certainly was, and still is, universally believed.

Now let it be remembered who and what Madame de Genlis is, and what is the society in which she moved, and which she paints. She did not, like Madame d'Épinay and many others, belong to a set whose privilege it was to sin with more renown and levity than all the rest of their fellow-citizens. She lived in a general society, which may be held as affording a fair average of the morality of the upper classes. She herself is, from the beginning to the end of her book, a moralist, very religious, almost a *dévoté*; perpetually talking of piety and prayer, and abusing all who do not. Yet she solicits her aunt, whom she reviles from first to last, to bestow a fortune upon her daughter, and to marry her to the man whom "universal opinion" held to be the paramour of that very aunt; and she can calm her conscience by saying, "*perhaps* he is not her paramour." Neither is any person shocked at such a marriage or such conduct. Such things are,

and pass over their heads, indeed, like a summer's cloud, without any special wonder. A grey-headed adulteress, without exciting horror, or any thing like horror, bestows upon her grand-niece the man whom she wishes to fix as a lover near her own person; and the woman who solicits this marriage—and tells the tale without a blush—is the spotless mother of the virgin bride.

This anecdote is bad enough; we must relate another. Madame de Logny, a rich widow, had two daughters, one of whom married M. de L——, the other M. de C——. A very trifling dispute excited in her bosom the most violent hatred against Madame de L——; she ceased to see her during her life, and, on her death-bed, she literally dowered her with her curse, and bequeathed her entire property to Madame de C——. Madame de C——, however, had the extreme delicacy not to take advantage of the will, but gave up to her sister the share of her mother's fortune, to which she was otherwise entitled. Nay, so far did she carry her scruples, that in dividing a certain quantity of gilt spoons, the number of which was odd, she ordered that which had no fellow to be broken, in order that each might have the half—a procédé most eminently French. This disinterestedness excited universal admiration; and the first time that our authoress met Madame de C——, she jumped upon her neck and swore eternal friendship.

This admirable Madame de C—— had a brother-in-law, the Viscomte de C——, aged twenty-seven, accomplished and handsome. The intimacy of Madame de C—— with the auto-biographer gave this gentleman frequent opportunities of seeing the latter, and he declared himself enamoured, in a letter which he had conveyed to her during the absence of Monsieur de Genlis. The letter, she says, was clever, but too studied and emphatic. It remained unanswered; but that same evening our heroine, more curious than embarrassed, went to supper at Madame de C——'s. There he contrived to seat himself beside her, and said—

" You remained a long time this morning at the public baths." " I asked him," says our authoress, " how he knew that." " I know all that you do," said he; " I follow you every where, and disguised in a thousand shapes. How often did you not see me without knowing me! Yesterday, at twelve, you were in the Luxembourg gardens in a blue gown; this morning, in returning from the bath, you went to mass at the Carmes. I was behind you for a quarter of an hour; then I waited for you at the door of the church, where, as you went out, you gave me alms." This information astonished me, and I asked him how much I had given him. " Two sols," answered he; " I shall have them set in gold, and wear them all my life next to my heart." These disguises excited my curiosity, and amused me, (the lover certainly attacked her on her weak side,) and as he gave me an exact account of all I did, I could not doubt his veracity. Every Sunday he wrote me volumes containing all that I had done during the week, so accurately, that I could not but be convinced that he had never quitted my most private foot-steps; yet I never gave him the least encou-

ragement or ground for hope. One evening, as I was tuning my harp, he approached me, and, opening his waistcoat, showed me the two sols set in gold, and suspended to a string platted of dark hair. I smiled, and asked him whose hair that was. " To whose hair could I attach those sols but to yours?" " To mine!" " Yes! I cut this string myself from your own head, one day as I was dressing your hair." At this I burst out laughing. " It is true," continued he; " Madame Dufour, your coiffeuse, (for in those good days men hairdressers were thought indecent,) often sends you a female apprentice in her room. I bribed one of these to let me take her place, and, dressed as a woman, aided by the talent which I possess in a supreme degree for disguising myself—a talent which I owe to you—about three weeks since I cut off this hair from your head." In the midst of my astonishment I recollect, in fact, that one of Madame Dufour's girls had been very silent, and had often excited my laughter by her sighs; and though my memory could trace no resemblance between her countenance and that of the Viscount, I was convinced that he was the person, and conceived the highest opinion of his powers of mimicry. This belief was confirmed when he assured me that he had spent six weeks in studying the art of hairdressing, in order to cut that lock from my head with his own hands. Nevertheless, I could not help discovering in his recital an infinite number of falsehoods; and notwithstanding my predilection for the marvellous, his audacity frightened me. Every instant I apprehended some disaster; every strange face I saw I thought was his; and these perpetual alarms made me take a decided aversion for the hero of this wild romance, which, during the first three or four months had amused me. I returned him, unopened, the next letter which he sent me; and this, indeed, I ought to have done after knowing the contents of the first. When next I met him, he darted his angry eyes at me, threatening me with every kind of extravagance if I continued not to read his letters. Fear made me comply. (What a state of society, where a woman can find no security against the importunities of a libertine, but is compelled to listen to him because she knows that public opinion would call her aversion prudery, and where prudery is a more serious reproach than gallantry!) A visit to L'Île-Adam, where he was not invited, interrupted this epistolary intimacy, but upon my return to Paris the suppers began again. At one of these, the conversation turned upon some young men of the court, who had gone to Corsica, to serve in the wars there, as simple volunteers. Many persons blamed them, but I undertook their defence upon the principles of chivalry. When the Viscount de C—— was handing me to my carriage, he said, " Madam, have you any commands for Corsica?" " How," said I, laughing, " are you going to Corsica?" " Do you not approve of those who do?" " But this is not in earnest." " Perfectly so. At five in the morning, that is to say in four hours, I depart." The next morning a note from his sister-in-law came to chide me for having thus determined him to set off for Corsica so suddenly. This adventure was

much talked of in the world, and I must confess that it flattered my vanity; while the sentimental ladies were quite shocked at the little sensibility which I showed for a lover worthy of the best days of chivalry. One of my friends in particular assured me that he was the most virtuous man upon earth; confessed that she herself had once most passionately loved him, and that, in a moment of "égarément," she had told him so; that he threw himself at her feet, implored her pity and her friendship, declared that his heart was mine, and that he loved me most tenderly, though unrequited. My friend was in raptures at the frankness of this conduct, and I myself found it estimable; though I could not help admitting the evil thought, that the Viscount, knowing the candour and vivacity of my friend, acted thus merely in the hope that she might inform me of it. M. de C—— remained a year in Corsica, where his valour was most conspicuous. On his return he spoke no more of his love for me; but hearing me once express some anxiety about a friend who was ill at Brussels, he entered my room the next day but one, booted and spurred, with a whip in one hand, and in the other a letter. "Here," said he, "is a letter from your friend. She has, indeed, been ill, but is now recovered; I saw her on her couch." "What! have you been to Brussels?" "Certainly. You were uneasy, and that was sufficient motive." I was moved even to tears at this act of kindness, and the Viscount thought he had at last found the way to my heart. A few days afterwards, being alone with me, he threw himself on his knees, repeated his protestations, and swore that if I did not requite him he would kill himself. His impetuosity filled me with terror and indignation. I rang the bell, and ordered my servant to show him down stairs. The next morning I received a note from him, (what still another note!) dated "23d August, the last day of my life." I wrote to the Count de C——, his brother, who immediately came to me, and on whose face I read confirmed the sad news. He told me that the Viscount had disappeared that morning at four o'clock, leaving a few lines to say that none should ever hear of him again. "It is you who have driven him to this act of despair," repeated the Count at every moment. My anxiety and my grief were extreme, and we agreed to keep this story as secret as we could.

"Four months passed thus, when I received a letter from the Count de C——. "Let us no more deplore the fate of the unfortunate lover; he is come to life again." He then told me that the Viscount had gone into the forest of Senard, to execute his purpose of suicide; that at the very moment when his arm was raised to strike, a hermit stood before him and dragged him to his hermitage. There, restored to reason and religion, he lived three months in the midst of a society of brothers, unknown to them, edifying them by his conversation, and passing among them for a saint. He left this retreat occasionally, indeed, to go disguised as an Armenian to the Palais Royal, in order to watch me, and to observe the impression which the rumour of his death would make upon me. Finding me, however, neither changed nor

emaciated, he confessed to his brother that my insensibility had cured him; and one of my friends called me a monster of obduracy.'

Now we think that, all circumstances considered, it would be difficult to find a companion to this tale out of France. That this state of morality should be so general as to excite no special disgust, that public opinion should but smile at it, denotes a truly fearful and established reign of depravity. What should we think of a person whose friends, like those of our authoress, universally found nothing reprehensible in her conduct but her hard-heartedness? What should we think of her wonderful esteem for the married lady who made a declaration of her passion to this Vicomte? What of the reproaches of this Count? And what men must they have been who gloried in the duplicity, the folly and the talent lavished on such a pursuit?

Neither is this all. We hope our tale is not too long, for we must continue it. Mere indiscriminate unimpassioned seduction was not the boundary of our hero's depravity. One day the elder brother, the Count de C——, entered the apartment of Madame de Genlis.

"Ah," cried he, "I am going to relate to you the horror of horrors!" "Of whom?" "Of the most accomplished villain in existence, of my brother." He then proceeded to state that Madame de C——, his wife, lately dead, had left a box which he knew to contain letters. "I had long," said he, "deferred opening it, but this morning I resolved to examine it. I found epistles from many persons, but the thickness of the bottom convinced me that I had not seen all. At length I found a secret spring, and the false bottom flew out. Under it I detected an immense number of notes and letters from my brother to my wife, declaring in the most passionate language his love for her, which he protested was perfectly pure, but which nevertheless employed every means of seduction. These letters prove that my wife always treated his protestations with severity, though he frequently threatened to commit some desperate act, after divulging all to me. He often speaks of you, and says that his passion for you was all a feint to conceal his real sentiments."

Madame de Genlis then quotes two passages from the Vicomte's letters to his brother's wife.

"At least," he writes, "this feint does not disturb her tranquillity. Provided she (i. e. Mad. Genlis) can but amuse herself, provided she is praised and flattered, that is all she wants. Her vanity and her vivacity will always stand in the place of reason to her, and she never will know what a strong attachment is." (Our rogue had no slight knowledge of the person with whom he had to deal. And again:) "So much the better that the world should think that it is upon her account that I am going to Corsica. But how can you, who, with so much nobleness and sensibility, are only alarmed, not *mored*, by my resolution, fear the dangerous impression which it may make upon her? Trust more to her vanity, and be sure that as long as she thinks herself the cause of my departure, she will find it quite natural."

These phrases, indeed, help Madame de Genlis to discover that the Vicomte was a Lovelace, much more perfidious and artful than the hero of Richardson.

"What (she exclaims) would have been my misery had I loved him, had my *instinct not warned me of his duplicity!*"

But what did the outraged brother and husband, the Count de C—, feel in this conjuncture? He lives with his brother on the same terms as usual. At first, indeed, the effort pained him, but in six months he "forgot" the injury of which he at first pretended ignorance. On this occasion Madame de Genlis bestows the epithet *virtuous* upon the Count de C—. True,—forgiveness of injury is a virtue; but what shall we say of the indifference which, in six months, can forget such depravity as this? Madame de C—, too, our authoress holds up to the world as a model of virtue; and the delicacy of dividing the gilt spoon we have already noticed. But woman who can receive, keep and hoard up in a secret treasure, love-letters from her husband's brother to the day of her death, would certainly not be held as very virtuous in most countries with which we have any acquaintance.

Of all the serious concerns of life, says Beaumarchais, the most farcical is matrimony; and such seems to have been the universal creed of his countrymen. It is, indeed, difficult to suppose that rational beings ever did or could treat with such levity a thing upon which so much of human happiness depends. But it is—or at least it was—in the moral constitution of that nation to consider serious things with frivolity, and trifles with importance. Of all that can be turned into ridicule, of all that can raise a smile in private or in public, in the closet or upon the stage, the most fertile source of laughter is an injured husband; and the thing which, religion not excepted, creates the greatest mirth, is the rupture of the marriage vow.

Under the old monarchical regimen, the only value that was set upon female virtue was in its sacrifice, and matrimony was little more than a sacramental license to become unchaste. Before marriage, no communication was allowed between men and women; and the daughters of France were hardly permitted to hear the sound of a male voice. Their usual place of education was a convent, whence they were occasionally taken out by their mothers, whose apron string—to use a vulgar phrase—they never quitted, unless now and then at a ball, during the hurried movements of a country dance. This was the only diversion they were allowed to share; and such were the limits of their intercourse with the sex with whom they divided the world. They had no opportunity of knowing what mankind was; none of forming their hearts and minds in the likeness of the being with whom they were to pass their lives, or of searching out one congenial to their own. No gradual developement, no imperceptible transition led them from infancy to womanhood, and prepared them to fulfil the condition of wife and mother. The state of matron, the blessed state of consort and parent, they never knew; for between education and

dissipation, whatever passions might be awakened, the affections slumbered. In the greatest concern of their lives, they were bereft of choice, even of a preference, and others selected for them. In high life, the parents looked around them among their acquaintances of similar birth, rank, and fortune, for a male child whose age might suit that of their daughter, and at a very early period, sometimes long before the children were marrigeable, an union was agreed upon between the families, upon the same principle as Arabian breeders couple their horses, upon richness of blood. A day or two before the ceremony was performed—generally indeed not more than twenty-four hours sooner, and long after the gowns and jewels—or, to use the technical terms for these important pieces of French paraphernalia, the *trousseau* and the *corbeil*—were purchased, the parties were led out of their respective nurseries, to meet for the first time; to show and see each other's shapes and motions. If these were mutually pleasing, the omen was propitious; if not, the marriage did not the less take place. The nuptial service over, it sometimes happened that the new married couple were permitted to reside together; though not unfrequently the bride was conducted back from the foot of the altar to her former abode, and the bridegroom sent to travel or otherwise improve himself until his papa and mamma judged him fit to undertake the care of his wife;—and then began the honeymoon. From that instant a new era opened in the life of the female. Her former mien and manners were sunk in the new part which she had to play. Her retreating look became advancing; her timidity was changed to confidence, and she immediately assumed a perpendicular assurance in the world, without which no married woman could have maintained her footing among her fellows. This conversion began to be apparent in twenty-four hours, though it was not always completed in so short a time; and its suddenness proved that one or other, if not both of the parts so performed, must be the result of very high and general endowments for that species of disguise of which we find so many instances in the *Memoirs of Mad. de Genlis*.

During the first year, the bride was consigned to the superintendence of her new mother, as the person most interested in preserving the honour of the family. By "the honour of the family" we do not mean, as an English reader might suppose, that nice and delicate honour which is sullied almost by the breath of falsehood, and sickens even by calumny; but that distinction which a family derives from the air and gait, the mien and manners, the general deportment and fashion of a female newly adopted into its bosom. To form and perfect these, to give that fluent practice of the etiquettes of high life, which habit only can bestow, was the mighty matter of the first year of matrimonial education. This maternal tuition, indeed, was a restriction upon the developement of the principles which universal custom sanctioned; and it seldom happened that, during the first twelve months, any affair of gallantry was set on foot, or that any thing more than a little general manœuvring took

place. Self-defence made some instruction in amorous tactics necessary; for, even if sure to fall, let us fall with honour. In consequence of this vigilance, the spuriousness of the heir was a rare occurrence; and the real father of the first born of the land very often was, in fact, the *pater quem nuptias demonstrabant*.

But the precaution of not allowing the heart to speak for itself before marriage was not adequate to the end of general legitimacy. Consciences quite timorous as to the representative of the family, yet allowed the utmost latitude as to all the *puisés*; these, generally destined to the trade of arms and gallantry, which required no wife, or else to be knights of Malta, abbés,—and, if they could, archibishops and cardinals—to live in sworn celibacy—were mere dams in the current of genealogy. Indeed, anecdotes innumerable are upon record, of the most extraordinary squeamishness on the former head, and the most admirable liberality on the latter.

Two things are much commended by the encomiasts of this system of female morality; first, the honour of French ladies is intact, for they are constant to their lovers: second, they never degrade themselves by fixing their affections upon persons of inferior birth; and considerable superiority is thence inferred over the ladies of other less polished lands. Now it may be true that these Parisian dames were constant to their lovers; but we should like to have this phrase explained. Among the profound commentaries of that nation—for it has been said that the whole spirit of the nation resides in its songs—we recollect one which may assist us in the present inquiry.

“Je pense à ma belle,  
Quand je m'en souviens;  
Et je suis tout fidèle,  
Quand son tour revient.”

But, supposing the assertion to be true in the literal meaning, and admitting the full claim of honour which is grounded upon it, we cannot help thinking that there might have been as much honour, and perhaps more virtue, in being faithful to a husband.

The second assertion may also be true: this kind of love admitted not of discrepancies in or out of marriage. But then what was this French love? why, the very fact alleged explains what it was. It levelled no distinctions; it broke no boundaries. It could indeed run even upon even ground; but it could neither overleap the mountain nor descend into the valley. It had its etiquette, its forms of demeanour, its titles of nobility, its heraldry and its parchments; and any thing short of sixteen quarters dishonoured it. That is to say, it was not love. It was, in its best sense, gallantry; in its least refined, appetite. It might spend a year in Corsica, or ride post to Brussels; it might commit every extravagance, it might do all but love. The heart of a lover of this school might beat for glory, for renown; it might glow with courage, or pant for admiration; it might swear, protest, and fight, run wild, and rave; but it could never melt with tenderness, nor dissolve into affection.

Such was the principle upon which the rising generation of old France was annually sup-

plied with wives and husbands. The annual rotation of population brought into the matrimonial market a certain quantity of nubile head of cattle of whom society absolutely required the consumption, and provided these were paired off, it mattered not with whom the individual was mated. In the same manner a regiment of dragoons is provided with chargers at every remount, and every trooper has his horse—though none has the right to choose; neither is the service of government injured. The selection of lovers between their married folks proceeded on another principle, and reminds us of a play of our youth, blind-man's buff, where, when our eyes were well closed, we were told to turn about three times and catch whom we could.

The state of things in our islands has placed the intercourse between the sexes upon a very different footing from the above. Our unmarried females stand on the same ground as the other individuals who compose society. As soon as their age and acquirements permit, they are allowed every opportunity of studying mankind, and of becoming acquainted with the being with whom they are to make an interchange of happiness, a barter of affection. Neither are their hearts condemned to apathy, “to death-like silence, and a dread repose.” They may feel; they may speak, and unblushingly own the true but chastened language of nature. It is theirs to choose, and to say which the man is whose mind and temper they hold to be the most congenial to their own, from whom they may expect to receive, and on whom to confer the largest portion of happiness. The choice indeed of youth and inexperience may not always be that which the anxiety of parents or the prudence of age would suggest; and the voice of affection may differ from that of interest or ambition. But interest and ambition must be heard with caution in such cases; and age is too frozen a counsellor for the heart of youth. To maintain that conjugal happiness is more to be expected from another's choice than from our own, is little less than saying that, in a lottery, the wheel of fortune would help us with more constancy, than if we were allowed to put our hand in her coffers ourselves, and make our own selection of her favours. Some prizes have indeed been thus obtained; but how many disastrous blanks, with all their attendant depravity, have been poured upon society to make up the amount!

When this choice is made and crowned, the transition from the single to the married state is attended by no moral violence, no expansion of feelings never known before. No new part is to be enacted; no new forms of behaviour are to be conned and learned by rote. New duties indeed are imposed; but they are so in unison with all the preceding obligations, that they seem to flow from them as a necessary consequence. By previous intercourse proportioned to circumstances, by example, by the esteem and sympathy which precede her union, an English female is gradually trained up to the frame of mind which suits a wife; and to feel as a mother needs no tuition. She is not, the day before her marriage a blushing child, a boarding-school miss, or a “pensionnaire de convent;” and, the day after it, a heroine

dubbed with connubial intrepidity. In both situations she is the same person, in mind and in manners; but now, with a dilated heart and augmented affections.

Like all other things in the two nations—and more especially those which depend on delicacy of tact, and nicety of perception—the question of female morality has been the subject of much mutual misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The natural and the artificial language between the sexes are so different in the two countries, that it would be strange indeed if many mistakes did not occur.

The social habits of France have established a more constant intercourse between the adult and emancipated individuals of either sex, than the manners of England. The French indeed live more generally in public than we do; and to them domestic privacy is rather an affliction. Hardly any occurrence, of whatever nature, indispensably requires the separation of men from women. There was a time—before a political mania had seized their brains—when one of those apocryphal creatures, called an abbé, was a necessary appendage to every female toilette of fashion; and colonels of hussars have embroidered falbalas with their armed hands. Whether the conversation of such men may have raised the female intellect a little higher than it otherwise would have stood, we know not; but we mightily suspect that the system must have very much weakened that which should be the strongest. But a consequence was, more general ease in society; greater familiarity between the sexes; and more uninterrupted opportunity of indulging whatever feeling or passion might ensue from the presence of each other.

To remove all restraints, yet to preserve the decency of which highly polished society is so jealous, was the great aim of all who sighed for personal gratification, and their nation's glory—of all to whom their own vanity and the vanity of *la belle France* were dear. Every sophistry was employed to honour depravity; every corner of ingenuity was ransacked to beautify deformity. Illicit perseverance was revered; illicit constancy was held sacred; success was applauded; and to snatch a married mistress from the arms of a favoured rival deserved a Paphian crown, brighter than shone even for him who had the glory of being her first seducer. But, in all this, the forms of good breeding were preserved; in the midst of every wounded feeling of injury and mockery, politeness reigned.

To an Englishman, the masonic language of looks and gestures, which, to the initiated, reveals the past or present intimacy of the parties; the bow, the smile, the word, which all understand, but none will interpret aloud, are not immediately comprehensible. What he sees he believes, and he looks for no more. He interprets that kind of social jargon, as he would a letter written with the common alphabet, and upon a common subject, never suspecting that every word contains, besides what is ostensible, some hidden sign, instantaneously intelligible to all who possess the key of the cipher. He suspects no secret, and no cipher. But with a single glance, the hackneyed Frenchman catches the clue of every intrigue,

of every amour in a crowded assembly; and the discretion to which he is bound is as great a proof of his *savoir vivre*, as the rapid accuracy of his observation is a proof of his *tact*. Even in society exclusively French, a respectful silence upon these points in public is required; but it has been justly remarked that, in the presence of Englishmen, scandal—even on the most notorious topics—is absolutely mute. They have somehow picked up a notion that we are fastidious about female morals—and suspicious about the female morals of France, and not to act accordingly would be unpatriotic—it would be worse still, 'mauvais genre'!

If we Englishmen possess no key to decipher the French secret, the French, on the other hand, have one so general that it only serves to lead them astray whenever they apply it to our language. The freedom which they see between unmarried persons in this country, they cannot admit to be innocent, because they know that, with them, the like could not be so; the reserve they take for hypocrisy; and a very general opinion among them has long been, and still is, that all our unmarried females are unchaste, and that our men care not whether they be so or not. They cannot conceive that two persons of opposite sexes can see each other unrestrained, without giving loose to every passion; and all that we look upon as barriers to profligacy they hold as nothing. Neither do they entertain a higher opinion of British wives and mothers; and the modesty which they cannot deny, they consider as a veil to cover secret wrong.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, the shyness and diffidence of English women to be all that these people suppose, we will ask them what has made such hypocrisy necessary? Surely if the French could reason at all, they would stand convicted of absurdity by their own assertion. What is hypocrisy but an extorted homage paid by vice to virtue? The man who does not feel that virtue must be respected has no call to be a hypocrite. Madame de Staél, who abounds in felicitous perceptions, says that the secrecy or the notoriety of amours in England is a proof of morality; and her remark is perfectly just. English women who err are chained to one extreme or driven to the other, by one and the same cause; by the respect in which female virtue is held in this country. As long as they can conceal their misconduct they do so, and use every means to play the hypocrite, and preserve the good opinion of society. When detected, or even suspected—when they know that public censure hunts them down, that no management can retrieve them, they throw off the mask, and discard at once all the modesty of their sex. Their gallantry becomes as notorious as it had been mysterious, as barefaced as it once was blushing; for with public opinion, with esteem in England, there is happily no compromise. Rank and wealth, and extraordinary dexterity, may keep some women afloat for a season upon the surface of society, in spite of faults and errors; but the surest weight which drags them to the bottom is opprobrium. The very great share of public attention excited in this country by the unexpected emersion of a female from the privacy of concealment to cala-

mitous celebrity, as if a sun were to burst into the meridian at midnight, is precisely the thing which proves the comparative unfrequency of error. Yet, strange to say, much of the depreciation of the reputation of English women, both at home and abroad, is due to this very circumstance. In certain more civilized regions, it must be owned, one is amused with no extraordinary tales of love and intrigue. All goes on smoothly; no Doctors Commons, no damages, no divorces, no intrusive husbands. If a woman escapes the general contagion, she becomes almost as remarkable as those in England, whose loves have been brought before the woolsack. When Madame de Genlis mentions a lady of whom she chooses to tell no scandal, or of whom no scandal can be told, she seldom fails to bestow upon her the due note of singularity.

It would be difficult to refine upon the principles of depravity with more ability than the French have done; and, whenever their mettle is not raised by our assertion of purer morality, there is no subject which elates them more than the superior elegance of their corruption. ‘Perhaps,’ say they sometimes, ‘perhaps we may be as vicious as the English, but then we are bad more gracefully; and a few instances of very ungraceful vice indeed in some of our fair countrywomen have confirmed this opinion. But a thing which the French have hardly seen at all, or ever can see, is the interior of an English family in the middling ranks of society; in that numerous class which is the broad and solid basis of English worth, and English prosperity. There they might behold—though perhaps they might not comprehend—woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels, a puppet to be dangled by coxcomb children, an idol for profane adoration; reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow; always justled out of the true place which nature and society would assign her by sensuality or by contempt; admired but not respected, desired but not esteemed; ruling by fashion, not by affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt; the source and the mirror of vanity. They would see her as a wife partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband; dividing his labours by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing in the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them; placing all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness in the merited approbation of the man she honours. As a mother, they would find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children she had tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence, addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to be men and women in their turn.

Our morals, male and female, are chastened by one general cause—a cause of which, even while the French confess its existence, they deny the effect. We are too busy a people to be vicious. We have not time to carry on long and complicated intrigues, to be profound in duplicity; to lavish away a year in Corsica, write volumes, and travesty ourselves perpetually, for the purpose of blasting the reputation

of a woman, of seducing her, or of making the public believe that she, and not the wife of our brother, is the object of our desires. We have other matters to settle; and better is it for us to be condemned to labour for our country’s good than to luxuriate in olives, vines, and vices.

If the various occupations of Englishmen divide them more from the fair sex than the futile pleasures of the French, we cannot but think that though there may be some cause for regret, on both sides, for this separation, yet the advantages of our system more than compensate its defects. The men remain more men than when softened by the perpetual presence of females. Their minds are more masculine, more capable of the great affairs to which they seem destined by nature, and not unfitted for any of the minor social relations. The women have more leisure for their domestic concerns, more time for improvement; and, as they know that their mates and partners will return to them with invigorated minds, it is natural that they should endeavour to meet them on the same heights. The avocations of the men to public meetings, public dinners, &c. and the seclusion in which the ladies live during those moments, are, we are convinced of it, favourable to both parties; and their meeting again, when those are past, has no taste of satiety. The exclusive tea-table may sometimes be so dull as Madame de Staél has described it in her Corinna; and the evening sittings of the gentlemen may be now and then abusive. But we are persuaded that were these daily secessions to be abolished, as in France, both sexes would be the worse for it, and the nation would lose a part of its greatness. France, says Madame de Genlis, is the paradise of women: but never do we see any of those noble creatures, whose true and Christian paradise on earth we maintain to be Britain, wiled away from their native land to wed in foreign climes, to give up their country, their religion, to wish for the defeat of England in some future war, to disbelieve their Bible, or else to think salvation impossible to the friends, the relations of their youth, without a sentiment of deep regret; and most bitterly do we think those parents to be blamed who, for their own gratification, or for the purpose of teaching a daughter to dance at a little less expense, expose her to such temptation. Generally indeed those who yield to it are not the most to be regretted of our females, but still they might have been preserved.

In making these observations we would be understood not to give them a careless breadth of application. We do not mean to say that there is no female chastity in France, no female profligacy in England. We mean to say that the proportions in each country are such as to authorise the conclusions we have drawn, and to make these not universal, but general. We are ready also to make some other concessions:—we are quite willing to allow that the dissoluteness of one country diminishes much of the blame, and some of the degradation, attached to the individual;—that a French woman may err with less contamination to herself than an English woman—that she who has been educated in English principles, who is

allowed to make her own choice of a husband, who has so many domestic joys, who is called away from them by so few seductions, who has eternally before her eyes the respect paid to those of her sex that perform their duty, and the contempt and misery which awaits those who do not—who must practise so much dissimulation, or brave so much fame—is more to be blamed and pitied when she ‘swerves from virtue’s rule.’ La Rochefoucault has said, that the smallest fault of a woman of gallantry is her gallantry. If this be true generally, it is particularly true here.

Over such a state of morals as the earlier volumes of these *Memoirs* exhibit in such glaring light, a revolution swept with all its blasting virulence. The portion of virtue which it had to destroy did not consume much of its strength; the refinements of vice soon yielded before its open profligacy. Its new laws permitted a promiscuous intercourse, and marriages were dissolved on demand. Many of the beasts who roam wild in the woods are bound to their females by more lasting ties than those which the legislature of regenerated France made necessary among the human creatures which it governed; and this system predominated, in various degrees, for more than twenty years. It was not till after the restoration of the Bourbons that it can be said to have ceased; and even then the marriage bond was, in every catholic opinion at least, left incomplete. The law which made wedlock a mere civil contract was maintained; the parties were allowed to perform or not, as they pleased, the ceremonies of their respective churches; and the catholic rite, which held it as a sacrament before, was thus shaken in one of its seven fundamental points. During many years, the ceremony before the municipality alone was practised; and when the churches were reopened, and religion restored, as was the language of the day, by Buonaparte, a few couples proceeded to the altar—and but a few indeed. We have seen extracts from parish registers between 1800 and 1814, in which the average of these was only one in seven. Now indeed the clergy of France exhort their flock to have recourse to the church, after the municipality, and, if they never did worse than this, we should applaud them. A small portion of public opinion too helps them a little; but, in all the concerns of religion in France, those who will have any thing will have too much; those who will not have too much will have nothing. Sooner or later the people will demand a reformed creed: And they will obtain it, but the waters of their baptism will be blood.

To annul the marriage contract—and its vow—was, however, at every step toward returning order, made a little less easy; and in 1814 and 1815, the two first years of the restoration, it had become very difficult indeed! for, in the city of Paris, in a population then much under 700,000 souls, there were in each of those years, only thirty-two divorces; that is to say, one divorce in about 20,000 persons; or, according to an official statement of the number of marriages at the same time, one divorce to 184 marriages.

Now in England, as we have been told, not two divorces and a half are the annual ave-

rage; which being pronounced in a population of—to be within bounds—fifteen millions, makes one divorce in six millions of persons, or only 1-30th of the proportion of French divorces at the time when they were the most difficult to be obtained. If it be said that we allow but one ground for divorcing, we grant it, and rejoice in the morality of our legislation. If again it be objected that we have many legal separations, &c., we answer, no number that, even were they divorces, could raise our ratio to any thing like one in 184 or even 1840 marriages. The French are convinced that the sale of a wife in the public market, with a halter round her neck, is with us a legal dissolution of marriage, and quite in our habits—and let them think so.

The system of society was so torn during the revolution, that it would require a separate dissertation to give a just idea of that immense chasm; and it creates no small surprise to see that so much has been already brought back to its former order. Nevertheless many essential differences still strike the observer. The feelings and opinions upon female virtue, upon chastity, are indeed, we greatly fear, the same as formerly in all classes; neither atheism nor bigotry could improve them much. But the style of present intercourse, the habits of the times, cares, anxieties, the loss of fortune, the dependence upon royal or ministerial bounties, the trade of arms no longer exclusive to the nobility, no longer the domain of gallantry, with numberless other influences great and small, have produced some changes in the relations between men and women, which, without correcting the principles, have considerably modified the practice of morality. One of the most prominent features of actual manners, is the diminution of that politeness so remarkable formerly; and which, though it consisted entirely in forms and behaviour, though a very large portion of it could be taught by the dancing-master, though it was utterly independent of the heart, very much facilitated the circulation of society, and was unquestionably the great, the boasted charm of France. Now, without this, there is not gallantry; and, without gallantry, love intrigues, of the sort described in Madame de Genlis’s earlier tomes, cannot be so generally and so systematically pursued, as when both men and women were the pampered fondlings of luxury. A chapter in one of her later volumes will afford a sad contrast, in this respect, to the suppers of the old régime; and show the dismal ebb of that elegance and refinement which had studied gracefulness even in their offensives, and a show of good breeding even in their impertinences. Mad. de Genlis dined at her son-in-law’s, Gen. Valence, with four French peers—two of whom were dukes—four marshals, and three generals. At dinner she was placed between two peers, who opened not their mouths to her, but talked politics across the table during the whole time. After dinner they returned to the drawing room, where she seated herself; but suddenly all the dukes, peers, marshals, and generals, made a rush, carrying off their seats, and established themselves in a ring, outside of which sat the deserted proprietress of the most charming ‘petit nez’ re-

troussé' in the world. Her first surmise was, that these grave personages had formed their impenetrable circle for the purpose of playing small games, which she thought an innocent and not unlaudable pastime ; but what was her surprise when she heard them discuss the most difficult questions of state ; declaim, scream, dispute, roar, as if they were in the chamber of deputies !

" They had no president, (says she) and I had a mind to take upon myself the office and call them to order ; but I had no bell, and I feared that my voice would be extinguished by their vociferations."

They continued thus during an hour and a half, after which time she left them hoarse and perspiring, without having advanced a step in argument, and still arguing.

" Oh le bon temps (exclaims the reminiscent) que celui où, lors qu'on se rassemblait dans un salon, on ne sangoit qu'à plaisir et s'amuser : où l'on n'auroit pu, sans une excessive pédanterie, avoir la prétention de montrer de grandes rues sur l'administration ! où l'on avoit de la grace, de la gaïeté et toute la frivolité qui rend aimable, et qui repose le soir du poids de la journée, et de la fatigue des affaires. Aujourd'hui—on se croit profond parce qu'on est lourd, et raisonnable parce qu'on est grave ; et lorsqu'on est constamment ennuyeux, comme on s'estime ! comme on se trouve sage !"

In a drawing-room, she continues, " où tout le monde entasse, pressé, se tient debout, on vante l'esprit de la maîtresse de la maison ; mais à quoi lui sert-il ? Elle ne peut ni parler ni entendre. Un mannequin placé dans un fauteuil feroit aussi bien qu'elle les honneurs d'une belle soirée. C'est là une assemblée à l'Angloise ! Il faut convenir que les soirées à la Française passées jadis à, &c. valoient bien mieux que cela. Mais nous retrouverons sans doute les grâces Françaises dans les soirées particulières : point du tout ; vous n'entendrez là que des dissertations, des déclamations, et des disputes."

The picture is correct, and much more might be said to heighten it. Let any person, after reading the works which give an account of French society in former times, go to a ministerial reception of the present day, and then to the best private circles, numerous or small ; and he will not credit that what he read and what he sees relate to the same people. Before, male and female were chequered through society, like the houses on a chess board, in such a way that every man was surrounded by women, and every woman by men ; but now, on a formal line of chairs are seated the fair, while, at the opposite extremity, stand the others ; and in the waste between them, silence —silence—reigns. The ladies indeed maintain a tolerable countenance in their melancholy solitude ; the topic of the toilette extricates them from every embarrassment. But the exhibition of the men is disastrous beyond description. Gallantry rejects them, politics have not yet received them ; and between the two they make the most amphibious appearance. Where gravity is not natural it becomes grotesque ; and Liston would be as irresistible in Cato Uticensis as in Tony Lumpkin.

It may be admitted, then, that in the upper

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circles, regular affairs of gallantry and systematic intrigues are less frequent to-day than formerly : but it remains doubtful, to say the least, whether it is so because the feelings upon this head are chastened, or because female virtue is held in higher estimation now than it used to be. The reason, many acute observers maintain, is to be sought for in circumstances of another class—in the diminution of intercourse attendant on a different system of society, a greater separation between the sexes, and the ambition of the men directed in another channel. The present condition of the women, say these, is to the full as equivocal as that of the men ; for if they are not treated, as formerly, like idols, neither is the sex respected as in England. Their state is something between that of a useful and of an ornamental thing ; not enough of the former to gratify the mind, or of the latter to make them as rapturous as their grandmothers used to be. Their posture certainly is awkward enough, and the present generation of men is not inclined to help them out of it ; to pull them over towards reason, or to lure them towards pleasure. And this desertion is the more unpardonable in the descendants of so many knights errant, as the evident propensity of the ladies is to become again their bauble.

Whether the present state of society in France will be lasting or not we cannot say.—Whether it will make the distance between men and women habitual, and thus really improve the feeling of morality, is equally doubtful. Did we see religion and virtue increase, and probity and justice upon some most important points becoming healthy and vigorous throughout the nation, we should not hesitate to answer this question affirmatively. But there are many bad symptoms to be got over ; and the fact which we have admitted is, we much fear, a mere accident in the system.

It may be necessary to say something in defense of ourselves for thus avowing the suspicion that female virtue is not held in much higher estimation in France now than formerly. There is a law, humane enough, which declares that the only son of a widow shall be exempted from drawing for the conscription.—About five years ago an unmarried woman presented a petition to the chamber of deputies, praying that her natural son might be put upon the same footing as the only sons of all widows. The commission of petitions unblushingly read this demand at the tribune, and the honourable assembly heard it unmoved. Certainly so public a mark of indifference to female virtue never was given by any constituted, by any legislative authority, in the old régime. Yet the French are very fastidious upon some parts of female concerns. When the Duchess d'Angoulême, after an exile of a quarter of a century, returned to Paris, the principal thing which struck all ranks in this daughter of the Caesars, the child of a murdered king and queen, the female heir to the throne, was the smallness of her hat and the English *tournure*.

Formerly—to speak plainly—adultery was the vice of the fashionable ; it belonged too much to high life to be permitted to inferiors ; and the French peasantry were pretty gene-

rally supposed to be the fathers of their own children. But, when the blast of equality levelled the mighty, this lordly privilege was invaded; and the sins of the nobility, torn with their titles from their loins, descended to their vassals. The bond of religion and the dread of law, the awe of superiors and the authority of parents were laid low, and every passion prowled without restraint. Marriage was no longer necessary; and those who did go through the ceremony observed but slightly its injunctions. The most unbridled license prevailed in classes who, before, had no more pretensions to unchastity, than to a coach and six; and the wives of artizans became as faithless as duchesses had ever dared to be. In these ranks of society, we lament to say, depravity is at this moment incredibly profound and common; and we shall conclude the subject by a picture, which, were it not authentic, official, issuing from a ministerial portfolio, we should not dare to present. Fabulous as it may appear, it is nevertheless a part of the annual report of the minister of the home department, on the state of the city of Paris.

## NUMBER OF CHILDREN BORN IN PARIS.

	Legitimate	Illegitimate.	Total	Deserted by their parents.
1815	13,630	8,982	22,612	
1816	13,568	8,830	22,458	
1817	The returns for this year were mislaid by accident.			
1818	14,978	8,089	23,067	6,094
1819	15,703	8,641	24,344	6,657
1820	15,988	8,870	24,858	6,779
1821	15,980	9,176	25,156	7,063
1822	17,129	9,751	26,880	7,481
1823	17,264	9,806	27,060	7,585
1824	18,591	10,221	28,812	7,843

From this table it appears that, from the year 1815 to the year 1824, both inclusively—and deducting 1817—the number of children born in Paris was 225,259, of whom 82,426 were illegitimate; that is to say, that, during the last ten years, thirty-six per cent. or more than one-third of the new annual population of Paris was born out of wedlock. The returns of the children deserted by their parents dated only from 1818, and include but seven years. During that period, 180,189 children were born, of whom 54,554 were illegitimate, and 49,503—an almost equal number—were deserted by their parents; that is to say, that during this period 30-100ths of the new annual population born in Paris were illegitimate; and 27-100ths, or more than one fourth, were deserted by their parents. So much then for the city which the French consider to be more moral than London, or, at least, to be more refinedly vicious. But, moreover, they hold Pa-

ris to be the seat of luxury, of elegance, of pleasure, of civilization, of intellect, of the arts, &c. &c. &c. We shall now add a table of the births and deaths, and of the places where these occurred, in order to show the advantages which all these things procure to the said city.

## BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN PARIS.

	BIRTHS.				DEATHS.	
	Legitimate.		Illegitimate.		At Home.	In the Hospitals.
	At Home.	In the Hospitals.	At Home.	In the Hospitals.	At Home.	In the Hospitals.
1815	13,380	250	4,505	4,477	12,123	7,573
1816	12,300	268	4,617	4,273	10,961	7,583
1817	The returns for this year were mislaid by accident.					
1818	14,499	479	4,101	3,888	13,403	8,160
1819	15,303	400	4,363	4,278	13,641	7,010
1820	15,633	355	4,479	4,391	13,216	8,293
1821	15,660	320	4,630	4,546	14,155	7,739
1822	16,841	288	4,986	4,765	14,320	7,855
1823	16,958	306	4,882	4,924	15,273	8,227
1824	18,245	346	5,205	5,106	13,961	7,796

From this it appears that, during the last ten years—1817 omitted—10 per cent. of the children born in Paris came into the world in the hospitals, and 37 per cent. of the deaths occurred in the same abodes of wretchedness. It might from this be inferred, that hospitals are very numerous and very excellent in Paris.—They are not so, and private charities contribute little to their support. When the filth and poverty of the Salpêtrière and of the Bicêtre, the two principal receptacles for the starving, are considered, it must be confessed that the luxury of Paris is a sad succedaneum for happiness. Such a picture of depravity, and of its sure attendant misery, could not be found in any other Christian capital; yet, in none, is so much gilding so beautifully performed. It must be recollected too that this picture is not drawn by spleen or envy; nor, on the other hand, by persons who, fearing to retain any national prejudice, overstep the modesty of truth, and become illiberal from excess of liberality. It is the ingenuous report of a prefect to a minister, and from him to the public, neither of whom saw the least harm in it, or they would not have published it.

To bid adieu to Madame la Comtesse de Genlis—We never met with such a work before. It is not full of such disgraceful vice and meanness as the Confessions of Rousseau, but it is as much disordered by vanity as they are by susceptibility; and we know not whether we have been more amused or disgusted by the perusal. We should be much puzzled to decide in what class of literature to place this

performance; whether it belongs to fact or to fancy. The authoress is too much versed in the composition of historical romance to give it up at once; and these eight volumes certainly partake of the mongrel qualities of that hybrid walk, in so much that she is allowed never to have indulged her imagination more than on the present occasion. Some persons, however, have been bolder than we wish to be; and, on account of the part which her harp plays toward her self-adulation, and a little too by reason of the inscription which La Harpe the critic—who, by the bye, without possessing a word of English, pronounced Racine to be a greater master of human nature than Shakespeare—placed upon her bust, have called these eight tomes *le roman de la harpe*. In the mean time we cannot but thank Madame de Genlis for giving us, in the midst of much fiction, of many reticences and embellishments, of no little filth, and some indelicacies, which we could not, even in a foreign language, hint at, an image of the manners and morals (mœurs) of her contemporary Parisians, which we must most heartily recommend to the perusal and proper study of our countrymen.

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From the *Forget Me Not.*

THE GREEK AND THE TURKMAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

A night attack by Constantine Paleologus, on a detached camp of the troops of Mahomet the second, at the siege of Constantinople.

THE Turkman lay beside the river,  
The wind play'd loose through bow and  
quiver,  
The charger on the bank fed free,  
The shield hung glittering from the tree,  
The trumpet, shawn, and atabal,  
Were hid from dew by cloak and pall;  
For long and weary was the way  
The hordes had marched that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June,  
Brood as a buckler, glow'd the moon,  
Flooding with glory vale and hill,  
In silver sprang the mountain rill,  
The weeping shrub in silver bent,  
A pile of silver stood the tent:  
All soundless, sweet tranquillity,  
All beauty, hill, and tent, and tree.

There came a sound—'twas like the gush  
When night winds shake the rose's bush;  
There came a sound—'twas like the flow  
Of rivers swell'd with melting snow;  
There came a sound—'twas like the tread  
Of wolves along the valley's bed;  
There came a sound—'twas like the roar  
Of ocean on its winter shore.

"Death to the Turk!" uprose the yell;  
On roll'd the charge—a thunder peal:  
The Tartan arrows fell like rain,  
They clank'd on helm, on mail, on chain;  
In blood, in hate, in death, were twined  
Savage and Greek, mad, bleeding, blind;  
And still on flank, on front, and rear,  
Raged, Constantine, thy thirstiest spear!

Brassy and pale, a type of doom,  
Laboured the moon, through deepening  
gloom;  
Down plunged her orb—'twas pitchy night!  
Now Turkman, turn thy reins for flight!  
On rush'd their thousands through the dark;  
But in their camp a ruddy spark,  
Like an uncertain meteor, reel'd:  
Thy hand, brave king, that firebrand wheel'd!

Wild burst the burning element  
O'er man and courser, flag and tent;  
And through the blaze the Greeks outsprang,  
Like tigers, bloody, foot and fang,  
With daggers' stab and falchion's sweep—  
Delving the stunn'd and staggering heap—  
Till lay the slave by chief and Khan,  
And all was gore that once was man.

There's wailing on the Euxine shore—  
Her chivalry shall ride no more.  
There's wailing on thy hills, Altai,  
For chiefs—the Grecian vultures' prey!  
But, Bosphorus, thy silver wave  
Hears shouts for the returning brave,  
The kingliest of her kingly line,  
For there comes glorious Constantine!

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From the *Monthly Review.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON: *Derived principally from Documents in his Majesty's State Paper Office, now first published. By the Rev. H. J. Todd. See pp. 455. London. 1826.*

The calm and dignified self-respect with which Milton delineated his own character and vocation, in his *Areopagitica*, was an anticipation of that justice, which the universal consent of mankind would eventually bestow upon the sacred poet of England. "I am among the free and ingenuous sort of such, as evidently were born for study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end but the service of God and truth, and perhaps, that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those, whose published labours advance the good of mankind." It is in this point of view that we may now, one and all, regard the author of *Paradise Lost*, and of the *Iconoclastes*. The principle, which Lord Lyttleton says, is a rule with the English, that "they see no good in a man whose politics they dislike," applies no longer to the second glorious name of our literature. The bitter hatred which Johnson bore to the personal character and political conduct of the republican, has, after the lapse of half a century, wholly lost its sting. We no longer regard Milton's adoption of that public cause to which he devoted all the energies of his splendid intellect, and all the graces of his consummate learning, as the result of "a native violence of temper, and a hatred of all whom he was required to obey." We look upon him, whatever may be our difference of opinion as to some of the objects for which he strove, as one walking through life, with a mind wholly set apart and dedicated to "the serious and hearty love of truth;" undertaking his great

design, to "leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die," without "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge;" and whether "in the troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," or, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," going "right onward" in that constant anticipation of his posthumous glory, which enabled him to say, as he did to Decolati, that he was "meditating an immortality of fame." It is in this spirit that the world, and more especially his own countrymen, are now willing to receive every new illustration of Milton's life and character; and, with a kindred feeling, we hail the publication of Mr. Todd's volume. It is a valuable contribution of some most curious materials, to our previous stock of knowledge regarding Milton; and as such, deserves an attentive and minute consideration."

We need scarcely apprise our readers, that Mr. Todd has acquired considerable reputation, by his very judicious edition of *Milton's Poetical Works*. To two impressions of that book he prefixed a brief life of the Poet, drawn from authentic sources. A third edition being called for, Mr. Todd has greatly enlarged his former biography; and he has had the opportunity of access to some very important MSS., which have been discovered in that great storehouse of documentary history the State Paper Office. These papers, for an inspection of which, we have also been indebted to the politeness of Mr. Lemon, the accurate and indefatigable deputy-keeper, are in themselves so exceedingly curious, that Mr. Todd has very properly published the biography into which they are interwoven, in a separate volume.

It may be well that he should describe in his own words, the nature and extent of the literary treasures which he has collected.

"It occurred some time since to the deputy-keeper of the state papers, Robert Lemon, Esq., that as the official life of Milton was known only as to the fact of his having been Latin secretary to the Council of State during the usurpation, an investigation of the *Orders of Council* might discover new facts relating to the secretary. His searches were repaid with ample success. And his extracts from the *Council Books* were transmitted to me, with the kind approbation of the Right Hon. Mr. Secretary Peel, early in 1825. These books, from which so much curious information is derived, contain the daily transactions of the executive government in England from February, 1648-9, to September 1660, in uninterrupted succession; and are particularly valuable from the dissolution of the Long Parliament, 1653, to the death of Cromwell, as, during the greater part of that period, the Council of State combined the executive and legislative functions of government; and these *Order Books*, Mr. Lemon adds, are the authentic, but hitherto unknown records of their proceedings. But besides these, in the same office there exist other documents, entitled *Royalists' Composition Papers*. They comprehend, Mr. Lemon says, two distinct series; the first consisting of petitions of Royalists to the commissioners for sequestration, for the orders of those commissioners respecting the sequestration of estates, of

the reports of their subordinate officers, and of the correspondence with sub-commissioners and other agents in every part of the kingdom: The second series exhibits the original particulars of property and estates, for which royalists were permitted to compound on the payment of a fine. These papers are peculiarly valuable in illustrating the family history as well as the various property of individuals, throughout the kingdom, during the time of the great rebellion. Of these, by the continued industry and accurate attention of Mr. Lemon, no less than one hundred and sixty-seven folio volumes had been recovered and arranged, when (in 1825 also) he transmitted to me from this invaluable collection, the sequestration-papers relating to Mr. Powell, the father of Milton's first wife, in which Milton himself is particularly concerned; and to Sir Christopher Milton, the brother of the poet. Other papers and letters, from the same office, alike unknown till now, and of the greatest service to the biography of Milton, have since, at various times, been sent to me by this gentleman; empowered as he was at all times so to do, from the very first exertion of his kindness, by the permission of Mr. Secretary Peel: to whom, and to Mr. Under-Secretary Hobhouse, I acknowledge the greatest obligations, as well as to Mr. Lemon; and to whose friendly and condescending instrumentality the public is indebted for what is now told of the poet, of his family, and of some of his works, which never was before in print."—Preface, pp. iii—vi.

The singular circumstances attending Milton's first marriage have been so often repeated, that we should scarcely be excused for again travelling over the same ground, were it not to introduce the curious illustrations of his domestic history, which have been found in the public records of the Commonwealth. It has been narrated by all his biographers, that in 1643, being in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a gentleman who resided at Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire. Philip, his nephew, relates, as a matter of wonder, that after an absence from London for a month, of which absence no one knew the cause, his uncle returned with a wife. It appears, however, that Milton's connexion with the father of his wife had commenced as early as 1627; and that Mr. Powell, the whole course of whose life was sufficiently unfortunate, had been long placed in the painful relation of a debtor to his future son-in-law. The papers in question lead to the conjecture, that Milton's hasty marriage was one of passion on his part, and of convenience on the side of his wife and her friends. Mr. Powell was, at that period, an embarrassed, though not a ruined man;—and he was, perhaps, enabled to discharge, or postpone, a large debt, by bestowing his daughter upon an importunate creditor. In a few weeks after this precipitate marriage, Milton's wife left him, and returned to her father's house. This desertion has been imputed, by some, to the different political and religious principles which prevailed in Milton's family, and in that of the lady whom he had married; and by others to her impatience of his simple and philosophical

mode of life. The extraordinary notions of the doctrine of divorce, which Milton promulgated, on the subject of his own domestic misfortunes, are well known. The course of the civil wars had, however, elevated the fortunes of the poet, and depressed those of the family of his wife, and in two years she returned to his house, after a somewhat theatrical interview with the offended husband. The reconciliation was consonant with the notions which Milton always entertained of a supposed inferiority of the female sex; and the very act of repentance, by which his wife prepared the way for her forgiveness, was received by him with that lofthiness of pity, which could not allow him to reject a suit preferred with such deep humility. Mr. Powell was soon driven from his home, and despoiled of his property; and he sought an asylum with his then powerful son-in-law. The measure of his sorrows being full, he died in 1646, being, as these documents show, "in debt" £1500.; having "lost by the wars" £3000.; and leaving a widow, with a "scanty subsistence for herself and nine children," and with a litigated suit, which was not terminated till 1653. Mr. Powell's family left the roof of Milton in consequence of his death. The composition and sequestration papers present a remarkable picture of the private miseries which ever accompany a state of civil war; and, we say it with sincere pain, they do not exhibit the great poet, whose virtues were of the sterner kind, as very solicitous to relieve their calamities. The papers relating to Mr. Powell's "delinquency," would be interesting in themselves, if not taken in connexion with the history of Milton; and we therefore extract the petition of the widow, which shows, in a remarkable manner, how justice was abused "upon misrepresentation:"

" To the Right Honorable the Commissioners for Breach of Articles.

" The Humble Petition of Ann Powell, Widow, Relict of Richard Powell of Forrest Hill in the Countie of Oxon, Esq.

" Humble sheweth,

" That your Petitioner's late Husband was comprised within the Articles of Oxford, and ought to have received the benefit thereof, as appears by His Excellencie's Certificate hereunto annexed.

" That your said Petitioner's Husband by the said articles was to have the benefit of his real and personall estate, for sixe moneths after the renditon of the said citie, and to enjoy the same for the future, soe as he made his addresses to the Committee at Gouldsmiths' Hall, to compound for the same within that tyme. That your Petitioner's said Husband accordingly in August, one thousand six hundred forty six, petitioned the said Honorable Committee, and in his Particular inserted for tymber and wood fower hundred pounds, but, before he could perfect the same, dyed.

" That the Honorable House of Parliament, upon some misinformation, not taking notice of the said Articles, did, in July one thousand six hundred forty six, order the said wood to severall uses, which was thereupon, together with the rest of his goods and moveables, seized and carried away by the sequestrators to the

Committee for Oxon, contrary to the said Articles.

" That your Petitioner, as Executrix to her said Husband, is now sued in severall Courts of Justice at Westminster for manie debts due to diverse persons, and is noe waise able eyther to satisfie the same, or provide a scanty subsistence for herself and nine children.

" She therefore humble praius, that shee maie reape that favour which the said Articles doe afford her, by restoringe to her the said tymber and wood, and other her goods so taken away, or the value thereof.

" And your Petitioner shall priae, &c.

" ANNE POWELL."

pp. 73, 74.

The safe conduct given to Mr. Powell, by Sir Thomas Fairfax, upon the surrender of Oxford, is a singular document:—

" Sir Thomas Fairfax, knight, general of the forces raised by the Parliament.

" Suffer the bearer hereof, Mr. Richard Powell of Forrest Hill in the county of Oxon, who was in the citie and garrison of Oxford, at the surrender thereof, and is to have the full benefit of the articles agreed unto upon the surrender, quietly, and without let or interruption, to passe your guards with his servants, horses, armes, goods, and all other necessaries; and to repaire unto London, or elsewhere, upon his necessary occasions. And in all places where he shall reside, or whereto he shall remove, to be protected from any violence to his person, goods, or estate, according to the said articles; and to have full liberty, at any time within six months, to goe to any convenient port, and to transport himselfe, with his servants, goods, and necessaries, beyond seas; and in all other things to enjoy the benefit of the said Articles. Herenuento due obedience is to be given by all persons whom it may concerne, as they will answer the contrary. Given under my hand and seal the 27th day of June 1646.

(Signed) " T. FAIRFAX.

" To all officers and soldiery under my command, and to all others whom it may conerne." —pp. 78, 79.

During the progress of this suit, we find that in 1650, Milton became a petitioner to the commissioners for sequestration, to recover the debt which his father-in-law owed to him. The following affidavit of the poet, will, perhaps, be sufficiently explanatory:—

" Whereas Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxford, Gent. and William Hearne, late Citizen and Goldsmith of London, deceased, by their writing or recognizance of the nature of a statute-staple, bearing date the eleventh day of June, which was in the third year of the raigne of the late King Charles of England, &c. made and provided for the recovery of debts, and taken, acknowledged, and sealed, before Sir Nicholas Hide, Knight, then Lord Chiefe Justice of the Court then called the King's Bench at Westminster, did acknowledge themselves to owe unto John Milton, then of the University of Cambridge, Gentleman, sonne of John Milton, Citizen and Scrivener of London, the summe of five hundred pounds of lawfull money of England, which said statute or recognizance is by a writ-

ing, bearing even date therewith, defeazanted for the payment of the somme of three hundred and twelve pounds of like money unto the said *John Milton* the sonne, his executors, administrators, or assignes, on the twelfth day of December then next ensuing, as by the said statute or recognition and defeazance thereupon, whereunto relation being had more at large may appeare. Now I, *John Milton*, the sonne, (being one and the same partie before mentioned for Cognizee in the said statute or cognizance) doe make oath that (since the extending of the said statute) I have received att severall tymes in part of satisfaction of my said just and principall debt, with dammages for the same and my costs of suite, the somme of one hundred and fower score pounds or thereabouts, and that there is yett remayneing due and owing unto mee of my said principall money, interest, and costs of suite, the somme of three hundred pounds or thereabouts: And I doe further make oath, that neither I the said *John Milton* or any other for mee or by my direction, privity, or consent, have or hath released or otherwise discharged the said statute or recognition; neither do I knowe or conceive any reason or cause either in law, or equity, why I shoule not receive the said remainder of my said debt, damages, and costs of suite.

(Signed)

“*JOHN MILTON.* { Jur: coram Comris.  
                          { 28<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1650.

(Signed)

“*Indorsed.* ‘Milton John Esq. 4o. Martii  
1650. Fine 130l.’”

pp. 86, 87.

It is painful to trace, in these papers, that the mother of *Milton's* wife, with “scanty subsistence,” petitioned for her thirds, out of the estate which her son-in-law succeeded in obtaining; and that he resisted her claim with a pertinacity which, even by his contemporaries, was thought to be something beyond strict justice:—

“*To the Honoble Commissioners for Composicons, &c.*

“*The humble peticon. of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.*

“*Sheweth,*

“*That your petitioner brought a considerable porcion. to her sd. husband, which was worth to him 3000l, yet through the carelessness of her friendes and relying upon her husband's good will therein, hee haueing had many losses in his estate, by reason of the warrs, and otherwise, your petitioner had noe joynture made unto her, nor hath any thing at all left her, but her thirds, which is due by lawe, for the maintenance of herself and eight children; haueing sustained 1000l in their personall estate's losse, by the Committeees in the county, contrary to the Articles of Oxon. Shee most humbly prayes your Honors will please, being the fine is now agreed to bee paid by Mr. Milton for the said estate, that shee may continue the enjoymt. of her thirds, as formerly, which shee humbly conceaves, had not the fine been paid, as aforesaid, yet your Honors would not have abridged your petitioner of her thirds, in this*

case, for the maintenance of herselfe and poore children.

“*And she shall pray, &c.*

(Signed)

“*ANNE POWELL.*”

“*19<sup>th</sup> Apr. 1651.*

“*The petr. left to the lawe.’’*

“Upon this petition obseruations or notes are then made, as follow.'

“*By the law she (Mrs. Powell) might recover her thirdes, without doubt; but she is so extreme poore, she hath not wherewithal to prosecute; and besides, Mr. Milton is a harsh and cholericke man, and married Mrs. Powells daughter, who would be undone, if any such course were taken agt. him by Mrs. Powell: he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion.*

“*This note ensuing Mr Milton writ, whereof this is a copy.*

“*Although I have compounded for my extant, and shal be so much the longer in receiving my debt, yet at the request of Mrs. Powell, in regard of her present necessity, I am contented, as farr as belongs to my consent to allow her the 3ds of what I receive from that estate, if the Comrs. shall so order it, that what I allow her, may not be reckoned upon my account.'*

(Indorsed). “*The estate is wholly extend-ed, and a saving as to the 3d. prayed, but not granted; We cannot therefore allow the 3ds to the petitioner.’’—pp. 88—90.*

The unfortunate woman in vain continued to petition for her small pittance, “to preserve her and her children from starving.” Her son-in-law held the estate, and her dower was denied. It is, perhaps, to be deplored that these documents have seen the light; but let us hope, in charity, that this great man, in thus appearing to share the frailties of common minds, might have had some secret justification which we cannot now discover; and that his virtues, though of a stern and severe character, were not mixed with any alloy of rapacity and oppression.

The introduction of *Milton* to the office of Latin secretary, and the nature of his employment, is distinctly shown in the order of council which Mr. Lemon has discovered; and from these it is quite manifest, that he filled a situation of great trust and importance, and that his counsels were eagerly resorted to, during the whole period of Cromwell's administration—a period when the dignity of England was asserted and maintained with the most uncompromising firmness. We shall quote as sparingly as we can from these extracts; but we apprehend that we cannot greatly overvalue their interest, as they admit us to a complete view, as far as it reaches, of the internal machinery of one of the most singular governments that ever held the world in awe.

The extracts from the council books, which Mr. Todd has published, begin within six weeks after the death of Charles I.; and they show that *Milton* was solicited by the commit-

\* Instead of *some other occasion*, there had been written *a small occasion*, which is crossed through with the pen.

tee for foreign affairs, to accept the office, upon which he afterwards bestowed such an extraordinary lustre:

"<sup>4</sup> 1648-9. March 13. Ordered, that Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, be appointed a committee to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had with Forreigne States, and what those States are; and whether it will be fit to continue those alliances, or with how many of the said States; and how far they should be continued, and upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the said continuance.

"<sup>4</sup> That it be referred to the same committee to speak with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Forreigne Tongues; and to report to the Councill.

"<sup>4</sup> 1648-9. March 15. Ordered, that Mr. John Milton be employed as Secretary for Forreigne Tongues to this Councill; and that he have the same salariie, which Mr. Weckherlyn formerly had for the same service." —pp. 107, 108.

Within a week after his appointment, we find Milton entering upon his duties; and it is curious to observe, that his official labours were not confined to the correspondence of England with foreign states, but that his abilities and learning were at once pressed into those controversies, in which he was so long engaged; and that he was instructed to defend the proceedings of the Commonwealth, in whatever quarter it was successfully attacked:

"<sup>4</sup> 1648-9. March 22. Ordered, that the letters, now read, to be sent to Hamburg, in behalf of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers, be approved; and that they be translated into Latine, by Mr. Milton.

"<sup>4</sup> 1649. March 26. Ordered, that the letters, now brought in by Mr. Milton to the Senate of Hamburg, be approved; and that Mr. Isaac Lee, Deputy of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers there, shall be appointed agent for the delivering of them.

"<sup>4</sup> 1649. March 26. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon a paper lately printed, called *Old and New Chans*.

"<sup>4</sup> 1649. March 28. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon the complication of interest which is now amongst the several designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, and that it be made ready to be printed with the papers out of Ireland, which the House hath ordered to be printed.

"<sup>4</sup> 1649. May 18. Ordered, that the French letters, given in to the House by the Dutch ambassador, be translated by Mr. Milton; and the rest of the letters, now in the House, be sent for and translated." —pp. 108—110.

In the November following his appointment, we find that Mr. Milton was directed to be accommodated with "lodgings at Whitehall;" and in the subsequent year, it was ordered that "Mr. Milton should have a warrant to the trustees and contractors for the sale of the king's goods, for the furnishing of his lodging at Whitehall, with some hangings." From these apartments he was, however, removed in

1651, by order of a parliamentary committee for Whitehall; and the foreign council seems, in vain, to have endeavoured to secure him this advantage. From an entry in the council books, in 1655, it appears that Milton's yearly salary was two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, eighteen shillings, and sixpence, at 15s. 10*d.* per diem; and that it was then reduced, probably on account of his blindness, which required a division of his duty, to "one hundred and fiftie pounds per annum, to be paid to him during his life, out of his Highness's exchequer." In 1659, Milton and Andrew Marvell each received a yearly sum of 20*l.*

In the latter months of 1649, Salmasius published his "*Defensio Regia*." The importance of the subject, the reputation of the author, and the peculiar circumstances under which the book was composed, (Salmasius being employed by the exiled heir of the British throne), attracted the attention of all Europe to the publication. The introduction of the work into England, appears to have been viewed with extraordinary alarm by the Council.

"<sup>4</sup> 1649. Nov. 29. Ordered, that a letter be written to the Commissioners of the Customes to desire them to give order, that a very strict search may be made of such ships as come from the Netherlands for certain scandalous bookees, which are there printed, against the government of this Commonwealth, entituled *Defensio Regia*, and which are designed to be sent over hither; and to desire them, that if any of them upon search shall be found, that they may be sent up to the Councill of State, without suffering any of them to be otherwise disposed of upon any pretence whatsoever.

"<sup>4</sup> That a warrant be directed to the Master and Wardens of the Company of Stationers, to the purpose aforesaid.

"<sup>4</sup> That the like letter be directed to Mr. Thomas Bendish, an officer in the port of Yarmouth, to take care of searching for the above-mentioned bookee, which is expected to come out of Holland." —pp. 111, 112.

The government of Cromwell found, what all governments must find, that it is not a very easy affair to stop the circulation of books by proclamation and edict;—and the council therefore more wisely applied themselves to a refutation of the arguments of Salmasius, rather than to a suppression of his work. On the 8th January, 1649—50, we find the following pitiful order:

"<sup>4</sup> That Mr. Milton doe prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it bring it to the council." This memorable "something," the *Defensio Populi*, appears to have been completed about the close of the year in which it was commenced. The following entry bears date December 23, 1650:

"<sup>4</sup> Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late book, written by Salmasius, against the proceedings of this commonwealth."

It was first asserted by Ireland, and subsequently by other biographers, that Milton received a thousand pounds from the republican government, for his vindication of their proceedings. Milton, in his *Defensio Secunda*,

denies that he had received any pecuniary reward for this service. The entry in the council books on this subject is exceedingly curious, as it shows that Milton was only directed to receive the thanks of the council; but, that an order for a grant of money had been previously entered and obliterated. It is highly probable that Milton himself, anticipating the advantage his reputation would gain by a denial that he had defended the commonwealth for pecuniary reward, refused the meditated donation. The government might have had benefits to bestow, even more substantial than direct payment. We give the passage relating to this in Mr. Todd's words:

"*June 18. Ordered, that thanks be given to Mr. Milton on the behalfe of the Commonwealth for his good services done, in writing an answer to the booke of Salmasius, written against the proceedings of the Commonwealth of England.*" But all this is crossed over, and nearly three lines following are obliterated, in which, the accurate Mr. Lemon says, *a grant of money was made to Milton*. But after the cancelled passage, the regular entry thus follows: "The Councell takeing notice of the many good services performed by Mr. John Milton, their Secretarie for Foreign Languages, to this State and Commonwealth, *particularie for his booke in vindication of the Parliament, and people of England, against the calumnies and inventries of Salmasius*, have thought fit to declare their resentment and good acceptance of the same; and that the thanks of the Councell bee returned to Mr. Mylton, and their sense represented in that behalfe."—pp. 127, 128.

It is singular, that in these memorials no command or request is found, respecting the answer which Milton produced about the same time to the Icône Basilique. In 1651, we find an order in council for Mr. Durie to translate the Iconoclastes into French, and for "Mr. Thurloe to consider of a fit reward" for him;—also, that the translation being printed, should be "transported into France custom-free." Of any reward for Milton himself we find no mention; so that the imputation of being "a mercenary Iconoclast," is probably as unjust as many of the other calumnies which party violence fastened upon the illustrious champion of the commonwealth.

Tracing the course of Milton's public life, from the documents which Mr. Todd has now, for the first time, presented to the literary world; we find him in 1649, examining the papers of 'the Mercurius Pragmaticus,' and reporting upon them to the council. In 1650, he was appointed to arrange the printing of a book by Mr. Thomas Waring, containing several examinations "of the bloody massacre in Ireland." In the same year he was instructed to receive all "publicke papers belonging to the commonwealth." About this time he took the following oath, with two other officers. "I, being nominated by this council to be —— for the year to come, doe promise in the sight of God, that through his grace I will be faithful in the performance of the trust committed unto me, and not reveal or disclose any thing, in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, that shall be debated or resolved upon in the council, without

the command, direction, or allowance of the parliament or council." The credential letter from Richard Bradshaw to the senate of Hamburgh, was prepared by Milton, in March of this year; and in June he was ordered "to peruse the examinations taken by the army, concerning the insurrections in Essex, and to take heads of the same." In the same month, it was ordered "that the declaration of the parliament against the Dutch be translated into Latin, by Mr. Milton." In August, he was appointed with others, "to view and to inventorie all the records, writings, and papers whatsoever, belonging to the assembly of the synod." In March, 1651, it was ordered "that the letters that are to be sent to the ambassador of Spain, shall be sent unto him by Mr. Milton;"—and in May he was directed to translate other papers for the Spanish ambassador. From June to December of this year, no entry regarding Milton occurs in the council-book. He was then suffering under the near approach of total blindness; but he still exercised the duties of his station, with the assistance of his nephew, John Phillips, whom he was permitted to employ as his clerk.

In the year 1652, we find his pen most actively employed in carrying on the correspondence of England with foreign states; addressing letters to the Duke of Tuscany, the Queen of Sweden, the King of Denmark, and to the Spanish, Danish, and Portuguese ambassadors. He appears, in truth, to have executed a great many of the functions which are now discharged by the secretary of state for foreign affairs; and how ably he executed these high duties, his matchless Latin letters, of which a new edition and translation would be highly acceptable, abundantly show.

Of the nature of his public employment in 1653, when he had become totally blind, and onwards to the Restoration, we shall copy Mr. Todd's account:—

"The year 1653, presents him not by name, in the orders of the Council-Book, employed as in the preceding years; though, towards the close of it, he is retained in office with undiminished reward. And therefore in the following transactions, till October, we may conclude, that to him the letters were still sent for a Latin translation; a task, in which he would be assisted by his younger nephew. But to employment of this description, Mr. Philip Meadowes is also, in October, expressly delegated; when the official labours of Milton, no doubt, were lightened, but still occasionally required."

"Perhaps it was in 1653 that Milton lost his first wife; and that to this circumstance may be imputed the diminution of official reference to him in that year."

"From this time, (October, 1654) Dr. Sumerer says, "it is presumed that Milton ceased to be employed in publick business, as his name does not again occur in the Books of the Council of State, which continue in uninterrupted succession till the 2d of September, 1658, the day preceding the death of Cromwell." The reduction too of Milton's salary from nearly three hundred pounds to half that sum, "must have been intended," it has also been urged, "as a retiring pension in consideration of past

*services; as is evident from the appointment of a successor, (Mr. Meadowes,) at a reduced salary, to discharge the duties of his office.*" I venture to think, however, that Milton still retained the name and the divided duty of the secretaryship. We have proof, that long after the date of April, 1655, his matchless pen was officially required, and was ready. Witness his elegant and feeling letters written in the name of the Protector throughout that year, and the three following. And if such splendid evidence of his talents thus publicly employed had been wanting, he is also found, after the death of Oliver, remunerated for his services, which then had been divided with those of Andrew Marvell, as before they had been with those of Philip Meadowes, not with the reduced sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, but with that of two hundred. Hence the letters also, in 1658 and 1659, written in the name of the Protector Richard. To him likewise had been sent the articles of the Swedish Treaty, as Whitlock informs us, in 1656, in order to a Latin translation of them; when, it is curious to observe the sequel, the Swedish Ambassador said, "that it seemed strange to him there should be *none but a blind man* capable of putting a few articles in Latin. The employment of Mr. Milton was excused to him, because several other servants of the Council, fit for the employment, were then absent." In the year too of his supposed retirement, (1655,) he produced the Manifesto of Oliver, declaring the reasons of the war with Spain, a performance rightly adjudged to him, Dr. Newton has observed, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things as Latin Secretary."

In 1657, Andrew Marvell was associated with Milton, in his office of Latin Secretary. As early as 1653, Milton appears to have attempted to introduce his friend to the notice of the government. The following letter to Bradshawe, in behalf of Marvell, has been also found in the State Paper Office, and is now first published:

"*My Lord,*

"*But that it would be an interruption to the public, wherein your studies are perpetually employed, I should now and then venture to supply this my enforced absence with a line or two, though it were my only business, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgments of your many favours: which I both doe at this time, and ever shall: and have this farder, which I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of busines, a Gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man whom both by report, and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the State to make use of; who also offers himselfe if there be any employment for him. His father was the Minister of Hull, and he hath spent four years abroad in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; besides he is a scholler, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and noe doubt of approved conversation, for he com's now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some*

*instructions in the Languages to the Lady his Daughter. If upon the death of Mr. Wakerley, the Councill shall think that I shall need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find noe incumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at conferences with Ambassadors, which I must confess, in my condition, I am not fit for,) it would be hard for them to find a Man so fit every way for that purpose as this Gentleman, one who I believe in a short time would be able to doe them as good service as Mr. Ascan. This, my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to performe my dutie to the Publick, in helping them to an able servant; laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine owne condicition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine*

"*My Lord,*

"*Your most obliged, and*

"*Faithfull Servant,*

"*JOHN MILTON.* { Feb. the 21,  
1652. "

pp. 163, 164.

The more recent discoveries of the State Paper Office have enabled Mr. Todd, in the volume before us, to supply some striking evidence as to the authenticity of Milton's Treatise on Theology. Dr. Sumner, in his preface to his admirable translation, has furnished a very satisfactory view of all the particulars which bore upon the obscure history of that work; but he was unable, from the want of documents, which have since been discovered, to trace the manuscript to the possession of the secretaries of state after the Restoration, and thence deduce its slumber of a century and a half in the State Paper Office. We apprehend that all the doubts which might have arisen from any defect in the chain of evidence, are now set at rest; and as the subject is altogether an interesting matter of inquiry, we shall recapitulate, as briefly as we can, the facts, as they stand at present, of this singular addition to the "Curiosities of Literature."

In the year 1823, Mr. Lemon discovered in the State Paper Office the manuscript "De Doctrina Christiana," as well as a complete manuscript copy of Milton's Latin Letters, differing considerably from the published edition. The first hundred and ninety-six pages of the Theological Treatise, and the whole of the State Letters were unquestionably in the same hand-writing. The two manuscripts were loosely wrapped in several sheets of printed paper, which were *proof sheets of a Horace, printed by Daniel Elzevir.* The whole was inclosed in a cover, directed "to Mr. Skinner, merchant."

In 1676, two years after the death of Milton, his State Letters were surreptitiously published in London, without any bookseller's name being affixed to them. This proceeding appears to have given considerable uneasiness to the government. A Mr. Daniel Skinner, most probably a nephew of Cyriack Skinner, transmitted a declaration on the subject to the authorities in England, and in the State Paper Office is found the following attestation:

"*That Mr. Pitts, bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard, to the best of my remembrance,*

K

about 4 or 5 months agoe, told me he had mett withall and bought some of Mr. Milton's papers, and that if I would procure an agreement betwixt him and Elsevire at Amsterdam, (to whose care I had long before committed the true perfect copy of the State Letters to be printed,) he would communicate them to my perusal; if I would not, he would proceed his own way, and make the best advantage of 'em: soe that, in all probability, I not procuringe Elsevire's concurrence with him, and 'tis impossible it should be otherwise, Mr. Pitts has been the man, by whose means this late imperfect surreptitious copy has been publisht.

" I attest this to be truth.

" Oct. 18, 1676. (Signed)

" DAN. SKINNER."  
p. 348.

We have had the advantage of comparing this document with the copy of the Theological Treatise, and the Latin letters; and there cannot be a doubt that the first part of the Treatise, and the whole of the letters, are transcribed by the person who wrote and signed the above declaration.

Daniel Skinner was educated at Westminster school, which he left in 1670; and was admitted a senior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1674. He then went abroad; and one of his objects appears to have been to arrange with some foreign printer for the publication of Milton's posthumous work, obnoxious as it must have been to the authorities in England. He offered the work, with the State Letters, to Daniel Elzevir. The course which the negotiation took will be best described by the wary printer himself, in his letter on the subject to Sir Joseph Wilkinson, the secretary of state, of which the following is a translation.

" Sir, About a year ago I agreed with Mr. Skinner, to print Milton's Letters and another Treatise on Theology; but having received the manuscripts, and finding them to contain many things which I considered more proper to be suppressed than divulged, I determined not to print either the one or the other. I wrote on this subject to Mr. Skinner at Cambridge; but as he has not been there lately, my letter did not reach him for some time: whereupon he came to this city, and was overjoyed to find that I had not begun to print the said Treatises, and has taken away his manuscripts.

" He told me you have been informed, Sir, that I was going to print the whole of Milton's works together. I protest to you, that I never had such a thought; and I should abhor printing the Treatises he has written in defence of such a wicked and abominable cause: besides, it would ill become the son of him who first printed *Salmagin Defensio Regia*, and who would have laid down his life to have saved the late King of glorious memory, to print a book so detested by all loyal men. I beg to inform you, Sir, that Mr. Skinner expressed the greatest pleasure that I had not begun the printing of those works; and told me, that in case the said book had been commenced, it was his intention to have bought up all the copies, in order to suppress them; and that he had deter-

mined to dispose of those manuscripts in such a manner, as that they should never again appear. And I may assure you, Sir, that I will be answerable to you for the decided resolution I have taken in not making use of them myself, particularly since he had the honour of speaking to you, and that you informed him you should be displeased if those manuscripts should appear: and as he expects his promotion by your means, there can be no doubt that he will keep his word.

" I cannot, Sir, conclude this letter without expressing my acknowledgments for the kindness you shewed me when I was in London, and I should be happy to have an opportunity of serving you on any occasion, which would testify with how much respect,

" I remain, Sir, your most humble

" and most obedient servant,  
" Amsterdam. " DANIEL ELSEVIER.  
" Nov. 20, 1676.

" P.S. I forgot to mention, Sir, that neither Mr. Skinner nor myself have had any concern in what has been lately published of the said Milton's; and that I never heard of it, till Mr. Skinner mentioned it to me here. He had indeed written to me before, that a certain bookseller of London had obtained some letters from some person who had purloined them from the late Milton; but neither he nor myself have any connexion with that impression, of which I request you would be assured." —pp. 351, 352.

Daniel Skinner still kept possession of his treasures, without returning to England; but the secretary was not long in devising means to render him more solicitous for his own interests, than for the advancement of civil and religious liberty, by the publication of the manuscripts of his illustrious relative. In the February following the date of the letter of Elzevir, Dr. Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, forwarded to Skinner a peremptory order, which is also preserved in the State Paper Office. It was to this effect:

" To repair immediately to the College; no further allowance to discontinue being granted to you: this you are to do upon penalty of the Statute, which is expulsion from the College if you disobey. We do also warn you, that if you shall publish any writing mischievous to the Church or State, you will thence incur forfeiture of your interest here. I hope God will give you the wisdom and grace to take warning." —p. 297.

The letter was delivered by an agent of the English government, and the young man yielded a tardy and reluctant obedience. He returned to England; and we hear no more of him, till his appointment, in 1679, to a major-fellowship of his College. He had, unquestionably, in the interval, surrendered his manuscripts to the authorities who required them; and they appear from the proof-sheets, to have been exactly in the condition in which they were when Elzevir gave up their custody. We have only to close this statement by observing, that Daniel Skinner was certainly only the transcriber of a portion of the *Theological Treatise* from the original copy; and his early age forbids the conjecture, that he was one

of those whom Milton employed to write to his dictation. He appears to have executed the labour of transcription carelessly enough, for Dr. Sumner states, that "the mistakes, especially in the references to the quotations, are in the proportion of fourteen to one, as compared with those in the remaining three-fifths of the work."

In going through Mr. Todd's volume, we have, for obvious reasons, confined our notice as strictly as possible to such parts of the life and character of Milton, as have received new illustrations from the documents which Mr. Todd has now first had the advantage of using. The whole of the book is, however, a very valuable compilation of all the authentic materials which Mr. Todd's own researches, and the labours of other biographers, have accumulated on the subject of Milton. The writer before us, in his preface, claims the merit alone of "fidelity" and of "an unadorned narration." We cannot, therefore, with propriety object, that the work is one which cannot be designated by the term "amusing;" and that the facts might have been thrown into a more popular and inviting shape. Mr. Todd has done what he proposed to himself, and he has done it so well.

The strongest impression of the character of Milton, which an attentive perusal of Mr. Todd's life has produced in us, is, a deep admiration of his unwearied industry. The *necessary* indolence of genius, which has so long been canted in the world, has received a hundred refutations from less illustrious names than that of Milton. But there was, perhaps, never a parallel instance of a mind so essentially contemplative, and raised by its tastes and habits of thought, to an almost awful elevation above the common occurrences of life, applying itself so energetically to a faithful discharge of its ordinary duties. Dedicating himself to poetry from an early age, reveling in all the elegances of polite letters, devotedly loving, as he himself says, "a calm and pleasing solitariness," his first vocation was to one of the most anti-poetical of professions, that of a schoolmaster. Engaging himself with the same enthusiasm, in what he honestly thought the cause of his country, for twenty years of his life he was engaged, either in perpetual controversy, or in the application of his high talents and learning to the service of the state, under somewhat disagreeable task-masters. His blindness at length took him out of the range of active duties; but even in that calamity, he did "not bate one jot of heart," but with the same unwearied spirit, went on to accomplish his designs "of highest hope, and hardest attempting." The execution of his noble poems, under such disabilities, was work enough for a life; but Milton's self-devotion was not so satisfied. His *Treatise on Theology* is another monument of that "iron industry" which age and misfortune could not subdue; and the circumstances under which such a work was produced, are, indeed, sufficiently unpropitious, almost to warrant some scepticism as to its authenticity. But, a doubt like this is quickly dispelled, by the evidence before us of his unyielding application. Such an example is, indeed, encouraging to all those

exertions by which mankind is benefited. When we behold the author of *Paradise Lost*, descending from the elevated region of his own thoughts, to translate verbose and tedious State Papers, and compile dictionaries and systems of logic, the drudgeries of life may be endured by those of inferior endowments without complaint; and as the employments into which men are thrown, are rarely such, as in every particular, would be their choice, the example of Milton may teach them, that there is no occupation, not dishonourable in itself, which is incapable of being made tolerable, and even pleasant, by the great reward of all human actions, the consciousness of performing a duty.

#### *From the Amulet.*

#### THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,  
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;  
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with  
grief,  
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,  
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,  
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.  
For a pale cross above its greensward rose,  
Telling the cedars and the pines that there  
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his  
woes,  
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.  
Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour  
shone  
With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.  
There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,  
And he too paused in reverence by that  
grave,  
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled  
Between the forest and the lake's bright  
wave;  
Till, as a wind might stir wither'd oak,  
On the deep dream of age his accents broke:  
And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said,—  
"I listened for the words, which years ago  
Passed o'er these waters: though the voice is  
fled  
Which made them as a singing fountain's  
flow;  
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,  
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them  
back.  
"Askst thou of Him, whose house is lone  
beneath?  
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,  
When o'er the seas he came, with summer's  
breath,  
To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.  
Many the times of flowers have been since  
then,—  
Many, but bringing nought like *Him* again!  
"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he  
came  
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;  
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,  
Laying their cedars like the corn-stalks low;  
But to spread tidings of all holy things,  
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's  
wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,  
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,  
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet  
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery  
tone!  
He told of One, the grave's dark bands who  
broke,  
And our hearts burned within us as he spoke:  
"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie  
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell.  
Bright must they be! for there are none that  
die,  
And none that weep, and none that say,  
‘Farewell.’  
He came to guide us thither—but away  
The happy called him, and he might not stay.  
"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,  
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;  
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,  
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time:  
Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks  
dim,  
For the green summer comes—and finds not  
Him.  
"We gathered round him in the dewy hour  
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;  
From his clear voice at first the words of power  
Came low, like monnings of a distant sea;  
But swelled, and shook the wilderness ere  
long,  
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.  
"And then once more they trembled on his  
tongue,  
And his white eye-lids fluttered, and his  
head  
Fall back, and miste upon his forehead hung—  
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the  
dead?  
It is enough!—he sank upon my breast,—  
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest.  
"We buried him where he was wont to pray,  
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;  
We reared this cross in token where he lay,  
For on the cross, he said, his Lord had died!  
Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and  
wave,  
That flowery land whose green turf hides no  
grave!  
"But I am sad—I mourn the clear light taken  
Back from my people, o'er whose place it  
shone;  
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,  
And the true words forgotten, save by one,  
Who hears them faintly sounding from the  
past.  
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast."  
Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling  
eye:—  
"Son of the wilderness, despair thou not,  
Though the bright hour may seem to thee  
gone by,  
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot:  
Heaven darkly works,—yet where the seed  
hath been,  
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.  
"Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden spring-  
ing  
Of green leaves which the winter hid so  
long;

And by the bursts of free triumphant singing,  
After cold, silent months, the woods among;  
And by the rending of the frozen chains,  
Which bound the glorious rivers on their  
plains.

"Deem not the words of light that here were  
spoken,  
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace!  
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be  
broken,  
And the full day-spring rise upon thy race!  
And fading mists the better paths disclose,  
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."  
So by the cross they parted, in the wild,  
Each fraught with musings for life's after  
day,  
Memories to visit *oae*, the Forest's Child,  
By many a blue stream on its lonely way;  
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press  
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

*From the Edinburgh Review.*

A SYSTEM OF PHRENOLOGY. By Geo. Combe, late President of the Phrenological Society. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 566. Edinburgh, 1825.

THIS is a long, sober, argumentative exposition of a very fantastical, and, in our humble judgment, most absurd hypothesis. The author, however, is undoubtedly a man of talent as well as industry;—and while many of his remarks indicate no ordinary acuteness, it is impossible not to admire the dexterity with which he has occasionally evaded the weak, and improved the plausible parts of his argument—and the skill and perseverance he has employed in working up his scanty and intractable materials into a semblance of strength and consistency. Phrenology, in his hands, has assumed, for the first time, an aspect not absolutely ludicrous;—and, by retrenching many of the ridiculous illustrations and inconsistent assumptions of its inventors, as well as by correcting its terminology, and tempering its extravagance, he has so far succeeded in disguising its inherent absurdity as to afford a decent apology for those who are determined, or at least very willing, to believe. After all, however, that radical absurdity is so glaring, that in spite of his zeal and earnestness, we really have great difficulty in believing the author to be in good faith with us; and suspect that few reflecting readers will be able to get through the work without many starts of impatient surprise, and a general uneasy surmise that it is a mere exercise of intellectual ingenuity, or an elaborate experiment upon public credulity.

Every one, of course, has heard of Dr. Gall's Craniology—and seen his plaster heads, mapped out into the territories of some thirty or forty independent faculties. Long before this time, we confess, we expected to have seen them turned into toys for children; and this folly consigned to that great Limbo of vanity to which the dreams of Alchymy, Sympathetic Medicine, and Animal Magnetism, had passed before it. But it seems we had underrated the taste for the marvellous which still prevails in the world: For the science, we find, still flour-

rishes in certain circles—and most of all, it would appear, in this intellectual city—where there is not only a regular Lecture on the subject, but a Quarterly Journal devoted exclusively to its discussion, and where, besides several smaller elementary works, this erudite and massive System, of 566 very close printed pages, has come to a second edition in the course of the present year. We do not hear that it makes much way in London or Paris—or even at Vienna or Weimar, where wonders have better fortune:—and as our Northern race has not hitherto been supposed to sin on the side of over credulity, we are really something at a loss, and, to say the truth, less proud than surprised, to find that Edinburgh should be the great nursing mother of this brood of Germany. The phenomenon, we think, can only be solved by the circumstance of a person of Mr. Combe's sense and energy having been led, by some extraordinary accident, first to conceive a partiality for it—and then induced, with the natural ambition of a man of talent, to make it a point of honour to justify his partiality. We cannot but wish that it had been directed to a worthier object.

In the very outset of this manifesto, the wonders of Phrenology are gravely and deliberately announced as “the greatest and most important discovery ever communicated to mankind!” and then follows a very terrible intimation, of the original purpose of its advocates “to hand down to posterity the names of those who have distinguished themselves by their opposition to it.” In these circumstances, we felt ourselves called on, both by our curiosity, and our gallantry, to look again into the grounds of these lofty pretensions;—and having now done this, very dispassionately, we propose, in spite of the denunciation of immortal infamy, to put briefly on record, a part at least, of our reasons for withholding our assent from them. We do not propose, however, by any means to dissect the huge volume before us, or to enter into any detailed examination of the interminable reasonings it contains. It is filled with elaborate wranglings upon assumptions which we entirely reject, and long statements and explanations addressed only to those who concur in its fundamental positions. Nay, no inconsiderable portion of it is dedicated to the exposition or reconciliation of the schisms which seem already to threaten this infant and infallible church—in balancing the opinions of Gall against those of Spurzheim, or compounding out of them a *tertium quid*, recommended by the authority of Scott or of Combe. All this may be very edifying to the true believers; but to us, who reject the whole revelation in the lump, it is of no interest or importance whatever—and all we have to do is to explain the grounds of our incredulity.

The proposition of the Phrenologists is, as most of our readers probably know, that the degree in which any man possesses any intellectual faculty—moral virtue, vice, or propensity—nay, any animal emotion or power of external sense or perception, or even, as we take it, any acquired habit, infirmity, or accomplishment—may be certainly known by the size of certain protuberances on his skull: While the only explanation that is afforded of this start-

ling assertion, is contained in the statement, that these bony excrescences indicate and correspond with certain other protuberances on the brain, which are the natural terminations of the organs of the said powers and faculties—and that the powers and faculties themselves exist in a degree of force and perfection exactly corresponding to the size of the said organs.

The science which professes to elucidate this “great and important discovery,” is said to be a Science of Observation—and so it is, in an emphatic sense:—seeing that all that is doctrinal about it consists in the foregoing bold asseveration of matter of fact—and that all that can be required to establish it, is sufficient evidence of the truth of these asseverations.—It might seem easy then at once to determine its claims to our attention, by an examination of that evidence:—and to that issue, no doubt, in one sense, the question must ultimately come. But in almost all such cases, some preliminary inquiries are necessary—and the result of these is often sufficient to supersede any thing else, and to settle the whole controversy. A proposition, in point of fact, may be ambiguous or unintelligible—and, before inquiring how it is proved, we must ascertain whether it has any meaning, and what that meaning truly is. When it is affirmed that certain projections on the skull, or the brain, are the organs of all the faculties and dispositions of the mind, it will not do to proceed at once to the alleged proofs of this assertion; we must first determine what is meant by organs, and what by faculties, and in what sense these terms are here to be understood. In the same way, an assertion which, when generally stated, may appear susceptible of proof, may turn out, when pursued into its details, to involve contradictions and inconsistencies which render all proof impossible: Or, though in itself intelligible, and not absolutely contradictory, it may yet be so extremely improbable, as scarcely to justify a serious inquiry—more especially if the proofs by which it is proposed to establish it, are admitted to be of a very slippery and delicate nature, liable to be overlooked or mistaken by unpractised observers, and only to be duly appreciated by those who have studied the subject with the zeal and partiality of devotees. If it were asserted, for example, that every man detected cheating at play would be found to have the figure of a nine of diamonds in the transverse section of the nail of his great toe, we suspect there are not many people who would think it worth while to verify the fact by experiment: But if it were added, that the said figure, though perfectly formed, was to be sure exceedingly small, and not to be discerned but with the aid of a particular glass—and when the section had been made at a particular angle, and the sun was in a certain position—we fancy that the discoverer would be left in the exclusive enjoyment of his creed, and that this ‘science of observation’ would not attract the curiosity even of a single observer. Now, in our view of the matter, this is nearly the case with the kindred science of Phrenology; and these few observations will sufficiently prepare the reader for the leading objections we have now to state against it.

In what sense then, is it said, or how is it

proposed to prove, that certain portions of the brain, terminating in bumps on its surface, are the *organs* of different powers or *faculties of the mind*? The only *organs* of the mind of which we have hitherto had any knowledge, are those of the external Senses;—and most certainly those now brought to light by the Phrenologists bear no resemblance, or even analogy, to organs of this description; and can never stand in the same relation to any of our mental powers. The truth however is, not so much that the word is used in a new sense by the Phrenologists, as that it is used without any meaning at all,—and that the familiarity of the term is made to cover and disguise a series of the most extravagant assumptions. It is assumed, first, that the mind is made up of a number of distinct faculties, of the greater part of which no one has any consciousness or perception, and some of them indeed not very conceivable,—then, that these several faculties can only operate through the instrumentality of certain material organs;—next, that though all this is quite certain, and not to be questioned, the mind is all the while utterly *unconscious* of being obliged to act by organs—then, that it is nevertheless indisputable that all these organs are parts of the brain, and nothing else,—and, finally, that the force or perfection of every faculty depends entirely on the size of its peculiar organ.

Now, the only organs of which we really know any thing—and the only ones, we humbly conceive, which there is the least reason for supposing to exist in subservience to our mental operations—are first of all, organs of faculties of the precise nature of which every one is constantly and intensely conscious—they are all exclusively organs of external perceptions, and of the sensations immediately connected with them: The mind is perfectly and continually aware of their agency—they are none of them merely parts of the brain—and the strength or perfection of the faculties to which they minister have no dependence on the size of these organs. Not only are all these things quite certain, but it is solely on account of some of them, that our external senses have been recognised as organs of perception, sensation, or any other mental affection.

Upon what grounds then can the name of organs be applied to the bumps of the Phrenologists? or in what sense is it really intended that this name should be received in their science? The truth, we do not scruple to say it, is, that there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the mind ever operates through the agency of any material organs, except in its perception of material objects, or in the spontaneous movements of the body which it inhabits;—and that this whole science rests upon a postulate or assumption, for which there is neither any shadow of evidence or any show of reasoning. It is very true, that in our present state of existence, the mind is united, in some mysterious way, to a living and organised body—and that, when the vitality of this body ceases or is suspended, all the functions of the mind, and indeed all indications of its existence, cease and disappear also. Certain actions of the brain, too, we find, are necessary for the maintenance of this vitality—and not

of the brain only, but of the heart and of the lungs also; and if any of these actions are stopped or disturbed, even for a moment, the vitality of the body, and along with it, in so far as we can judge, sensation, consciousness, and all other mental operations, are extinguished or suspended. But this, we humbly conceive, affords no sort of proof that the mind, when it is not peripient of matter, acts or is affected by material organs of any sort; and certainly no proof that those organs are in the brain, any more than in the heart or the lungs. If the brain be greatly injured, or strongly compressed, *all* the faculties and functions will, no doubt, be destroyed. But the same effect will follow, and even more suddenly and completely, if the motion of the heart be stopped—or the cavity of the lungs be filled with unrespirable matter—although the brain remains perfectly sound and unaltered. Insects continue to perform all their functions after their heads are off; and cold-blooded animals live and move in the same predicament. But let us come back for a moment to the only *organs* of which we really know any thing—the organs of the five external senses.

If the theory of the Phrenologists be right, it would seem to follow, *a fortiori*, *first*, that all these senses must have *organs in the brain*, as well as a connected apparatus or machinery beyond it: And, *secondly*, it is, at all events, a fundamental point in their creed that the mind is *not* in any way conscious or aware, even as to them, that it acts by means of organs having any locality at all. Now the first and most plausible of these propositions they have themselves been forced to abandon;—and both, we humbly conceive, are not only gratuitous, but, in any sound sense, entirely unfounded and erroneous.

We see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and touch with our hands, or the surface of our whole body. These are facts, we think, which may be assumed without argument or explanation. Anatomy and experiment show farther, that the sensibility of these organs depends on the *nerves* which belong to them—on the optic and auditory nerves, for example, as to seeing and hearing, or on the nerves of touch for many other sensations: And it also appears, from the same experiments, that all these nerves terminate or originate in the brain,\* and that if their

\* The nerves of touch originate, partly at least, in the spinal marrow, which is in some sense an elongation of the brain, and performs similar functions. The very ingenious experiments and speculations of Mr. Charles Bell, followed up as they have been by those of Messrs. Magendie and Flourens, have thrown a new and interesting light on the whole theory of the nervous system. They seem to render it at least highly probable, that each nerve, or set of nerves, performs only a single function—that those which minister to Sensation, for example, are different from those which produce voluntary Motion—and that the involuntary motions attending such functions, as respiration, &c. are performed by the instrumenta of a third set. There is nothing, however, in these speculations which at all interferes with the argument in the text, or affords

connexion with the brain be cut off, they no longer perform their functions. This last fact proves, then, that a connexion with the brain is necessary to preserve these nerves in a proper state of vitality; but it does not prove that there is any particular part of the brain which is appropriated for this purpose; and still less that such a portion of brain is, either with or without the connected *nerves*, the material organ of sight, hearing, or touch. The *nerves* belonging to each of these senses seem, on the contrary, to form its only material organ; since, without them, whatever be the state of the brain, we can neither see, hear, or feel—and it is upon *their* peculiar structure or action that our sensations depend, though a connexion with the brain be necessary to maintain their capacity of action. Accordingly, it is very remarkable, that even Mr. Combe has assigned no cerebral organ to any of the five senses!—and Spurzheim, as he quotes him (p. 268), has said distinctly, that he 'sees no reason to suppose that the functions of the "external senses require a particular portion of brain for their determinate sensations"—a concession which we must own surprises us not a little, in a philosopher of this school—since, if the mind really performs all its other functions by means of portions of the brain, there was still stronger ground for supposing that its external perceptions depended on parts of that substance, in which the nerves of the senses originate. The true phrenologist, however, seems to disdain all approach to ordinary probabilities in his doctrine; and accordingly, though there are organs relating to the objects of sight and of hearing in their arrangement, they are ingeniously placed at a distance from the terminations of the optic or auditory nerves,—the organ of colour being in the forehead, and that of tune on the eyebrow!

But they are all agreed, it seems, 'that the mind has no knowledge either of the existence of the organs of sense, or of the functions performed by them.' (p. 257.) This, to most people, will probably appear more surprising still. Is it meant to be said that we do not know, certainly, naturally, and immediately, that we see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and feel with that part of our bodies on which an external impression is made? Is it by a course of experiments and observations that those recondite truths have been discovered? Did they remain hidden from mankind during the lapse of many ages, till some former Gall or Spurzheim, by a gigantic effort of intellect, revealed the wonderful secret to his admiring contemporaries? When a man is struck hard on the hand, does he not instantly refer his sensation to that part of his body?—When he is dazzled with excessive light, does he, in any state of his reasoning or experience, stop his ears instead of closing his eyelids? When stunned with noise, does he, in his most infantine condition, ever take his chance of excluding it by turning away his eyes? We know there is a metaphysical subtlety as to the

proper province of *consciousness*, and the want of *locality* in the notion of mere *sensation*, by which the language at least of this part of the discussion may be perplexed. But it can never touch, or at all affect, the palpable fallacy of the allegation we are now considering, with reference to its intended application. We will not dispute about words. If there be any objection to saying that we are *conscious* that our perceptions of external objects are derived through our five external senses, we shall be contented to say that we universally, naturally, and immediately *know* and *feel* that they are so derived. Whether this knowledge be obtained by an observation and comparison of the intimations of the different senses, or be directly involved in the operation of each, is really of no consequence to the argument before us. The true question upon either supposition is, whether, knowing and feeling, as in one way or other we do with the most perfect distinctness, that we see with our eyes and hear with our ears, and that it is by those organs alone that the mind performs those functions, it can be truly, or even intelligibly said, that we are as little aware of acting by material organs when we see or hear, as we are that we love our children by a bump on the back of the head, or perceive the beauty of music by a small protuberance in the middle of the eye-brow? Can any experience or observation, any comparison or combination of the intimations of different faculties, give us such an assurance of those latter facts, as we all have, without experience, thought, or observation at all,—that we do see with our eyes, and hear with our ears—and that when we are wounded on the right arm, it is there, and not on the left leg, that the blow has been inflicted?

In this most material and decisive particular, then, the supposed organs of the Phrenologists differ entirely from the actual and acknowledged organs of the external senses. All mankind know and feel that the latter are the material instruments by which external objects operate on the mind; but nobody knows or feels—and not many people can even fancy—that the mind makes any use of the others. And indeed, while it is natural, and perhaps necessary, to suppose that there should be *material organs* to connect the mind with *material objects*, there is plainly no such probability or necessity, that these faculties and sentiments which do not relate to matter at all, should yet act only by the instrumentality of local and material organs. There is another distinction, too, between the actual and the supposed organs, to which we have already alluded, which seems to be equally conclusive against the peculiar theory of the Phrenologists. The organs of the external senses, the only material organs which the mind is known to employ, are admitted *not* to be parts of the brain; although all the nerves through which they act may be traced into that substance, and depend on their immediate connexion with it for their vitality. The whole of the faculties to which they are subservient therefore may be said, in one sense, to be connected with the brain, and to depend on it for the means of their exercise. But the faculties to which the phrenological organs are supposed to minister,

any countenance to the strange attempt to assign material organs for such purely mental operations as have no immediate reference to matter.

have no perceptible or intelligible connexion with the brain, more than with any other part of the living body. They are, many of them, mere sentiments or contemplative faculties, that have no relation to any thing extrinsic or material—such as, Veneration, Concentrateness, Adhesiveness, and others; while those that have a reference to external objects, are of a nature that would lead us to look for their physical organs any where but in the brain—the appetite, for instance, of the sexes—those of thirst and hunger, or the capacity of being hot or cold. Nay, even as to those that are conversant about the immediate and appropriate objects of the five external senses, it is pretty plain, that if the senses themselves, the nerves of which terminate in the brain, are yet without organs in any part of it, those related faculties, if indeed they have any existence, are still less likely to be so provided. If the sense of seeing have no cerebral organ, is it at all to be presumed that the faculty of distinguishing colours, which the Phrenologists assure us is quite a different thing, should have such an organ—and that too quite apart from the region of the optic nerve? If it be admitted that we do not hear by means of an organ in the brain, is it a probable surmise that we distinguish tunes by one that projects over the middle of the eye.

These last considerations lead us naturally to another class of objections, which, we confess, have always appeared to us of themselves conclusive against this new philosophy—those we mean which apply to the strange apparatus of separate faculties and sentiments into which it has parcelled out and divided the mind.

We are a little jealous of the word *faculties* in any philosophical discussion. The mind, we take it, is one and indivisible:—and if, by faculties, is meant parts, portions or members, by the aggregation of which the mind is made up, we must not only deny their existence, but confess that we have no great favour for a term which tends naturally to familiarise us with such an assumption. What are called faculties of the mind, we would consider as different *acts*, or rather *states* of it. But if this be the just view of the matter, it is plain that it renders it in the highest degree improbable, if not truly inconceivable, that those supposed faculties should each have a separate material organ. The whole body may, in a certain loose sense, be called the organ of the whole mind;—nay, if any one, in consideration of its peculiar importance to vitality, and of its necessary connexion with all the nerves of sensation, should insist on giving this name to the whole brain, we do not see that it would be worth any body's while to gainsay him. But it really is not very easy to understand how there should be an external organ for every particular act or state of the mind—or rather for an arbitrary member of these states: And when the question is about the existence of some thirty or forty separate organs in distinct regions of the brain, it is absolutely necessary to inquire what proof there is of the existence of the thirty or forty separate *faculties* to which they are said to minister,—or rather, we think, which they are held to create—or upon what grounds they have been limited to that precise number: And

here again we must refer, as to the only fixed or certain point in the discussion, to the functions of our external senses, and their known organs.

By that example it is no doubt proved, that certain faculties or states of the mind have material organs; and why, it may be asked, should it not be inferred that other faculties may have them also? We answer, 1st, That we believe the functions of seeing and hearing, &c. to be carried on by material organs, *only* because we know and feel that they are so—and that we do not believe that the mind performs its other functions by a like machinery, because we do not know or feel any thing analogous in their operations. If the mind, in comparing or resenting, made use of certain organs in the head, just as it does in hearing and seeing, we cannot but think that the fact would be equally certain and notorious; but, as we know or feel nothing at all analogous, we cannot believe that any thing of the kind takes place. 2d, All the organs which we actually know to be used by the mind, are used to connect it with material and external objects; and indeed it is difficult for us to conceive how we could ever have become acquainted with such objects, except by means of a material apparatus in our living bodies. But the other functions of mind do not so connect us with matter—and therefore, there is not only no such reason for supposing their existence, but there is a corresponding difficulty in the conception.—3dly, And this is what chiefly concerns our immediate argument, all those functions which operate through the organs of sense, are of a definite and peculiar nature, and so totally unlike those which the Phrenologists would furnish with like instruments, as to make the inference of their being actually so furnished in the highest degree improbable and extravagant. By the eye we receive sensations or ideas of light only—by the ear of sound exclusively—by the palate of tastes, and so on. Each of these classes of ideas or sensations is completely original, and perfectly distinct from the others—incapable of being mixed up, or in any way compounded with them, and in truth completely independent either of their existence, or of any other existence whatsoever. Our perception of sounds, for example, is quite independent of our perception of colours, odours, or tastes, and would be precisely what it is, though none of these perceptions, or the objects of them, existed in the universe. It is in truth this palpable separation and independence of these different classes of sensations, which leads us to describe the capacity of receiving them as a separate function or faculty of the mind; and in this way it is obvious, that our knowledge of the organ is antecedent to our knowledge of the faculty, and that it is truly by reference to the former, that the latter is recognised and determined. The best definition of the faculty of seeing is, that it is that faculty which takes cognizance of the impressions transmitted by the eye, or that state of the mind which is induced by the reception of such impressions; and parallel definitions will be found to comprise all that we really know of all the other faculties that work by external organs.

In all these respects, however, the case of the imaginary faculties of the Phrenologists is not only in no degree analogous, but directly the reverse. As to these, it must be admitted that we have no antecedent knowledge of the existence of any material organs,—and the existence of the faculties therefore must be assumed on quite different *data*, if it is not rather imagined without any reason at all,—while, so far from supplying original, definite, and independent impressions, the greater part of those phrenological faculties presuppose the existence of such impressions, and seem to have little other function than to modify or direct the functions of other faculties. Thus, love of Approval presupposes an habitual communication of sentiments with other men.—Veneration, a custom of observing and comparing the powers and qualities of different beings.—Acquisitiveness, the general development of the idea of property—and Cautiousness, an experience of the occasions and consequences of many forms of danger: and all of them, in short, are so far from resembling primitive and independent faculties, operating through separate organs, and provided each with its own material apparatus in the brain, that we cannot even conceive of their existence till society has made a considerable progress, various tastes and habits been cultivated, and much knowledge been accumulated and diffused. How, then, is it possible to say that any of these is a primitive and independent faculty like seeing or hearing, or any of these that work through outward organs? What primitive or independent sensations or ideas, for example, are supplied by Acquisitiveness? Can they be conceived to exist, although all all other faculties were annihilated? Are they, in this respect, or indeed in any other, on a par with the ideas supplied by sight or hearing?—they, that plainly could not come into existence till men had entered into all the competitions of society, and become familiar, not only with innumerable external objects, but with their several utilities and values?

It is, if possible, still worse with such pretended faculties as Concentrativeness, Adhesiveness, or Ideality,—which seem, in so far as we can at all comprehend their definition, to be little more than intensifiers of other faculties or capacities—from which, however, they are here totally disjoined. Concentrativeness, it seems, is that power or propensity by which we are led to persist in any methodical or intellectual effort in which we take an interest; and it has two distinct organs of an angular shape on the sides of the cranium. This we think is like saying, that besides the simple faculty of seeing, no right thinking man can doubt that we are also provided with an entirely separate and independent one, without which we should never be able to look long or steadily on the objects which are presented to our sight,—and that it is quite reasonable to believe that this faculty acts by a material organ, somewhere on the outside of the brain, but totally apart from the eye! Adhesiveness is a still stronger case, we think, of absurdity. It also is a separate and independent faculty,—and its function is to make us constant and

pertinacious in our attachments. Our love, considered simply as love, may be strong or weak, sober or frantic, grave or gay. All that depends of course on the shape and size of its own peculiar organs; but its *constancy* is the concern of an entirely different faculty, which has a goodly organ of its own in another region of the skull, and has no more connexion with it, physically, or metaphysically, than smelling has with seeing. Ideality, again, is something still more mystical and hard to be defined. It is the faculty by which we make metaphors, and endite poetry, and feel enthusiastic,—of course, beyond all question, a separate, primitive, and simple faculty of the mind—working necessarily by two large protuberances at the outer angle of the temples, and no way affected by education, ambition, or the habits or history of the individual or the age!

To the intelligent, these suggestions will probably be more than enough. But to enable our less studious readers to judge correctly of this fundamental part of the phrenological system, the fairest and best way is to compare, in one or two particular points, their new theory and distribution of the faculties, with that which has hitherto prevailed among our metaphysical and popular writers, and which it has pleased these grand discoverers to pursue throughout with the most unmeasured contempt. We are ourselves no great sticklers for the value or the soundness of most metaphysical dogmas. But there is a difference, after all, between subtlety and mere nonsense—between ingenious suppositions, and impossible or unintelligible assertions.

There is, for example, a principle, or at all events an occasional feeling, which is called Benevolence—a sympathy with the happiness of others—which some of our old philosophers considered as an ultimate fact or law of our constitution, and others sought to resolve into a complacent recollection of our own happiness, and an habitual conviction that it was best promoted when linked to that of all around us. But however that might be, they were all pretty well agreed that it was this same principle that was in every case at the bottom of our regard and affection for sentient beings of all descriptions; though it was variously modified by a consideration of the different qualities of the objects to which it was directed, and the different relations in which they might happen to stand to us:—And when their attention was called to the distinctions that might be pointed out between the kind of love they bore to their children and that they felt for their parents—or the attachment they cherished to their young female friends, as compared with their ancient male ones—or to the worthies of their own country, and those of foreign lands—or to inferiors and superiors, of their own or of other races, they thought all this pretty well explained by saying, that it was the general benevolent feeling—modified, in the case of children, by a sense of the weakness, innocence, and dependence of their condition; in the case of parents by respect for their experience and authority, and gratitude for the obligations they had conferred; in the case of young women, by emotions of sex;

of our own countrymen, by the associations of patriotic partiality; and, in all cases, by the peculiar habits, tastes, and opinions to which the individual had been trained, by the education either of his preceptors or his society. With regard to the Constancy of these attachments, again, that was generally supposed to depend partly on the judgment or deliberation with which they had been formed, and partly on what might be called the firmness or gravity of the character to which they belonged. A man who was steady in his other pursuits was thought likely to be steady in his friendships, and one who was constant in his principles and opinions, to be constant also in his loves.

We do not mean to say that there was any thing very oracular or profound in this plain exposition of very familiar phenomena. On the contrary, its chief merit is, that it amounts to little more than a verbal statement of what every one must feel to be true. The Philosophy of Mind, we cannot help thinking, should be confined very much to its Natural History; and, instead of attempting to explain facts, which must ultimately be left inexplicable, our ambition might be advantageously limited to their clear enumeration. The old theory, to which we have alluded, trespassed little on this maxim. In referring the common feeling of love or affection to one principle or capacity of our nature, it follows the great rule of philosophizing without unnecessary multiplication of suppositions, as correctly, as it adheres cautiously to observation and common sense, in explaining its subordinate variations by causes which cannot be overlooked.

In the eye of the Phrenologist, however, all this is mere drivelling and childishness. Benevolence, in general, is with him quite different faculty or sentiment from love of women, or love of children!—as different as seeing is from hearing or smelling. It is ascertained accordingly, he tells you, that they have separate and distinct organs in the brain;—benevolence operating through a triangular bump on the upper part of the forehead—the love of children through a roundish swelling on the hinder part of the skull—and love proper having its seat just above the nape of the neck! The constancy of these attachments, again, is a thing, we are assured, quite distinct from the attachments themselves. It is a separate and independent faculty of itself, to be known hereafter by the name of Adhesiveness; and may be found operating at any time through two oval protuberances on the posterior part of the cranium. We must take great care, however, not to imagine, that this adhesiveness has any thing to do with firmness of character in general—with perseverance in intellectual pursuits, or constancy to party or principle.—Such an approximation to common sense would be a sad dereliction of phrenological originality. Adhesiveness is a faculty created expressly for keeping us steady in our personal attachments. Firmness, in general, is a totally distinct faculty; and has its organ, accordingly, on the very apex of the skull—while there is still another primitive faculty which helps to give intensity and vigour to the acts of the understanding, under

the name of Concentrateness—working by a large organ placed on the back of the head, between maternal love and vanity!

In like manner, Memory, upon the old system, was always regarded as one of the most distinct and observable faculties of our nature. In particular instances, it was held to depend very much on the degree of attention that had been given to the original impression; and as a general faculty, though different individuals were thought to possess it in different degrees, it was allowed to be capable in all cases of great improvement by exercise, and seldom to fail remarkably, upon subjects that had excited a great and habitual interest. It was supposed, in short, that there was such a thing as a good memory in general, depending for the most part on habits of attention and animated observation; and although it was no doubt observed, that some persons had a memory for dates, and others for stories, and others, again, for places, faces, or theories, it certainly did not occur to any one, that these were all separate and distinct faculties—and still less that there was no such power or faculty as memory at all, but that our recollection of past impressions was just a part of the same function by which we received them, or were led to take pleasure in them. Our old observers, speculating with a timid adherence to facts and common sense, were weak enough to suppose that they had explained the varieties of memory that were found to occur among men, by referring them to the obvious circumstances in the history or condition of each individual, which had recommended particular subjects to his notice and consideration. Sovereigns, who held levees and distributed notices in the circle, were found to have a singularly accurate recollection of faces and proper names—just as shepherds who had to separate their flocks on the mountains, had a miraculous memory for the countenances of the sheep that composed them—while savages, who pursued their sport or warfare through trackless forests, had a strange memory for paths and places—and idle and opulent old gentlemen, for long stories and tiresome anecdotes of individuals.

This was homely enough philosophy, it might be—and did not give any very deep insight into the nature of memory in general. But it was sound so far as it went; and was commonly thought to go almost as far as the nature of the subject, and our wants and faculties admitted. In the fulness of time, however, comes Phrenology, with a new and marvellous revelation; and it is curious to observe by what fine gradations the mighty truth was at last evolved. The first discovery was—not that memory was no faculty at all—but that it was several separate and distinct faculties! that there was a memory for places, and a memory for words, and a memory for things in general; and that each of these was an independent and original faculty, and had a material organ, and several sections of the brain set apart for its peculiar use;—a discovery no less wonderful, we think, than it would be to announce that the faculty of seeing flowers was quite a different thing from that of seeing stones or stars! and that the organ of the one

kind of sight was in the forehead, and of the other in the palm of the hand. Such, however, was the state of the science, when we first approached its mysteries, some twenty years ago, in the publications of Dr. Spurzheim. All this, however, we are happy to find from Mr. Combe, has now been discarded. The organs of local memory and verbal memory have been discovered to be the organs of Locality—whatever that may mean—and of Language respectively; and it has been ascertained, that there is no such faculty as Memory at all, and, of course, no part of the brain, or even of the skull, appropriated to the use of that imaginary function. It is merely, it seems, "a certain state of activity" of certain other faculties: and the nature of it is oracularly explained by Mr. Combe, when he assures us, that "the organ of Tune will recall notes formerly heard, and gives the memory of music. Form will recall figures formerly observed, and give the memory of persons, pictures, and crystals; and Individuality will give the memory for facts, and render a person well skilled in History, both natural and civil!" This is perfect; and, of course, leaves nothing to be desired;—and it follows by necessary consequence, that it is by the nose we remember smells, and by the eye that we have memory of colours.

Can it really be thought necessary to inquire into the alleged *proofs* of propositions so manifestly preposterous? And is not the absurdity of their Metaphysics sufficient to excuse us from any examination of the *Evidence* relied on by the Phrenologists? If any man can believe that there are, or can be, so many distinct powers and faculties as we have now referred to, he may possibly be justified in seeking to be satisfied as to the existence and locality of their material organs. For ourselves, we see no occasion to go farther.

But in reality, this inconceivable multiplication of original and separate faculties, affords, after all perhaps, a weaker argument against the truth of the phrenological system, than their unaccountable limitation does against its consistency. If their principles are right, the number of our faculties and organs ought truly to be infinite. The great boast of their philosophy is, that it does not rest on fantastical and arbitrary abstractions, but on a correct observation of the varieties of actual character—and is applied, not to a mere speculative and shadowy analysis of supposed qualities, but to the undeniable realities by which men are distinguished in common life. It takes no cognizance of such questionable existences as perception, memory, imagination, or judgment; but looks at once to the peculiarities by which the conduct and characters of men in society are marked to ordinary observation; and, referring them as far as possible to primitive and original differences, endeavours to discover whether they are indicated by any external peculiarity of organization. Thus, it finds one man actuated in all his conduct by a strong desire of fame—and immediately it sets down "love of Approbation," as an original principle in our nature, and looks about for a bump on some vacant part of the skull, by the size of which the strength of this propensity may be

measured. Another is distinguished by his love of money—and so Acquisitiveness is established as a primitive and inherent propensity! Another is a great talker—and forthwith Language is made a distinct and independent faculty; another has a turn for making nut-crackers and mouse-traps—and what can be so natural as to refer this to the bulk of his organ of Constructiveness? another shows a great love for children—without indicating much benevolence to any grown creature; and nothing consequently can be plainer than that Philoprogenitiveness is an original sentiment. Some are quick at arithmetical operations—and what explanation can be so satisfactory, as that they have the faculty of Number very prominent? others remember all the cross-roads they have ever come through—and who can deny, therefore, that they are distinguished for their Locality? some keep their papers, clothes and furniture, very nicely arranged—which can be attributed only to the degree in which they possess the faculty of Order; while there are others again, at least so Mr. Combe assures us, whose genius consists in a peculiarly quick observation of the Size and Weight of external substances—for whose sake accordingly it has been thought reasonable to create the special original faculties—of Size and Weight!

This, we must admit, is sufficiently simple and bold. But where is it to stop? If we are thus to take all the tastes, habits, accomplishments, and propensities by which grown men are distinguished, in the concrete, and forthwith to refer them to some peculiar original faculty or principle, imagined for the mere purpose of accounting for them, the thirty-six original faculties of the phrenologists may at once be multiplied to 360 or 36,000—and room must be made upon the skull for as many new organs. Some men have a remarkable love for their children—and therefore we have a separate principle of *Philoprogenitiveness*. But other men have as remarkable a love for their parents—and why therefore should we not have a faculty of *Philoprogenitoriness*, with a corresponding bump on some suitable place of the cranium? The affections of others, again, are less remarkable in the ascending and descending lines, and spread most kindly in the collateral;—Can it be doubted, then, that we should have a Philadelphic principle, to attach us to our brothers and sisters,—and another to keep us in charity with our first cousins? If the fact, that some men are distinguished for their love of Wealth, is a sufficient ground for assuming that Acquisitiveness is an independent and original principle of our nature, should not the fact of other men being distinguished for their love of Dogs and Horses justify us in referring this also to an inherent principle?—or upon what grounds can we refuse the same honour to the love of card-playing, gossiping, or agriculture? Some men, nay, some whole families, are notorious for lying—though addicted to no other immorality; some—the natural prey of the former—are proverbial for credulity—some for inordinate merriment and laughter—some for envy—some for love of society—some for telling long stories—some for love of noise—some for their

horror of it. Most of these, it appears to us, are quite as well entitled to the rank of primitive faculties or propensities, as any on the list of the Phrenologists. Undoubtedly they mark as conspicuously the character and manners of the persons to whom they belong, and are not in general so easily resolved into more general principles. Why then should they be excluded from the scheme of the Phrenologists, and left without any organs, in their improvident distribution of the skull? Nay, upon these principles, why should there not be a separate original faculty prompting us to the practice of skating, sailing, or planting?—or towards the study of botany, mineralogy, anatomy, bookbinding, chemistry, gymnastics—or any of the other five hundred pursuits to which idle men are found to betake themselves, with an engrossing and often passionate partiality?

It is quite as true of all these, as of the love of money, or of order, or of children, or of mechanics, that they are what practically distinguish the habits and character of men in society; and if we are not allowed to analyse or explain these propensities, either by resolving them into more general principles, or tracing them back to such accidental causes, as imitation, fashion, or education, they seem quite as well entitled to the honour of original principles of our nature, as most of those to which we are now required to concede it. It is no less true of them, too, that, when the habit, taste, or propensity is once acquired, it does indicate a certain state of mind, by which the individual is truly characterized; and, for any thing we can tell, some peculiar original aptitude for its acquisition. But then, this is as obviously true of the most insignificant, recent, and transitory, taste, trick, or habit, by which any one ever rendered himself ridiculous or remarkable. A taste for French wines, or black tea—for puns or charades—for pugilism, genealogy, prosody, whizgigs, or fish sauces—all mark a man's character and manners, while they last—and may all be said, in one sense, to proceed from a certain state of his mind, or balance of his powers and faculties. But is this a reason for assuming the existence of a primitive and separate faculty, common to all mankind, for every such trick or propensity? Or is it not quite manifest, that such a supposition is as much opposed to the first rules of philosophizing as to the plainest dictates of common sense?

It is the peculiar business of philosophy, as it has hitherto been understood, to explain detached phenomena, by referring them to general laws; and then, if possible, to resolve the first laws so determined, into others still more simple and comprehensive. In metaphysical inquiries this is not perhaps so easy as in the sciences conversant with matter; but the course to be pursued is, at all events, indicated with sufficient clearness; and, till the advent of the Phrenologists, no one ventured openly to desert it. The problem always has been, with how few primitive faculties intellectual phenomena could be explained. Some bolder spirits were of opinion, that the work might very well be done with the Perception of external objects, sensations of Pleasure and

Pain, and the Memory of them; while others required the instrumentality of several other agents. But it certainly never occurred to any body, till the late revelation, that the primitive faculties might be multiplied on the principle of the Phrenologists, and that the consummation of philosophy was to account for every separate propensity, taste or talent, that a man had acquired, by setting it down to the predominance of some imaginary original faculty—created for the express purpose of accounting for it!

To what absurd and extravagant multiplication of the faculties this principle unavoidably leads, we have already endeavoured to show; and it is not necessary to go beyond some of those we have been led incidentally to mention, to prove on what shallow and preposterous grounds they have been assumed as primitive qualities of our nature. Because avarice is a vice of pretty common occurrence, it is raised into an original attribute of our nature, by the name of Acquisitiveness—which all men have in some degree, and the avaricious in excess. Now, as this acquisitiveness is merely the desire of possessing *things useful or agreeable*, what necessity can there be to suppose any other faculty than that of perceiving what is useful and agreeable, to account for such a desire? A man who has suffered from the want of food or clothing, or enjoyed the timely supply of them, cannot well recall either of those sensations, without wishing at all times to possess a sufficiency of those valuable articles,—and to provide a separate sense or faculty merely to enable him to form such a wish, really seems to us as wasteful an exercise of creative power as we recollect ever to have met with, even in the prodigalities of poetry. Can any one really doubt that wealth is desired as the *means* to an end?—and if the end—which is comfort, influence, and security—is undeniably desirable, is it not utterly preposterous to invent a separate principle to explain how the means should be desirable also? At this rate we should have one faculty in our nature which led us to wish for warmth in cold weather—and another, quite separate and independent, which taught us to set a due value on coals!

If the principle itself be plainly a necessary result of experience and observation, the cases of its excess can of course occasion no difficulty—although nothing can illustrate more strikingly the dull dogmatism which the Phrenologists would substitute for philosophy, than to contrast the usual and rational explanations that are given of this particular phenomenon with their summary exposition of it. A man is avaricious, with them, whenever the organ of acquisitiveness is largely developed in him; and this is all they can tell of the matter. And they have the modesty to hold up this notable truism as rendering quite unnecessary or ridiculous the explanations which the uninitiated had previously attempted of this common propensity—as, by referring it, in particular instances, to early habits of necessary frugality—to distaste or alarm at the spectacle or experience of great profusion—to long continued precept and example—to the union of timidity and love of power—and, in almost all cases, to

the gradual strengthening of the association between the actual gratifications which wealth may procure, and the wealth itself which represents them—till the two things are actually confounded in the apprehension. That the avarice of particular persons may often be traced to such causes, we apprehend to be matter of plain fact and observation; and that such causes have always a tendency to produce that propensity, we conceive to be quite undeniable; and, without saying much in exaltation of the sense or philosophy which furnished those plain suggestions, we really must be allowed to prefer them to the flat stupidity of the assertion, that men are avaricious, because they have an unusually large bump, of a rectangular form, a little above the ear,—and that this bump is the organ of a peculiar sense or faculty by which we get a notion of the value of property!

Take, again, the pretended sense or faculty of order, or that principle of our nature by which we delight in the symmetrical arrangement and nice distribution of things around us

—Might it not suffice to account for such a phenomenon, that such orderly arrangements were found to be extremely convenient, in one set of cases—and that they suggested agreeable impressions of human power and ingenuity in another? If a man keep his books, papers, and clothes, in a state of confusion, he will infallibly have a great deal of trouble whenever he wishes to make use of them; and if he does not like trouble, he *must* come to regard that good order by which alone he can be saved from it, with some degree of pleasure and approbation. To suppose, therefore, that he must have a peculiar, independent faculty, to give him a sense of the value of order, is about as rational, as to say, that a man who had been cured of colic by laudanum, could not have a proper esteem for the virtues of that drug, unless, in addition to his memory and common sense, he had been endowed with a separate, original faculty, to be entitled Laudanum—or perchance Philanodyneness!

As to the degree in which different individuals are found to possess this love of order, we willingly leave it to our readers to determine, whether it is most rationally accounted for by the Phrenologists, who say it depends entirely on the relative size of a small protuberance near the outer angle of the eyebrow, or by the less gifted observers who refer it to the habits in which the said individuals have been trained; the irritability or easiness of temper which make small annoyances of more or less importance to them; and the nature of their pursuits and occupations, as more or less consistent with the recurrence of such annoyances. As to the taste for symmetry, in buildings, furniture, &c., which is quite a different thing from the love of order in things about one's person, we humbly conceive that this is sufficiently explained by its being plainly indicative of art and successful ingenuity, and being associated with the established models of taste, fitness, or magnificence. That we have no absolute or inherent relish for mere order or uniformity, is apparent, accordingly, from the obvious fact, that it ceases to be agreeable whenever it is disjoined from those suggestions

of ingenuity or fitness. The uniformity that is pleasing in the two sides of a room or a building, would be monstrous in the two sides of a landscape. What we require in the pillars of a colonnade, would not be endured in the trees of a grove, or even of an avenue. It is merely in works of *Art* in short, and only in such of them as ostentatiously claim this character, that methodical or symmetrical dispositions are pleasing. They would be quite the reverse in the far greater number of beautiful and sublime objects with which we are surrounded. What should we think of mountains in regular cubes, lakes in parallelograms, and clouds, forests, or constellations in correct mathematical forms, and relative positions? And yet we have a primitive and inherent faculty for admiring these things! and it is one and the same faculty which leads an orderly man of business to tie up his papers in well docquettted bundles, and a notable housewife to arrange her linen in nice wardrobes and accurate inventories!

It would be easy to deal, in this way, with almost all of the primitive faculties of the Phrenologists; and to show, not only that they may be resolved into more general and familiar principles, but that they must be multiplied an hundred fold, if the views are sound on which we are now required to admit them. We are rather inclined, however, to think that this is unnecessary; and really cannot help feeling, that this serious and systematic way of treating their pretensions is somewhat unsuitable to their character,—and is not well calculated to give the uninstructed reader an adequate idea of the excessive crudity, shallowness, and puerility of their metaphysical theory. To do full justice to this, it is necessary to recur to their own exposition of it; and we cannot begin more auspiciously, than by a few extracts from Mr. Combe's chapter on "Concentrative-ness"—a faculty of much note and importance in his scheme, having a goodly organ in the back part of the head, just above love of children, and below self-esteem. The oracles of Phrenology are unluckily divided as to the true nature of the faculty which acts by this posterior protuberance:—and it may help to give some idea of the certainty and maturity which this science of observation has attained, just to mention, that Dr. Gall opines it to indicate pride in men, and a love of high situations in the inferior animals!—while Dr. Spurzheim is confident that, in both, it merely marks what he is pleased, very luminously, to denominate "a particular disposition with regard to their dwelling places;"—and Mr. Combe thinks it clear, that it points out only "the power of concentrating our thoughts." This, to be sure, is very edifying; but it is well worth while to see how these sages dispute the matter with each other. After observing that the existence and locality of the organs are "well ascertained," Mr. Combe informs us, that

"Dr. GALL conceives it to be connected in animals with the *love of physical elevation*, and in man with *pride* or *Self-Esteem*. Dr. SPURZHEIM observed it to be large in those animals and persons who seemed *attached to particular places*. 'I consider,' says he, 'in animals, the cerebral part immediately above the organ of'

Philoprogenitiveness, as the organ of the instinct that prompts them to select a *peculiar dwelling*, and call it the organ of Inhabitiveness. My attention has been, and still is, directed to such individuals of the human kind as show a particular disposition in regard to their dwelling place. Some nations are extremely attached to their country, while others are readily induced to migrate. Some tribes wander about without fixed habitations, while others have a settled home. Mountaineers are commonly much attached to their native soil, and those of them who visit capitals or foreign countries, seem chiefly led by the hope of gaining money enough to return home, and buy a little property, even though the land should be dearer there than elsewhere! I therefore invite the phrenologists, who have an opportunity of visiting various nations, particularly fond of their country, to examine the development of the organ marked No. III., and situated immediately above Philoprogenitiveness. In all civilized nations, some individuals have a great predilection for residing in the country. If professional powers oblige them to live in town, their endeavour is to collect a fortune as speedily as possible, that they may indulge their leading propensity. I have examined the heads of several individuals of this description, and found the parts in question much developed.—*Phrenology*, p. 126. The function, however, is stated by him as only conjectural. From a number of observations, the faculty appears to me to have a more extensive sphere of action, than that assigned to it by Dr. SPURZHEIM.

"I have noticed that some persons possess a natural facility of concentrating their feelings and thoughts, without the tendency to be distracted by the intrusion of emotions or ideas foreign to the main point under consideration. Such persons possess a command over their feelings and intellectual powers, so as to be able to direct them in their whole vigour to the pursuit which forms the object of their study for the time; and hence they produce the greatest possible results from the particular endowment which nature has bestowed on them. Other individuals, on the other hand, have been observed, whose feelings do not act in combination, who find their thoughts lost in dissipation, who are unable to keep the leading idea in its situation of becoming prominence, are distracted by accessories; and, in short, experience great difficulty in combining their whole powers to a single object. The organ was perceived to be large in the former, and small in the latter." pp. 77—78.

As a farther proof of the minuteness and accuracy of his observations, the learned author is afterwards pleased to tell us that "he has remarked, that individuals in whom the organ is small, although acute and steady in their general habits, have great difficulty in transcribing or engrossing papers correctly,"—and then proceeds with much naïveté to record, that

"The first idea that led me to the conclusion, that it is the tendency to concentrate the mind within itself, and to direct its powers in a combined effort to one object, was suggested by a lady, who had remarked this quality in in-

dividuals in whom the organ was large. The Reverend DAVID WELSH and Dr. HOPPE of Copenhagen, having been informed of these views, unknown to each other, communicated to me the inference, that the faculty gives a tendency to dwell in a place, or on feelings and ideas for a length of time! till all, or the majority, of the other faculties, are satisfied in regard to them. Dr. SPURZHEIM, however, objects to these ideas; and states, that his experience is in contradiction to them. Facts alone must determine between us." pp. 79—81.

The most profound and original part of the speculation, however, certainly consists in the following objection of Dr. Spurzheim, and our author's answer.

"Dr. SPURZHEIM objects farther, that 'no one, in concentrating his mind, and directing his powers to one object, exhibits gestures and motions indicating activity in the back part of the head!' the whole of the natural language shows, that concentration takes place in the forehead.' With the greatest deference to Dr. SPURZHEIM's superior skill and accuracy, I take the liberty of stating, that, so far as my own observation goes, those persons who really possess the power of concentration, while preparing to make powerful and combined exertion of all their powers, naturally draw the head and body backwards in the line of this organ! Preachers and advocates in whom it is large, while speaking with animation, move the head in the line of Concentrativeness and Individuality' or straight backwards and forwards,—as if Concentrativeness supplied the impetus, and the organs in the forehead served as the instruments to give it form and utterance." pp. 83.

These passages, we really think, decisive as to the merits of the system which they are meant to illustrate. That three men, all of more than common acuteness, should thus write nonsense, as it were in competition with each other, can only be explained, we think, by the extreme and incurable absurdity of the theory they had undertaken to support. That theory made it necessary for them to find out some primitive faculty of the mind, to give employment to a large bump on the skull, which it obliged them to consider as an organ of the intellect; and, to such extremities are they reduced in devising such a faculty, that one of them actually gives that denomination to a supposed propensity to inhabit high places, which he poetically identifies with pride; another to some undefined, and undefinable, peculiarity of disposition with regard to dwelling places—which, it seems, may take the shape either of a love for one's native country, or a taste for rural situations—or, for any thing we can see, a preference of brick houses to buildings of stone; and the third, to the power, generally, of concentrating our thoughts on any given subject—which is much the same thing as if any one were to tell us that, besides the faculty of seeing, he had ascertained that we had another, which enabled us to look fixedly on the things before us—and that this faculty had an organ of its own, quite away from the eye, and somewhere below the ear.

We shall say nothing of the reasonings and observations on which this notable discovery is

said to be founded—except merely to recall to our reader's recollection that admirable test to which both Dr. Spurzheim and our author concur in referring—though they unfortunately differ in an extraordinary way as to the result of its application. When a faculty is in a state of activity, they seem both to take it for granted, that the individual must 'make motions and gestures,' in the line or direction of its external organ; and while Dr. S. objects that men who are merely concentrating their thoughts, do not indicate any activity in the back part of the head, where the organ of this faculty is situated, Mr. Combe, admitting both the fact and the principle, ingeniously evades the conclusion, by suggesting that the operation of this faculty is generally conjoined—though heaven knows how or why—with that of Individuality—which has its seat in the anterior part of the skull; and that the two together consequently draw the unhappy patient alternately in both directions—which is his most recondite solution of the fact, that preachers and other orators are apt, when speaking with animation, to move their heads both backwards and forwards alternately!—which we should humbly conceive they must necessarily do, if they move them *often* than once in either of the opposed directions. The great practical truth however is, that when any faculty is in a state of activity, the head at least, if not the whole body, is moved in the direction of the external organ of that faculty. The test, it is obvious, cannot be well applied to the organs which happen to be placed in the anterior parts of the head; because, as we naturally see and speak, and walk and bend, in that direction, it would plainly be impossible to distinguish what part of our forward movements were to be ascribed to these causes, and what to the mere activity of the intellectual organs. With regard, again, to those that are placed laterally, as they are always in pairs, one on each side, it might perhaps be expected that, when in full activity, they should produce a regular swing or oscillation of the head, in that direction; but as it is possible that they may, in this respect, exactly balance and neutralize each other, we shall not insist much on the want of the side shake which should accompany their many operations,—but admit that the *experimentum crucis* can only be made as to those which have their seat in the back part of the head, and which, very fortunately, are of too prominent and important a description to have any thing doubtful or obscure in their manifestations. In that quarter are situated, 1. Love of Children; 2. Love of Women; 3. Love of Fame; 4. Pride; 5. Constancy of Affection; and, 6. Caution or Cowardice. Now, has it ever been observed that, when any of these sentiments are excited, the head is moved *backwards*, and the organs propelled towards their appropriate objects? When a man fondles his children, does he project towards them the nape of his neck? When he gazes amorously on a beautiful girl, does he forthwith turn his back on her, and present the upper part of his spine? When he seeks the applause of assembled multitudes, in the senate, on the battle-field, or the stage, is he irresistibly moved to go to the left about, and advance

the posterior curves of his cranium? Has a proud man a natural tendency to move backwards? Are constant friends and lovers generally to be found drifting down, stern foremost, on the objects of their affections? In the case of Cowardice, indeed, we must admit that turning the back is natural: But we cannot but think that it is better accounted for by the aversion the party has, in such cases, to face danger, and the facility which that judicious movement gives him to run away from it, than by the accidental position of the organ of Cautiousness on the hinder disk of the skull.

The chapter of "Individuality" is scarcely less characteristic. This also is a very important faculty with the phrenologists; and has its organ—or its two organs—in the very middle of the brow, immediately above the root of the nose. They are large organs—and have, beyond all doubt, a great effect on the character; but how they affect it, or what they denote, the great Doctors of the school, it seems, are not yet agreed—and few of their pupils, we suppose, will pretend to understand. Dr. Gall, the great founder of the sect, at first mistook this central protuberance for the organ of the "Memory of Things;" but afterwards came to be satisfied that it was truly the organ of a very simple and conceivable faculty, which he has ingeniously denominated "The Sense of Things"—or the capacity of being *Educated*—or of *perfectability*!" Dr. Spurzheim, again, has ascertained that there are *two* organs, and consequently two distinct faculties—one placed exactly above the other;—that the undermost, which is properly called Individuality, "recognises the existence of individual beings"—and that the uppermost, which it seems must be called Eventuality, gives us the capacity of "attending to phenomena, facts, events, natural history, and anecdotes." Mr. Combe concurs with Dr. Spurzheim in thinking, that there are clearly two faculties; but being more stingy in his onomatopœia, he will only afford one name for both—and calls the one "upper, and the other lower Individuality"—the upper being that which gives "a fondness for natural history, and for remembering facts recorded in books, or narrated by men," while the lower only predisposes us to "observe what occurs around us, and to take an interest in Events!"—And, finally, the Reverend Mr. Welsh, who is a great authority, we find, among the initiated, is decidedly of opinion that one of the Individualities is merely the organ of our perception of Motion, and the other of something else—we really forget what.

It cannot be necessary, we suppose, to point out how admirably those definitions agree with all pre-existing ideas of the nature of a simple and independent faculty—or with each other. But it may be necessary to satisfy our readers, that they really have been advisedly put forth by men pretending to have effected a prodigious reformation in philosophy; and, indeed, without perusing the very words of their authors, we are quite sensible that no just conception of their folly and extravagance could be obtained. Of Dr. Gall, then, it is here recorded, that

"At first he regarded this as the organ of the 'memory of things'; but, on farther refe-

tion, he perceived, that the name 'memory of things' does not include the whole sphere of activity of the organ now under consideration. He observed, that persons who had this part of the brain large, possessed not only a *great memory for facts*, but were distinguished by *prompt conception in general*, and an extreme facility of apprehension; a *strong desire for information*, and instruction; a disposition to study all branches of knowledge, and to teach these to others; and also, that, if not restrained by the higher faculties, such persons were naturally prone to adopt the opinions of others, to embrace new doctrines, and to modify their own minds according to the manners, customs, and circumstances, with which they were surrounded. He therefore rejected the name, 'memory of things,' and he now uses the appellations '*Sens des choses, sens d'éducation, de perfectibilité*,' to distinguish this faculty." p. 575.

Here this simple and original faculty is distinctly stated to consist of at least *seven* separate, and not very congruous, faculties—some of which have been long familiar to all observers—and of every one of which it is much easier to conceive as an independent faculty, than of the far greater part of the 36 which have been admitted to that honour by the phrenologists. There is, 1st, great Memory for facts; 2. prompt Conception in general—that is, of course, of reasonings as well as facts; 3. strong Desire for information; 4. Disposition to study all branches of knowledge—speculative therefore as well as empirical; 5. Disposition to teach all these to others; 6. Proneness to adopt the opinions of others; 7. Inclination to new doctrines of all sorts—And we are seriously required to believe, that all these diversified powers, faculties and dispositions, constitute but one distinct, universal sense or function of the human mind,—primitive, essential, independent, and acting by an established material organ, like the function of seeing or hearing! Absurd as this is, however, we rather think it is overmatched by the absurdity of Dr. Spurzheim, who is here reported to have delivered his oracle as follows:—

"Moreover, continues Dr. SPURZHEIM, it seems to me that this faculty *recognises the activity of every other*, whether external or internal, and *acts in its turn upon all of them!* It desires to know every thing by experience, and consequently excites all the other organs to activity; it would hear, see, smell, taste, and touch; is fond of general instruction, and inclines to the pursuit of practical knowledge. It is essential to editors, secretaries, historians, and teachers. By knowing the functions of the other powers, this faculty contributes essentially to the unity of Consciousness. It seems to perceive the impressions, which are the immediate functions of the external senses, and to change these into notions or ideas! Moreover, it appears to be essential to attention in general, and to the recognition of the entity itself, in philosophy." p. 221.

We really cannot presume to comment upon any thing so transcendental as this. Mr. Combe, of course, is not so rash or mystical as his two great originals; but in substance adopts the extravagances of both. He holds,

as we have already seen, that the upper individuality makes men "fond of natural history,"—and also constitutes "a good memory for facts (of course of all kinds) recorded in books or narrated by men"—while the under makes them "observant of events, and interested in what takes place around them,"—and both together, as we learn in another place, to our no small surprise, "give the tendency to personification, or to invest abstract or inanimate objects with personality;"—and finally, we are told,

"These organs confer on the merchant, banker, and practical man-of-business, that talent for detail and readiness of observation, which are essential to the advantageous management of affairs. To a *shopman* or *warehouseman* they are highly useful; and contribute to that ready smartness which is necessary in *retail trade*.—Persons who excel at *whist*, generally possess the lower Individuality large; and if both of the organs be deficient, eminence will not easily be attained in this game!" p. 278.

Mr. Combe says somewhere, that a single well-attested instance of a large bump without the corresponding faculty, or of a remarkable development of a faculty without the corresponding bump, would be conclusive against his whole theory. But have we not this refutation of it, in the passages to which we have just referred? Four learned Phrenologists, each of course proceeding upon careful and repeated observation, give four separate and irreconcileable accounts of the nature of the faculty indicated by a protuberance above the nose—that is, they each testify that, according to his experience, it is *not* accompanied by the faculty with which the others say it is accompanied! Dr. Gall says, he has found it accompanied only by a capacity of being educated, or of becoming perfect. Dr. Spurzheim, says it denotes merely the power of distinguishing individuals, or attending to Natural History. Mr. Combe has found it conjoined with a turn for personification; and Mr. Welsh, after long observation, has ascertained that, according to his experience, it is merely the organ by which we get the idea of Motion! The result of the whole we think is, undeniably, that, by the observation of four persons of the most undisputed competency, it is proved *not* to be uniformly or generally indicative of any one quality or propensity whatever—but to be occasionally found in persons of all different characters—as we have no doubt indeed that all the other bumps may be! And all these contradictory and self-refuting statements are composedly placed, side by side, in a volume intended to afford a rigorous demonstration of the Science, on the principles now referred to, and in the style of which we have given some feeble specimens!

Such are the philosophers who talk with contempt and compassion of the shallow distinctions and puerile speculations of Locke, Hume, Berkley, Hartley, Reid, and Stewart,—who modestly tell us, that up to their time, "the philosophy of man was a perfect waste, with not one inch of ground in it cultivated or improved,"—and, distinctly stating the discoveries of Newton himself to have been comparatively insignificant, very composedly announce their own as by far "the greatest and

most important EVER communicated to mankind!"

"The discoveries," says Mr. COMBE, "of the revolution of the globe, and the circulation of the blood, were splendid displays of genius in their authors, and interesting and beneficial to mankind; but their results, compared with the consequences which must inevitably follow from Dr. GALL's discovery of the functions of the brain, (embracing, as it does, the true theory of the animal, moral, and intellectual constitution of man), sink into relative insignificance. Looking forward to the time when the real nature and ultimate effects of Dr. GALL's discovery shall be fully recognised, I cannot entertain a doubt that posterity will manifest as eager a desire to render homage and honour to his memory," &c. &c. p. 548.

We had really imagined that this style had been for some time abandoned to Messrs. Cobbett and Owen—and to the vendors of blacking, kalydor, and panaceas.

We have been sorely tempted to say a few words on the choice phrenological faculties of Conscientiousness and Ideality, but our limits will no longer admit of it; and, though we are always glad to have an apology for speculating a little on the interesting and difficult subjects of Taste and Morals, we must confess that the doctrines of the Phrenologists supply but scanty materials for such speculation—their whole philosophy consisting of a mere *dogmatical assertion*, that our sense of right and wrong, as to all duties and virtues whatsoever, and all moral principle and sensibility, are referable to a primitive independent faculty, the vigour and delicacy of which is in exact proportion to the size of two quadrangular swellings on the upper part of the skull! And in like manner, that all taste and genius—and in an especial manner all talent for poetry in all its branches, and all tendency to metaphorical language—and all admiration of natural scenery—together with all love of flowers, figures, and fantasies, are the symptoms and gifts of one simple, uncompounded, original faculty—which has its organ near the temples, and has had its place and functions, we are gravely assured, all "fully established."

We must think however of making an end of this. We have now said enough, we suppose, to make our readers understand the nature both of the phrenological metaphysics, and of our objections to them; and shall therefore conclude this branch of the subject with a brief notice of two or three other faculties, which seem to afford a copious illustration of all we have been endeavouring to establish. There is, for example, a faculty of *Hope*—a distinct, primitive faculty—as Dr. Spurzheim is said to have "ascertained by analysis,"—and accommodated, accordingly, with two organs in the upper part of the skull. Now, can any person, with the least capacity of reflection, really suppose that Hope is a primitive independent faculty—that it is any thing else, in short, than the apprehension of probable, but uncertain good—or that any being, capable of apprehending good, and of calculating, in some degree, the probability of its occurrence, could be without this sentiment,—or could possibly require a separate faculty, and a separate organ to make

him capable of it? If we look through two pieces of glass, one stained red, and the other blue, we necessarily receive the impression of purple—if we mix up lemon juice with sugar, we necessarily receive the impression of a mixed or compound taste, of sweet and sour—and if we contemplate the idea of happiness, or good fortune, mixed up or combined with that of uncertainty, we necessarily receive the impression or sentiment of hope. But if it would be absurd to suppose, that any other sense than that of seeing, or any other organ than the eye, was necessary to perceive the purple colour (and it is the same as to the instance of taste,) can it be less absurd to suppose any other faculty necessary to give us the sentiment of hope, than those of recollecting or conceiving pleasurable sensations—and of estimating, however loosely, the probabilities of their recurrence? It is a distinct sentiment, no doubt, just as the perception of purple, or of mingled sweet and sour, is, and as all compound or modified sentiments necessarily are; but to erect it, on this account, into an original and primitive faculty of our nature—and, above all, to represent it as acting through a peculiar and separate external organ, really does appear to us the very height of absurdity.

If it be once ascertained, however, that the sentiment itself is a necessary result of certain known and familiar impressions, the varieties which may occur in the degree in which it is indicated in different individuals, can plainly afford no ground for questioning the soundness of this analysis, or referring it to the operation of a separate and peculiar faculty. If the faculty of *walking* has been once proved to result from the joint action of certain nerves and muscles, the fact that some persons walk faster and better than others, can never bring this truth into doubt; or lend the least probability to the suggestion, that it may perchance depend, not upon the known nerves and muscles, which fully account for it, but on some other peculiar nerve or muscle, of which nobody knows any thing, but which may possibly exist—and by the size, or some other quality of which, it is also possible that the strength of the walking power may be determined. It is of no great consequence, therefore, whether the different tendencies to hope or to fear, by which individuals may be distinguished, can be satisfactorily explained or not. It is, with great submission, *no explanation at all*, to say that they depend on the size of one, or of the sets of bumps on the skull: For that is merely saying, that they exist—and that the bumps exist also. It is quite plain, we take it, that the preponderance of hope or of fear depends upon the estimate that is actually formed of the comparative likelihood of the occurrence of *contingent good or evil*; and that, whatever the circumstances are which determine an individual to look for one result rather than the other, they *must be circumstances which affect this calculation of chances*, as an intellectual operation, and cannot possibly be referred to the activity of some inconceivable organ, of a separate faculty still more inconceivable. It would not be difficult, we think, to indicate generally what those circumstances commonly are, in the intellectual and moral training of

different individuals; but the speculation, we conceive, is quite foreign to the present argument, and we cannot now afford to enter on it.

But there is another notable doctrine in this short chapter of Hope, which recurs also in several other parts of the phrenological hypothesis. Not only is Hope a faculty by itself, but it has an antagonist faculty, with a separate organ of course, called Cautiousness, which gives tendencies precisely opposite to those given by Hope—the one leading us to expect good, in a state of uncertainty—the other to expect evil. "Hence," says Mr. Combe, with much naïveté, "he who has Hope more powerful than Cautiousness, lives in the enjoyment of brilliant anticipations—while he who has Cautiousness more powerful than Hope, lives under the painful apprehension of evils which rarely exist." And again, "when this organ is very deficient, and that of Cautiousness large, a gloomy despondency is apt to invade the mind;" and a similar doctrine is elsewhere delivered as to Benevolence and its opposites, and we believe some other faculties. Now, this really seems to us a very wasteful way of providing the mind with its faculties,—and not a very philosophical, nor, even on phrenological principles, a very consistent way. If Hope and Cautiousness are exactly opposed to each other, why should there be *two* faculties? It would seem easier certainly, to bring down Hope to the requisite standard, simply by diminishing its peculiar organ, than by leaving it large, and adding to the bulk of Cautiousness. But the truth is, that the two principles are substantially one and the same, and necessarily imply each other—as much as heat and cold do. The increment of the one is necessarily the decrement of the other. If, in the contemplation of danger, a man fears much, he, by necessary consequence, hopes little—if he hopes much, he fears little. It is no matter which form of expression is used, since they both obviously mean the same thing; and indicate exactly the same state of mind or feeling. They are the two buckets in the well:—and it is not less absurd to ascribe them to different principles, than it would be to maintain, that the descent of the one bucket depends on causes quite separate from that which occasion the ascent of the other:—and the superfluity of the Phrenologists in these instances, is but faintly typified by that of the wisecrake who made *two* holes in his barn-door; one—to let his cat *in* to kill the mice, and the other—to let her *out*! They might as well maintain, that besides the eye to give us intimations of light, we must have another sense and another organ, to give us the impression of darkness.

But even if we could swallow all this, the concession, we think, would only involve the theory in more glaring contradictions. All the phrenological faculties are necessarily distinct and independent. It is a part of their definition that they may all act, or cease from acting, singly. They act accordingly by separate organs, and in no instance control or interfere with the operations of each other. A man with a large organ of hope, therefore, *must*, we should think, at all events, and in all cases,

hope resolutely—whatever was the state of his organ of Cautiousness, or of any other faculty. How he could also, and at the same time, fear vehemently, we must leave the Phrenologists to explain: But that he must do both, just as absolutely as if he did but one, seems to be a necessary consequence of the fundamental principles of the science. It is plainly impossible, upon these principles, that the operations of the two faculties should modify or mutually check each other. They are separate and independent powers,—acting through separate and independent organs; and to suppose that the one affected the other, would not be less inconsistent than to suppose, that the movements of one watch, shut up in its own case, and in the pocket of its owner, should affect the movements of another, in his neighbour's pocket—so that if the one had a tendency to go too fast, this might be corrected by the other having a tendency to go too slow! If it be said that the two faculties *must* affect each other, in such cases as those of hope and fear, because they act upon the same mind and under the same circumstances, in opposite directions—we answer, that the conclusion is no doubt unavoidable; but that it is not the less contradictory to the phrenological theory—and that the result therefore is, that the theory must be false, and that there can be but one faculty in operation, and not two,—if indeed we had not already shown that it is utterly absurd, in this particular instance, to suppose that there is any separate or original faculty at all.

It is scarcely worth while perhaps, to add, that this theory of antagonist principles is not followed out in the system, in the way in which consistency would require, if there were any ground for assuming it in those particular instances. If we are to account for the diminution of Hope by a positive increment of Fear, why should we not explain the weakness of maternal Affection in some cases, by the large development of an organ of maternal Hatred? the lowness of self-Esteem by the magnitude of self-Contempt? or the indifference to Fame by the extraordinary operation of the love of Infamy and Disgrace? All the propensities at least should be accommodated with a counterpoise of this kind; or rather, this balancing system ought to be extended into all the departments of intellect. Destructiveness already forms a very pretty *pendant* to Constructiveness. But there should plainly be a principle of Prodigality to match that of Hoarding—a faculty of Scoffing to set off against Veneration—and a talent for Silence to compensate that of Language. Without these additions, the system is plainly not only incomplete, but incoherent; and we have no doubt that all true Phrenologists will be thankful to us for their suggestion.

But there is an organ, and, of course, a faculty, of Form, it seems,—and an organ of Colour—and one of Size, and a separate and independent one, even of Weight! The old notion was, that the functions of all these new faculties were performed by those of Sight and of Touch. But this, we learn, has been found to be mere childishness—and that, upon principles which go a little farther perhaps than

the Phrenologists themselves are aware of. But first let us hear the oracle.

"The nerves of touch, and the organ of sight, do not form ideas of any kind; so that the power of conceiving size cannot be in proportion to the endowment of them. Dr. SPURZHEIM, therefore, inferred by reasoning, that there would be a faculty, the function of which is to perceive size; and observation has proved the soundness of this conclusion;"—and the same thing nearly is said of the other faculties we have mentioned.

Now, assuming all this to be true, and that we really do not perceive form, size, colour, or weight, by our sight or touch, why, we would ask, are the new auxiliary faculties to be limited to these four? Why have we not a faculty and an organ for distinguishing Solids from Fluids—another for perceiving Hardness and Softness—and another and another for Roughness and Smoothness—Rest and Motion, Wetness and Dryness, Elasticity and the want of it, &c. &c.? All these are qualities or states of bodies quite as prominent and perceptible as their size, form, or colour—and of which it is just as necessary that we should have the means of "forming ideas." Nay, this is equally true of every quality, and every shade and degree of every quality, which we are capable of perceiving in them. The red of a rose, for example, is a quality in the object, and a sensation or idea in us, just as distinct from the blue of the sky, as either is from the shape of a billiard ball, or the size of a table. It is not by the sight that we perceive colour at all, we see no reason for supposing that we can perceive more than one colour by one faculty. The different colours are in themselves totally distinct qualities, and the causes of distinct sensations and ideas in the observer. The only good reason that can be given, as we intimated in the outset, for classing them under one name or category (viz. Colour,) is, that they were supposed to be all perceived by the Eye. But if this is denied, and a separate faculty and organ is insisted on for every separate and distinct perception or idea, we really see no reason for not having an organ not only for every shade of colour, but for every diversity of quality by which external objects are distinguished—for the smoothness of oil as distinguished from the smoothness of water—the softness of silk as different from the softness of wool—or the roughness of a second day's beard from the roughness of a rough-cast wall. Our thoughtful readers will see at once how deep this goes into the whole theory. But, at all events, we defy any mortal man to show how, if our sight and touch cannot give us ideas of form, size or colour, without the help of other separate faculties and organs, we should have any perception or idea of softness and hardness, motion and rest, and the other qualities we have enumerated, without additional special faculties and organs for the purpose—of all which, however, the Phrenologists have left us shamefully unprovided. It will not do to suggest here, or in other cases where the allowance of faculties is plainly insufficient, that these are mere omissions, which may still be supplied, if necessary, and do not affect the principle of the sys-

tem. The system, it must be remembered, rests, *not on principle, but on Observation alone*. Its advocates peril their cause on the assertion that it is *proved* by observation, and as matter of fact, that their thirty-six bumps are the organs of thirty-six particular faculties, and no other—that these organs have a certain definite shape, and relative place and size—and that among them they cover the whole skull, and occupy the whole surface of the brain. If they are wrong in any of these assertions, there is an end of the whole system; for they are wrong in the facts and observations on which *alone* it professes to rest. They must stand or fall, therefore, on the ground they have chosen. There is no room for them to extend their position, or even to vary it in any considerable degree; and they are as effectually ruined by the suggestion of faculties which they have omitted, as by disproving the existence or possibility of those which they have assumed.

(To be continued.)

From the *Monthly and European Magazine*.

#### CHARLES MILLS, ESQ.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of this esteemed historian, who, whether considered as a chivalrous chronicler of past times, a man of general information, or an elegant and discriminating critic in Italian literature, stands confessedly in the first rank of authors. To treat of the death of such a man is at all times painful; but when to that is added the recollection of his friendship, the subject becomes doubly embittered. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but those of biographical impartiality from his mind, the writer of the present brief memoir, who was honoured for years with the friendship of Mr. Mills, and knew him in his prouder days of health and happiness, will proceed without further comment to his task.

Mr. C. Mills, the youngest son of the late Samuel Gillam Mills, a surgeon of eminence at Greenwich, was born in the year 1788. He was originally intended for the law, and was even articled, with that view, to an attorney in Berners Street; but his mind, vowed even from childhood to literary fame, like Hannibal to eternal enmity with the Romans, soon shook off the trammels of Coke, Littleton, and Blackstone, and gave itself up unreservedly to the *belles-lettres*. It was about the year 1819 that Mr. Mills first appeared before the public as an historian; his imagination, previously inflamed by a long and close acquaintance with the magnificence of Oriental annals, longed with the usual restlessness of genius to find its level, and a "History of Muhammadanism" was the result. This work, though characterized by deep thought and learning, was yet imperfect in its construction: it was loose, sketchy, and indefinite; and accordingly, in his more matured composition, its author indirectly disclaimed it. His History of the Crusades, which was his second publication, amply fulfilled all the promise shadowed forth in the first, and placed him high among modern historians.

This work, taken up *con amore*, and executed with the spirit which an ardent love of the subject would naturally elicit, was no sooner published than its merits were appreciated. The condensed vigour of the style (in some favourite passages exuberant and stately as the language of Gibbon) was its chief recommendation with some; its strict fidelity with others; while all agreed in admiring the clear simplicity with which it was executed: this last was the result of Mr. Mills's long cherished habits of continuous and unbroken meditation. He first conceived a subject well in his mind, scrutinizing it in all its bearings with mathematical severity, and then, after having formed some particular opinion, brought all his immense mass of information to bear upon and justify that opinion, till the fabric grew under his hand a stately monument of intellect. Such a remark refers especially to his "Travels of Theodore Ducas, at the Revival of Letters and Art in Italy"—a work of fiction, full fraught with learning, exhaustless in its variety and extent, yet applied with surprising ingenuity to its subject. The public, however, seemed to underrate Mr. Mills as a commentator on Italian literature, and accordingly, notwithstanding the splendour of particular passages, such as the criticism on Danté, and the account of an interview with Ariosto, the work was comparatively unsuccessful. For a full year subsequent to its publication our historian lay quietly on his ears, till induced by his respectable publishers (Longman & Co.) to undertake a work of gigantic magnitude, viz. no less than a history of Rome, from the earliest ages down to the reign of Augustus, an epoch at which Gibbon commences. From some cause or other this work was dropped—notwithstanding that it was a desideratum in literature, inasmuch as the annals of early Rome are scattered in detached fragments over a library, and need condensation in one professed publication—and Mr. Mills then directed his attention to his greatest work, "The History of Chivalry, or Knighthood and its Times." This last had no sooner appeared than it was instantly successful; the first edition sold with almost the rapidity of a Scotch novel, and it was but a few months previous to his death that its author had completed his revision of a second. Whether the mental labour necessary to execute such a task, spread over so vast an extent of time, referring to so many kingdoms, and drawn from sources so difficult and obscure—whether this broke down a frame naturally delicate, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; but certain it is, that shortly after its completion Mr. Mills's health began visibly to decline. For a long time he struggled with his malady, still hoping that his constitution might be finally re-established: but all his expectations were vain; he grew daily worse, and was compelled as a last resource to leave London for Southampton, where, after getting a little better, like the last flickering glimmer of the lamp, his health soon afterwards decayed, and brought him to the grave on Monday, October 9th, at the early age of 38.

So died Charles Mills, a name which, in one respect, as an historian—a deep, profound, eloquent historian—will perish only with its language. It remains for the public readers of his

works to admire the author—for his friends to love also the man. As a literary character, his mind was stored with an almost exhaustless variety of useful and ornamental knowledge; he was a profound divinity scholar, an acute critic, had an admirable acquired taste in poetry, and was acquainted with most ancient and modern languages. He possessed also an elegant relish for the fine arts, and was no mean proficient in music, at least as far as judgment was concerned. With such varied acquirements, aided by a temperate sociality, and gentle kind-hearted address of the purest yet most natural simplicity, it will readily be conceived how great a treat his conversation must have been. Unlike many deep, habitual thinkers, Mr. Mills's mind in company was usually unclouded, alive to every thing that was going forward, so that he was ever ready to take his share in the conversation, free from the too common abstractness of genius. Nothing was too mean or too mighty for his contemplation; the striking expression of a poet, in whom Mr. Mills could not fail to recognise a kindred intellect, that "the meanest flower that blows" could furnish him with endless food for thought, was particularly applicable to the subject of the present memoir: whose restless, inquisitive mind, freed for ever from the coarse shackles of existence, now for the first time at rest, is perhaps continuing its speculations in a higher and more imaginative state of being.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

*Livy.*—A report of great interest to classical readers is in circulation, viz. that fifteen of the lost books of Livy have been discovered at Pisa by a Mr. Roesch. This literary and historical treasure is said to be written on, or rather under a later MS. of religious nature.

*Antiquities at Brescia.*—Excavations have for some time been carried on, near a marble column, traditionally said to belong to a temple of Hercules. The foundations of this temple have at length been uncovered, and already have a colossal winged Victory in bronze, six large busts (one of Faustina, the consort of Marcus Aurelius), a richly-gilt statue, four feet and a half in height, of a captive sovereign, a highly-ornamented breast-plate of a horse, and other antiquities, been extracted from the ruins. They are in perfect preservation, and seemed to have been walled for concealment. The workmanship is much praised; but the period was not, we are inclined to think, of the purest style, as the gilding of the figures, and onyx eyes in the Victory and king, testify.

*St. Augustine.*—A report states, that in one of the convents on Mount Lebanon, a MS. of the Universal History of Orosius of Tarragona, with Notes in the hand-writing of St. Augustine, has been found, and sent to Rome.

*Leipsic Fair.*—Three hundred and ninety-one booksellers met at the last Easter fair at Leipsic; and two thousand three hundred and seventy-four new works, written in German or

in the ancient languages, sufficiently proved the prodigious activity with which the sciences are cultivated. To these must be added atlases, romances, dramatic pieces, musical compositions, &c., making the whole number amount to two thousand seven hundred and forty-nine. Among the most remarkable philological publications were the *Analecta Literaria* of the celebrated Professor Huschke; Hermann's Treatises; Observations by the same learned writer on the Greek Inscriptions published by Böckh; Suvorov's Remarks on the Clouds of Aristophanes; Wullner's Treatise on the Epic Cycle; that of Monk on Pomponius, &c. Of the archaeological works, Gerhard's Collection of Antiquities; a Treatise by Kosegarten on the Egyptian Papyrus; and another by Franck, on the Philosophy and Literature of the Hindoos,—were the most distinguished. The other sciences also received numerous valuable contributions.

*Ancient Sepulture.*—A very ancient place of sepulture has lately been discovered on the mountain Schonberg, near Fribourg, in the Brisgau. From the brief notice of the matters found in the tombs, which is given in the German journals, we should ascribe these antiquities to the early Franks, if not to the more early Suevi, who inhabited the territory at the period of Roman conquests in Germany. A hundred and thirty-seven graves are stated to have been ransacked, (twice as many more, formed of large flat stones, remaining, as we understand, unopened,) and a multitude of skulls, ornaments, daggers, arrows, spears, swords, &c. found. The arrows and spears are of iron; the swords half iron and half steel; the daggers very fine steel, which resists the file. Coloured glass, some of it of the brightest sky-blue ever seen, set in silver; red and purple beads, and large pieces of amber, are among these curiosities, of which an account is preparing, with lithographic plates, by M. Schneiber of Fribourg.

*Liverpool and Manchester Rail-way.*—The plans for executing the tunnel underneath the town of Liverpool have been completed, and three perpendicular shafts or openings are now sinking, at certain distances from each other, for the purpose of affording greater facility in excavating the rock, which, from the borings already made, is found chiefly to compose the strata through which the line will have to pass. One of these shafts has already been sunk to its required depth, and will be immediately commenced in the direction of the tunnel. The length is upwards of a mile and a quarter, and has an inclination of about three quarters of an inch per yard; the section is twenty-two feet wide, and sixteen feet high, with a semi-circular top. The line over Chat Moss is also in a state of forwardness. Parallel drains have been cut the whole length of the Moss, (distance four miles,) which have had a very good effect in draining and hardening that part on which the rail-way is intended to pass. Excavations and embankments have also been made for the purpose of rendering the surface uniform; the latter being formed of wet moss, has contracted and become quite firm, so much so, that a temporary rail-way is now laid, and the wagons la-

den with moss constantly pass along it, the weight of which scarcely occasions any shrinking or flexibility.

*New Mines of Platinum.*—M. Roussingault, a celebrated French chemist, has recently discovered a mine of platinum at Antioquia, in the department of Cundinamarca, in Columbia. Hitherto this precious metal, so valuable in the arts, had only been found in the Uralian mountains in Russia, in Brazil, and in the provinces of Choco and Barbacoas, on the coasts of the South Sea, but always in alluvial lands, where it could only be met with accidentally; but in this case there can be no doubt that the metal exists in real veins in the valley *De Osos* (being very near the province of Choco, from which it is separated only by a branch of the Cordillera of the Andes, which circumstance accounts for the presence of the same metal in the alluvial soils of the valley *De Osos*;) and it is sufficient to pound the materials which these veins contain, in order to obtain from them by washing the gold and platinum which they contain. Mines of platinum have recently been found in the Uralian mountains, in the government of Peru, so extremely rich, that the price of platinum fell nearly one-third at St. Petersburgh; and hence we may reasonably expect that this valuable metal will cease to bear that high price at which it has hitherto been sold.—*Le Globe.*

*Northern Discovery.*—When the Expedition of Captain Franklin embarked on Lake Huron, it coasted that lake and Lake Superior, and arrived at Fort William in May, 1825. Thence the party sailed in four smaller canoes, adapted for river navigation, and in two divisions; and taking the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Lake Winnipeg, and the River Suskatchewan (Saskawan of the maps,) on their route, reached Cumberland House, where the seamen who preceded them had wintered, and only left twelve days previously (June 3d.) to pursue their voyage. The five officers and four marines of whom the new party consisted, followed them, and on the 25th overtook them on the mountain land which separates the rivers that flow into the Arctic Sea from those that take their direction into Hudson's Bay. The quantity of stores, &c. now accumulated, and the number of portages (i.e. places where the boats or canoes have to be carried over land, on account of rapids or shallowness in the rivers,) rendered (as in 1819-20) their progress slow: however, on the 15th July they came to the Lake of the Hills; on the 26th to Slave Lake; and on the 31st entered Mackenzie's River, which flows from it. Proceeding down this, on the 3d of August, they were at the site where the River of the Mountains, falling in on the left, forms a junction with it; and on the 6th, about 200 miles lower, at Fort Norman, another and very northern station of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the 7th they entered Bear Lake River, and on the 10th, arrived at the fort named Fort Franklin, whence the despatches are dated. Mr. Back came on the ensuing day, with the canoes under his charge. Captain Franklin, it is stated, together with

Mr. Kendall, descended the River Mackenzie in a boat manned with six seamen and an Esquimaux interpreter; and reached its mouth in six days from Fort Norman, having past the last of the Company's posts about half-way down; and also the district where the Nithana and Hare Indians and Quarrellers are placed in the maps. From Garry's Island, lying 25 or 30 miles to seaward from the river mouth, and where they remained a day or two, they enjoyed a wide prospect of salt water, free from ice, and abounding in seals and white whales. They laid down its position—Lat. 69° 29' min. N., long. 135° 41' min. W. Ascending the Mackenzie, they rejoined their companions on September 6th. No natives were seen on the Arctic shores; but Captain F. left gifts of iron instruments, &c. at several apparently recent encampments on his way; and it has since been ascertained from another tribe that they had been found and highly prized by those for whom they were intended. Thus has Captain Franklin had the distinction of arriving at the Arctic Sea both by the Copper Mine and Mackenzie Rivers. Perhaps it may be advisable to note the differences of position.

Mouth of Mackenzie River, according to Mackenzie, in 1789, lat. 69° 1 min., long. 134° deg.

Garry's Island—Franklin, lat. 69° 29' min., long. 135° 41' min.: difference 28 deg. of lat., and 1 deg. 41' min. of long.

The Coppermine River mouth, according to Franklin, is 67° 47' min. 50 sec., long. 115° deg. 36' min. 49 sec.

*London Consumption.*—The fruits and vegetables consumed in the metropolis are principally produced in the environs; and it is calculated that there are upwards of 6000 acres of ground cultivated as gardens, within twelve miles of the metropolis, giving employment to 30,000 persons in winter, and three times that number in summer. Numerous calculations have been made of the annual consumption of food in the metropolis; but this is not easily ascertained, as, although we may know the number of cattle and sheep, yet we have no means of learning the weight. Of the quantity of cattle sold in Smithfield market we have the most accurate returns, and find, that in the year 1822 the numbers were, 149,885 beasts, 24,600 calves, 1,507,036 sheep, and 20,020 pigs. This does not, however, by any means form the total consumed in London, as large quantities of meat in carcasses, particularly pork, are daily brought from the counties round the metropolis. The total value of the cattle sold in Smithfield is calculated at 8,500,000*l.* It is supposed that a million a-year is expended in fruits and vegetables. The consumption of wheat amounts to a million of quarters annually; of this four-fifths are supposed to be made into bread, being a consumption of sixty-four millions of quarter loaves every year in the metropolis alone. Until within the last few years, the price of bread was regulated by assize; and it may afford some idea of the vast amount of money paid for the staff of life, when it is stated that an advance of one farthing on the quarten loaf formed an aggregate increase

in expense, for this article alone, of upwards of 13,000*l.* per week. The annual consumption of butter in London amounts to about 11,000, and that of cheese, to 13,000 tons. The money paid annually for milk is supposed to amount to 1,250,000*l.* The quantity of poultry annually consumed in London is supposed to cost between 70 and 80,000*l.* That of game depends on the fruitfulness of the season. There is nothing, however, more surprising than the sale of rabbits. One salesman in Leadenhall market, during a considerable portion of the year, is said to sell 14,000 rabbits weekly. The way in which he disposes of them is, by employing between 150 and 300 men and women, who hawk them through the streets.

*Tower Armoury.*—Dr. Meyrick is now employed in arranging, according to chronological order, the grand national collection of armour, in the Tower of London. Instead of being, as it has hitherto been, a heterogeneous medley, ascribed most ignorantly to periods to which hardly one piece so referred belonged, it will now afford an illustration of history, highly interesting to the antiquary, the artist, and the public in general.

## *Literary Intelligence.*

Mr. THOMAS DIBDIN, the well-known dramatic author, is preparing for press his "Autobiography."

The Hon. Captain Keppel's Personal Narrative of his Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon, the Court of Persia, the western shore of the Caspian Sea, &c., is now in the press. The journey took place in the year 1824. The work will contain a variety of plates, illustrative chiefly of the antiquities of that part of the East, particularly of Babylon, and confirmatory of many of the allusions in Holy Writ.

The work which is promised, under the title of "Tales of a Voyager," is a kind of Decameron, the scene of which is on board a vessel bound to the Northern Seas.

The Second Series of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," is on the eve of appearance.

Preparing for publication, the Second Volume of Mr. CRADOCK's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, containing Travels in France, and illustrated with original and accurate plans of the River Gironde, and the Canal at Languedoc.

A Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Blonde, commanded by Captain the Right Hon. Lord Byron, to the Sandwich Islands, in 1824-5, for the purpose of conveying the bodies of their late King and Queen to their native country; comprising many interesting Anecdotes of their Majesties and Suite. 4to. with Plates.

Mr. Murray has sent forth his list to the world; it announces, for the next publishing season, the titles of thirty-four original works, some of which have been already noticed in our monthly report, and new editions of eleven others.

Mr. Colburn has not yet issued his list, but merely prepared the public for the eight new works he intends publishing this month.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Lord Byron are announced, and report ascribes them to the pen of Sheridan's biographer; who it is said, is preparing also,

The Letters and Miscellaneous Prose-Works of the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

Travels in the East: Persia, in 2 vols.

Three Months in Ireland. By an English Protestant.

Conway Papers, from the Collection of the Marquess of Hertford, are being arranged for publication, in 5 vols. 8vo., it is said, by the Secretary to the Admiralty.

A portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Rodney, is being engraved by Thomson, from a painting by Pickersgill, R.A.; being the twenty-fourth of a series of Portraits of the Female Nobility.

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, the author of Antiquities of London and Westminster, and other popular publications, is, we hear, employed upon a new work, which has for its subject the Life and Times of Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor. No one is better calculated to do justice to this matter than Mr. Smith, both from his professional avocations, and from his long and intimate acquaintance with Nollekens; an acquaintance which commenced from infancy, and continued up to the hour of the artist's death.

Dr. Birkbeck announces a Comprehensive and Systematic Display, Theoretical and Practical, of the Steam-Engine, to be published in weekly numbers.

Papers and Collections of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., some time Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland; in 3 vols. 8vo.

Mr. A. A. Watts announces his Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems.

Mr. Charles Butler is preparing the Life of Grotius, and a Succinct Account of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands. Also, a Second Volume of Reminiscences, with a Correspondence between the late Dr. Parr and the Author.

In December will appear, in 2 vols. 8vo. The Plays of Ford, chronologically arranged, and the Text carefully collated and restored. With occasional Notes, and a Biographical and Critical Essay. By William Gifford.

An Improved Dictionary of the Spanish Language, with a corresponding Translation into the English, and from the English into the Spanish, by the Rev. Dr. Joaquin Lorenzo Villanueva, Member of the Royal Academy of Spain, and that of History of Madrid, Canon of Cuenca, Knight of the Royal Order of Charles III., &c. &c., in 2 vols. 4to., is in preparation.

Travels in the Hedjaz, and Descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt, are announced, in 2 vols. 4to., with plates.

Noticias Secretas de America.—The Secret Report on South America, made to the King

of Spain, by Don Antonio de Ulloa and Don Jorge Juan, in the original Spanish, edited, with Illustrative Notes, by David Barry, esq., superbly printed in one large vol. royal 4to., with portraits of Ulloa and Juan, is in the press.

Philip Parker King, R.N., announces, in 2 vols. 8vo., with Maps, Charts, Views of interesting Scenery, &c., Voyages of Discovery, undertaken to complete the Survey of the Western Coast of New Holland, between the Years 1817 and 1822.

Capt. F. W. Beechey, R.N., and H. W. Beechey, Esq., are arranging for press, with Plates, Maps, &c., in 4to., Proceedings of the Expedition to explore the Northern Coast of Africa, in 1821 and 1822; comprehending an Account of the Syrtis and Cyrenaica; of the Ancient Cities composing the Pentapolis, and other various existing Remains.

A Winter's Journey through Lapland and Sweden, with Observations on Finmark and its Inhabitants, made during a Residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape. By Arthur de Capell Brooke, M.A., F.R.S., &c. With Thirty-one Engravings.

In November will appear the Second Volume of the History of the late War in Spain and Portugal. By Robert Southey; who will also publish a Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. With Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo.

Recollections of Ceylon, including Descriptions of the Pearl Fisheries and Elephant Hunt, and a Journal of a Tour by Land round the Island, by an Officer. 2 vols. post 8vo.; nearly ready.

Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N., K.S.S., F.R.S., F.S.A., and Member of the Astron. Soc. of London, is preparing a Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia, with numerous plates by Finden.

An unique edition, of which only 250 copies are printing, in one vol. folio, of The Georgics of Virgil, with Translations into Six Languages:—English, by William Sotheby—Spanish, Juan de Guzman—Italian, Francesco Soave—German, Johann Heinrich Voss—French, Jacques Delille—and in Modern Greek, by —— Edited by William Sotheby.

In November will be ready, Manuscript Gleanings, and Literary Scrap-Book; being an Album for the purpose of entering and preserving all Literary Gleanings, &c.; with engraved Title and Vignette.

The Memoirs of the Comic Dramatist O'Keefe will be ready in a few days.

Truckleborough Hall; a satirical novel, in 3 vols., is in the press.

A Personal Narrative, entitled The Young Rifleman's Comrade in Military Adventure, Imprisonment and Shipwreck, edited by Goethe, is nearly ready.

Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, by Anne of Swansea, is in the press, in 5 vols.

The Latin Reader, from the Fifth German Edition, by Professor Frederick Jacobs, is in the press.

Mr. William Phillips will shortly publish a new and improved Edition of his *Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology, for the Use of Young Persons.*

Edward the Sixth and his Times, an Historic Study for Youth.

The Posthumous Works of the late John Gough, esq., of Kendal, comprising Letters and Essays on Natural History, and on various important Metaphysical Subjects, are to be published by subscription in two large octavo volumes.

Mr. Stafford, of York, is preparing a Series of Essays on Shakespeare's Female Characters, some of which have already appeared in that elegant work *La Belle Assemblée.*

A Retrospect of the Ancient World; including a Survey, Ethnical and Ecclesiastical, of the British Islands, by the Rev. William Marriot, is nearly ready.

Among the Literary Annuals preparing against the approach of Christmas, Friendship's Offering, edited by T. K. Hervey, esq., will have to boast of very high literary merit, as well as of a most splendid Series of Engravings.

The Vicissitudes of a Soldier's Life in Time of War; or, a Narrative of Occurrences from 1806 to 1815. By John Green, of Louth, late a Soldier in the 68th Durham Light Infantry. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. James Jennings informs the public that he has ready for publication by subscription, Ornithologia, or the Birds, a Poem, in Two Parts; with an introduction to their natural history, and copious notes descriptive of the principal Birds, whether distinguished by their forms, colours and habits, or by their songs.

Nearly ready, London Lions for Country Cousins and Friends about Town, with 23 views, a coloured frontispiece, &c.

The new Romance of Paul Jones, by Allan Cunningham, is on the eve of publication.

Next month will be published, with engravings, Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day; including the Sabbath, &c. of Graham, and Blair's Grave. The whole illustrated by Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks. By John Johnstone.

Mr. Tennant has nearly ready for press a work, entitled Papistry Storm'd; or, the Dignin Down o' the Cathedral.

Nearly ready, Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Old. By the Rev. Dr. Belgrave, Falkirk.

In a few days, Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the Use of Students in Mathematics, Practical Astronomers, Surveyors, Engineers, and Navigators. By William Galbraith, M. A., Teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh.

A Sequel to the Diversions of Purley; containing an Essay on English Verbs, with Remarks on Mr. Tooke's Work, and on some Terms employed to denote Soul or Spirit, by John Barclay, is in the press.

Early in November will be published, The Revolt of the Bees, a tale in prose.

Dr. Kitchiner, the author of several well-known useful works, is preparing a new edition of his Cook's Oracle for press, with several additions, which will appear before Christmas.

Mr. Churchill, Surgeon, is preparing for the press, the second edition of his Treatise on Acupuncture; which will be illustrated by many additional cases of its immediate success, in Rheumatism, Lumbo, Sciatica, and various other painful affections of the muscles.

In the press, in 1 vol. 12mo., with engraved emblematical frontispiece, Death on the Pale Horse, a treatise illustrative of Revel. vi. 8. By the Rev. John Bruce, of Liverpool.

Time's Telescope for 1827, which will be published with the Almanacks on the 21st November, will exhibit some novel and interesting features, particularly in Entomology, and Botany; it will also contain various elegant contributions from eminent living poets.

The Story of a Wanderer, founded upon his recollections of incidents in Russian and Cossack scenes, 1 vol. post 8vo., will appear in a few days.

Thoughts on Domestic Education; the result of experience. By a Mother; Author of Always Happy, Claudine, Hints on the Sources of Happiness. Post 8vo.

German Novelists; a Series of Tales, Romances, and Novels, selected from the most celebrated German writers, with critical and biographical Notices. By the Translator of Wilhelm Meister, and Author of the Life of Schiller; in 4 vols. post 8vo., is nearly ready for publication.

Elements of Chemical Science, intended as an Introduction to the Study of Chemistry, by Edward Turner, M.D., F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Chemistry, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, will be published in a few weeks, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Rev. L. Moyes, of Torglen, will soon publish Remarks on the Principal Feature of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of Great Britain, since the year 1793.

Immediately on the meeting of Parliament will be published a Weekly Publication, entitled The Parliamentary Reporter, or Debates in Parliament.

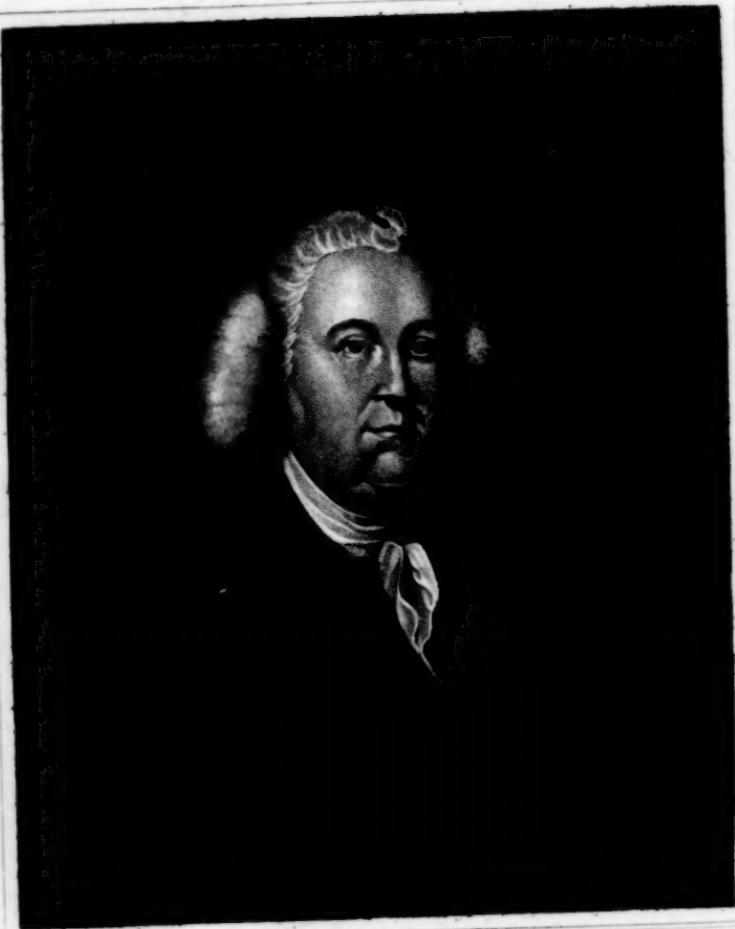
Mr. Bird, author of the Vale of Slaughden; of Machin, on the Discovery of Madeira; of Poetical Memoirs, and the Exile; and of Cosimo, Duke of Tuscany, a Tragedy; has a poem in great forwardness, founded upon, and illustrative of the ancient city of Dunwich.

Poems on Sacred Subjects are about to be published in the Castilian Language. It is said the Queen of Spain is the author.

Dr. Indelicato announces his Translation of the Lady of the Lake into Italian.

The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester is forthcoming, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Cassan.

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